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THE NEW RULER OF CHINA

PRINCE CHÜN, THE REGENT, WITH GLIMPSES OF THE COURT AT PEKING

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DURING his eighteen years' residence in the Chinese capital, Professor Headland has had unusual opportunities for acquaintance with officials and the court. His knowledge of both the spoken and the written language, and his interest in science, together with his admiration for the Chinese people, have brought him into intimate relations with those desiring reform. Mrs. Headland, from whom he quotes in the article, is equally familiar with the Chinese language, and her position as physician to most of the Manchu princesses and to many Chinese ladies of rank has brought her into intimate contact with the family life of these better classes. As the interpreter of Miss Carl in painting the portrait of the Dowager Empress, and of Mrs. Conger at private audiences with the Dowager Empress, and at Mrs. Conger's luncheons with the princesses, Mrs. Headland has had peculiar facilities for learning about court life, advantages which have been reinforced by her regard for these ladies and their friendship for her.—THE EDITOR.

THE selection of Prince Chün as Regent for the Chinese empire during the minority of his son, Pu Yi, the new Emperor, is the wisest choice that could have been made at the present time. In the first place, he is the younger brother of Kuang Hsü, the late Emperor, and was in sympathy with all the reforms the latter undertook to introduce in 1898. If Kuang Hsü had chosen his successor, having no sons of his own, there is no reason why he should not have selected Pu Yi to occupy the throne, with Prince Chün as Regent, for there is no other prince, unless it be Pu Lun, in whom he could have reposed greater confidence of having all his reform measures carried to a successful issue; and a brother with whom he had always lived in sympathy would be more likely to continue his policy than a more distant relative. At the same time he would still have had

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Prince Pu Lun to take the place of the aged Prince Ch'ing, who must soon retire from service.

But, in the second place, as we may suppose, Prince Chün was selected by the Empress Dowager, whatever the edicts issued, and will thus have the confidence of the party of which she has been the leader. It is quite wrong to suppose that this is the Conservative party, or even a conservative party. China has both reform and conservative parties, but, in addition to these, she has many wise men and great officials who are neither radical reformers nor ultra-conservatives. It was these men with whom the Empress Dowager allied herself when she dethroned the Emperor and took the government in 1898.

These men were Li Hung-chang, Chang Chih-tung, Yüan Shih-k'ai,[1] Prince Ch'ing, and others, and it is these men who, in ten years, with the Empress Dowager, put into operation, in a statesmanlike way, all the reforms that Kuang Hsü, with his hot-headed young radical advisers, attempted to force upon the country in as many weeks. I have reason to believe that Prince Chün, the present Regent, has the support of all the wiser and better element of the Reform party, as well as those great men who have been successful in tiding China over the ten most difficult years of her history, while the ultra-conservatives at this late date are too few or too weak to deserve serious consideration. I, therefore, think that the choice of Pu Yi as Emperor, with Prince Chün as Regent, whether by the Empress Dowager, the Emperor, or both, was, all things considered, the best selection that could have been made.

Prince Chün is the son of the seventh prince, the nephew of the Emperor Hsien Fêng and the Empress Dowager, and grandson of the Emperor Tao Kuang. He has a fine face, though with a tendency to pimples, rather than the smooth, clear skin of many of his people. He carries himself very straight, and while below the average in height, is every inch a prince. He is dignified, intelligent, and, though not loquacious, never at a loss for a topic of conversation. He is not inclined to small talk, but when among men of his own rank, he does not hesitate to indulge in bits of humor.

This was rather amusingly illustrated at a dinner given by the late Major Conger, American minister to China. Major and Mrs. Conger introduced many innovations into the social life of Peking, and none more important than the dinners and luncheons given to the princes and high officials, and also to the princesses and ladies of the court. In 1904, I was invited to dine with Major Conger and help to entertain Prince Chün, Prince Pu Lun, Prince Ch'ing, Governor Hu, Na T'ung, and a number of other princes and officials of high rank. I sat between Prince Chün and Governor Hu. Having met them both on several former occasions, I was not a stranger to either of them, and as they were well acquainted with each other, though one was a Manchu prince and the other a Chinese official, conversation was easy and natural.

We talked, of course, in Chinese only, of the improvements and advantages that railroads bring to a country, for Governor Hu, among other things, was the Superintendent of the Imperial Railways of north China. This led us to speak of the relative comforts of travel by land and by sea, for Prince Chün had gone half round the world and back. We listened to the American minister toasting the young Emperor of China, his princes, and his subjects; and then to Prince Ch'ing toasting the young President of the United States, his officials, and his people, in a most dignified and eloquent manner. And then as the buzz of conversation went round the table again, and perhaps because of their having spoken of the *young* Emperor and the *young* President, I turned to Governor Hu, who had an unusually long, white beard which reached almost to his waist as he sat at table, and said:

"Your Excellency, what is your honorable age?"

[1] Early in the present year, Yüan Shih-k'ai was dismissed from office and sent home, the reason given being that "he has rheumatism of the leg." The Regent added, "thus our clemency is manifest," which may imply that he was guilty of some misdemeanor, though no accusation was made against him. A possible explanation is that when ordered to come to the aid of the Emperor in 1898, he failed to do so. This aroused the opposition of the Reformers, and with the advent of the new reign they may have clamored for his dismissal, on the plea that the Regent ought not to retain a man in office whom they claim was largely responsible for the deposition of his brother and the return to power of the Empress Dowager.

"I was seventy years old my last birthday," he replied.

"And he is still as strong as either of us young men," said I, turning to Prince Chün.

"Oh, yes," said the Prince; "he is good for ten years yet, and by that time he can use his beard as an apron."

nity of a trip to Europe; and the world might once more have beheld a regent on the dragon throne who had never seen anything a hundred miles from his own capital.

Prince Chün started on this journey with such a retinue as only the Chinese government can furnish. He had edu-

Photograph by Yamamoto, Peking

THE LATE EMPRESS DOWAGER

The Empress Dowager invited the Japanese photographer into the palace to photograph her, as she desired to give a copy to each of the ministers in Peking. Enlarged copies were sent to the rulers of the countries represented at Peking. This picture was made from Minister Conger's copy.

"It is an ill wind that blows no one good," says the proverb, and this was never more forcibly illustrated than in the case of the death of the lamented Baron von Kettler. Had it not been for this unfortunate occurrence, Prince Chün would not have been sent to Germany to convey the apologies of the Chinese government to the German Emperor, and he would thus never have had the opportu-

cated foreign physicians and interpreters, and, like the great Viceroy Li Hung-chang, he had a round fan with the Eastern Hemisphere painted on one side and the Western on the other, and the route he was to travel distinctly outlined on both, with all the places he was to pass through, or to stop at on the trip, plainly marked. He was intelligent enough to observe everything of importance in the ports

through which he passed, and it was interesting to hear him tell of the things he had seen, and his characterization of some of the people he had visited.

"What did your Highness think of the relative characteristics of the Germans and the French, as you saw them?" I asked him at the same dinner.

"The people in Berlin," said he, "get up early in the morning and go to their business, while the people in Paris get up in the evening and go to the theater."

This may have been a bit exaggerated, but it indicated that the Prince did not travel, as many do on their first trip, with his mouth open and his eyes closed.

After his return to Peking he purchased a brougham, as did most of the other leading officials and princes at the close of the Boxer troubles, and driving about in this carriage, he has been a familiar figure from that time until the present. As straws show the direction of the wind, these incidents ought to indicate that Prince Chün will not be a Conservative to the detriment of his government, or to the hindrance of China's progress.

From a photograph taken in China

THE REGENT, PRINCE CHÜN, AT ABOUT THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE

It is a well-known fact that the Empress Dowager, in addition to her other duties, took charge of the arrangement of the marriages of all her nieces and nephews. One of her favorite Manchu officials, and indeed one of the greatest Manchus of recent years, though very conservative, and hence little associated with foreigners, was Jung Lu. As the affianced bride of Prince Chün had drowned herself in a well during the Boxer troubles, the Empress Dowager engaged him to the daughter of the lady who had been Jung Lu's first concubine, but who, as his consort was dead, was raised to the position of wife.

"This Lady Jung," says Mrs. Headland, "is some forty years of age, very pretty, talkative, and vivacious, and she told me with a good deal of pride, on one occasion, of the engagement of her son to the sixth daughter of Prince Ch'ing. And then with equal enthusiasm she told me how her daughter had been married to Prince Chün, 'which of course relates me with the two most powerful families of the empire.'

"I have met the Princess Chün on several occasions at the audiences in the palace, at luncheons with Mrs. Conger, at a feast with the Imperial Princess, at a tea with the Princess Tsai Chen, and at the palaces of many of the princesses. She is a very quiet little woman, and looked almost infantile as she gazed at one with her big, black eyes. She is very circumspect in her movements, and with such a mother and father as she had, I should think may be very brilliant. Naturally she had to be specially dignified and sedate at these public functions, as she and the Imperial Princess were the only ones belonging to the old imperial household, the descendants of Tao Kuang, who were intimately associated with the Empress Dowager's court. She is small, but pretty, and, as I have indicated, quiet and reticent. She was fond of her father, and naturally fond of the Empress Dowager, who selected her as a wife for her favorite nephew, Prince Chün, to whom she promised the succession at the time of their marriage. After her father's death, and while she was in mourning, she was invited into the palace by the Empress Dowager, where she appeared wearing blue shoes, the color used in second mourning.

" 'Why do you wear blue shoes?' asked Her Majesty.

"'On account of the death of my father,' replied the Princess.

"'And do you mourn over your dead father more than you rejoice over being in the presence of your living ruler?' the Empress Dowager inquired.

"It is unnecessary to add that the Princess changed the blue shoes for red ones while she remained in the palace, so careful has the Empress Dowager always been of the respect due to her dignity and position."

Having promised the regency to Prince Chün, we may infer that the Empress Dowager would do all in her power to prepare him to occupy the position with credit to himself, and in the hope that he would continue the policy which she has followed during the last ten years. Whenever, therefore, opportunity offered for a prince to represent the government at any public function with which foreigners were connected, Prince Chün was asked or appointed to attend. I have said that it was the murder of the German minister, Baron von Kettler, that gave Prince Chün his opportunity to see the world. And just here I might add that an account of the massacre of Von Kettler, sent from Canton, was published in a New York paper three days before it occurred. This indicates that his death had been premeditated and ordered by some high authorities,—perhaps Prince Tuan or Prince Chuang, Boxer leaders,—because the Germans had taken the port of Kiaochou, and had compelled the Chinese government to promise to allow them to open all the mines and build all the railroads in the Province of Shan-tung.

After the Boxer troubles were settled, the Germans, at the expense of the Chinese government, erected a large stone memorial arch on the spot where Von Kettler fell. At its dedication, members of the diplomatic corps of all the legations in Peking were present, including ladies and children, together with a large number of Chinese officials representing the city, the government, and the foreign office, and Prince Chün was selected to pour the sacrificial wine. He did it with all the dignity of a prince, however much he may or may not have enjoyed it. On this occasion he used one of the ancient, three-legged, sacrificial wine-cups, which he held in both hands, while Na T'ung, President of the Foreign Office, poured the wine into the cup from a tankard of a very beautiful and unique design. It is the only occasion on which I have seen the Prince when he did not seem to enjoy what he was doing. I ought to add just here that the Chinese refer to this arch as the monument erected by the Chinese government in memory of the man who murdered Baron von Kettler!

Drawn by Jacques Reich from a photograph taken in Germany about 1901

THE REGENT, PRINCE CHÜN

It is a well-known fact that the Boxers destroyed all buildings that had any indication of a foreign style of architecture, whether they belonged to Chinese, or foreigner; Christian or non-Christian, legation, merchant, or missionary. In the rebuilding of the Peking legations, missions, and educational institutions, there were naturally a large number of dedicatory services. Many of the Chinese officials attended them, but I shall refer to only one or two at which I remember meeting Prince Chün. I believe it was the design of the Empress Dowager, as soon as she had decided upon him as the Regent, to give him as liberal an education in foreign affairs as the facilities in Peking would allow.

For many years the Methodist mission had tried to secure funds from America to erect a hospital and medical school in connection with the mission and the Peking University. This they found to be im-

A GROUP OF CHINESE OFFICIALS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE METHODIST HOSPITAL, PEKING

From left to right the persons in the picture are: Dr. Y. K. Ts'ao, Dr. H. H. Lowry, Minister Conger, Chang Yi, General Chiang, Governor Hu (the man with the long beard), Dr. Hopkins, and Mr. Lu.

possible, and finally Dr. N. S. Hopkins of Massachusetts, who was in charge of that work, consulted with his brother and brother-in-law, who subscribed the funds and built the institution. This act of benevolence on the part of Dr. Hopkins and his friends appealed to the Chinese sense of generosity, and when the building was completed, a large number of Chinese officials, together with Prince Chün and Prince Pu Lun, were present at its dedication. A number of addresses were made by such men as Major Conger, the American minister, Bishop Moore, Na T'ung, Governor Hu, General Chiang, and others of the older representatives, in which they expressed their appreciation of the generosity which prompted a man like Dr. Hopkins to give not only himself, but his money, for the education of the Chinese youth and the healing of their poor. And I might add that Dr. Hopkins is physician to many of the princes and officials in Peking at the present time.

During this reconstruction, a number of the colleges of north China united to form a union educational institution. One part of this scheme was a union medical college, situated on the Ha-ta-men great street not a hundred yards north of the Von Kettler memorial arch. To the erection of this building the wealthy officials of Peking subscribed liberally, and the Empress Dowager sent her check for 11,000 taels, equal to $7000 in American gold, and appointed Prince Chün to represent the Chinese government at its dedication. At this meeting Sir Robert Hart made an address on behalf of the foreigners, and Na T'ung on behalf of the Chinese. Although Prince Chün took no public part in the exercises, he privately expressed to the president of the institution and others his gratification at seeing the completion

of such an up-to-date hospital and medical school in the Chinese capital.

I have given these incidents in the life of Prince Chün to show that he has had facilities for knowing the world better than any other Chinese monarch or regent that has ever sat upon the dragon throne, and that he has grasped the opportunities as they came to him. He has been intimately associated with the diplomatic life of the various legations, which is perhaps the most important knowledge he has acquired in dealing with foreign affairs, as these ministers are the channels through which he must come in contact with foreign governments. He has been present at the dedication of a number of missionary educational institutions, and hence from personal contact he will have some comprehension of the animus and work of missions and the character of the men engaged in that work. He may have as a councilor, if he so desires, the Prince Pu Lun, who has had a trip around the world, with the best possible facilities for seeing Japan, America, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Italy. He has been in even more intimate contact with the diplomats and other foreigners than has Prince Chün himself. My wife and I have dined with him and the Princess both at the American legation and at his own palace, and when we left China, they came together in their brougham to bid us good-by, a thing which could not have happened a few years ago, and an indication of how wide open the doors in China are now standing.

On the whole, therefore, Prince Chün begins his regency with a brighter outlook for his foreign relations than any other ruler China has ever had. What shall we say of his Chinese relations? Being the brother of Kuang Hsü, and himself a progressive young man, he ought to have the support of the Reform party, and being the choice of the Empress Dowager, he will have the support of the great progressive officials who have had the conduct of affairs for the last quarter of a century and more, and especially for the past ten years, since the Emperor Kuang Hsü was deposed.

Now, what of the court? Of course the leading figure is Yehonala, wife of the late Emperor Kuang Hsü, who has always been called the Young Empress, but is now the Empress Dowager. After the great Dowager was made the concubine of Hsien Fêng, she succeeded in arranging a marriage between her younger sister and the younger brother of her husband, the seventh prince, as he was called, father of Kuang Hsü and the present regent. The

THE CAR ON WHICH MISS CARL'S PORTRAIT OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER WAS TAKEN OUT OF PEKING

The portrait, bound for the St. Louis Exposition, is in the box on the platform-car, wrapped with the Imperial colors. A temporary track was laid to the Foreign Office so that the portrait might be gotten out of Peking without being carried on the shoulders of men which would have been suggestive of a funeral. The other cars carried a retinue of one hundred mandarins who accompanied the portrait to St. Louis.

COURT LADIES AT A LUNCHEON GIVEN BY MRS. CONGER

First row, left to right: second daughter of Prince Ch'ing, fourth daughter of Prince Ch'ing, Princess Shun, Mrs. Conger, Imperial Princess, Princess Chün, third daughter of Prince Ch'ing, sixth daughter of Prince Ch'ing, and Princess Tsai Chen.

Second row: Miss Carl, Miss Wang (interpreter), Lady Yü, Miss Yü, Miss Yü (the latter three being Miss Carl's interpreters while painting the portrait of the Empress Dowager), Lady Yüan, Princess Shu, and Mrs. Whiting.

Back row: Miss Campbell, Miss McConnell, Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Ament, Mrs. Headland, and Miss Porter.

world knows how she took the son of this younger sister, when her own son the Emperor T'ung Chih died, and made him the Emperor Kuang Hsü when he was only three years of age. When the time came for him to wed, she arranged that he should marry his cousin, Yehonala, the daughter of her favorite brother, Duke Kuei. This Kuang Hsü was not inclined to do, as his affections were centered on another. The great Dowager, however, insisted upon it, and he finally made her Empress, and to satisfy—or shall we say appease?—him, she allowed him to take as his first concubine the lady he wanted as his wife; and it was currently reported in court circles that when Yehonala came into his presence he not infrequently kicked off his shoe at her, a bit of conduct which is quite in keeping with the temper usually attributed to Kuang Hsü. This may perhaps explain why she stood by the great Dowager through all the troublous times of 1898, in spite of the fact that her imperial aunt had taken her husband's throne.

When Kuang Hsü was dethroned, his favorite concubine was imprisoned with him in the Winter Palace, the two put together, so to speak, in cold-storage, until the Boxer troubles of 1900, where they remained carefully guarded by the eunuchs. When the Allies reached Peking, and the time came for the court to flee, this beautiful woman, for she is said to have been very attractive, was forgotten, and when she found herself alone with the eunuchs who had been left to guard the palace, she took her life by jumping into a well.

As Mrs. Headland tells me: "Yehonala is not at all beautiful, though she has a sad, gentle face. She is rather stooped, extremely thin, her face long and sallow, and her teeth very much decayed. Gentle in disposition, she is without self-assertion, and if at any of the audiences we were to greet her, she would return the greeting, but would never venture a remark. At the audiences given to the ladies she was always present, but never in the immediate vicinity of either the Empress Dowager or the Emperor. She would sometimes come inside the great hall where they were, but she always stood in some inconspicuous place in the rear, with her waiting women about her, and as soon as she could do so without attracting attention, she would withdraw into the court or to some other room. In the summer-time we sometimes saw her with her servants wandering aimlessly about the court. She had the appearance of a gentle, quiet, kindly person who was always afraid of intruding and had no place or part in anything. And now she is the Empress Dowager! It seems a travesty on the English language to call this kindly, gentle soul by the same title that we have been accustomed to use in speaking of the great woman who has just passed away.

"She has two sisters, one the wife of Duke Tse, who was head of the commission that made the tour of the world to inquire as to the best form of government to be adopted by China in her efforts at renovation and reform. It is not too much to suppose that it was because the Duke was married to the Empress Dowager's niece that he was made the head of this commission, though it was he who advised the adoption of a constitution. The other sister is the wife of Prince Shun, and is the opposite of the Empress. She is stout, but beautiful. She has always been the favorite niece of the Empress Dowager, appeared at all the functions, and though very sedate when foreign ladies were present at an audience, I was told by the Chinese that when the imperial family were alone together she was the life of the company. She would even stand behind the Empress Dowager's chair 'making such grimaces,' the Chinese expressed it, as to make it almost impossible for the others to retain their equilibrium. As she was the youngest of the three sisters, and because of her happy disposition, the Chinese nicknamed her *hsiao kuniang,* 'the little girl.' These three sisters are all childless.

"The Princess Shun and Princess Tsai Chen, only daughter-in-law of Prince Ch'ing, herself the daughter of a viceroy, were very congenial, and the most intimate friends of all those in court circles. The latter is beautiful, brilliant, quick, tactful, and graceful. Of all the ladies of the court she is the most witty and, with Princess Shun, the most interesting. These two more than any others made the court ladies easy to entertain at all public functions, for they were full of enthusiasm and tried to help things along. They seemed to feel that they were per-

sonally responsible for the success of the audience or the luncheon as a social undertaking.

"Lady Yüan is one of two of these court ladies who dwelt with the Empress Dowager in the palace, the other being Prince Ch'ing's fourth daughter. She is a niece by marriage of the Empress Dowager, though she really was never married. The nephew of the Empress Dowager, to whom she was engaged, though she had never seen him, and who had never seen her, died before they were married. After his death, but before his funeral, she dressed herself as a widow, and in a chair covered with white sackcloth went to his home, where she performed the ceremonies proper for a widow, which entitled her to take her position as his wife. Such an act is regarded as very meritorious in the eyes of the Chinese, and no women are more highly honored than those who have given themselves in this way to a life of chastity.

"The second of these ladies who remained in the palace with the Empress Dowager, is the fourth daughter of Prince Ch'ing. Married to the son of a viceroy, their wedded life lasted only a few months. She was taken into the palace, and being a widow, she neither wears bright colors nor uses cosmetics. She is a fine scholar, very devout, and spends much of her time in studying the Buddhist classics. She is considered the most beautiful of the court ladies.

"The Empress Dowager took charge of most of the domestic matters of all her relatives, taking into the palace and associating with her as court ladies some who were widowed in their youth, and keeping constantly with her only those whom she has elevated to positions of rank or members of her own family. Nor was she too busy with state affairs to stop and settle domestic quarrels.

"Among the court ladies one, the Princess Shu, was married to a prince of the second order, and hence she does not rank as high as most of the others. Her husband is still living, but as they were not congenial in their wedded life, the Empress Dowager made herself a kind of foster-mother to the Princess and banished her husband to Mongolia, an incident which reveals to us another phase of the great Dowager's character—that of dealing with fractious husbands.

"Although the great Dowager has passed away, it may be interesting to know something of her private life and character as we saw it in coming in contact with her in public and private audiences. In order to appreciate how quick she was to adopt foreign customs, I will describe in some detail the difference in her table decorations at the earlier and later audiences.

"At the close of the formalities of our introduction to the Empress Dowager and the Emperor at one of the first audiences, we, with the ladies of the court, repaired to the banqueting-hall. After we were seated, each with a princess beside her, the great Dowager appeared. We rose and remained standing while she took her place at the head of the table, with the Emperor standing at her left a little distance behind her. As she sat down she requested us to be seated, though the princesses and the Emperor all remained standing, it being improper for them to sit in the presence of Her Majesty. Long-robed eunuchs then appeared with an elaborate Chinese banquet, and the one who served the Empress Dowager always knelt when presenting her with a dish.

"After we had eaten for some little time, the doyen, Mrs. Conger, asked if the princesses might not be seated. The Empress Dowager first turned to the Emperor, and said, "Your Majesty, please be seated"; then turning to the princesses and waving her hand, she told them to sit down. They sat down in a timid, rather uncomfortable way, but did not presume to touch any of the food.

"The conversation ran upon various topics, and, among others, the Boxer troubles. The wife of the Austrian Chargé (Madame von Rosthorn) wore a badge. The Empress Dowager noticed it, and asked what it meant.

"'Your Majesty,' was the reply, 'this was presented to me by my emperor because I was wounded in the Boxer insurrection.'

"The Empress Dowager took the hands of this lady in both her own, and as the tears stood in her eyes, she said:

"'I deeply regret all that occurred during those troublous times. The Boxers

for a time overpowered the government, and even brought their guns in and placed them on the walls of the palace. Such a thing shall never occur again.'

"The table was covered with brilliantly colored oil-cloth, and was without tablecloth or napkins properly so called, but we used as napkins square, colored bits of calico about the size of a large bandana handkerchief. There were no flowers, the table decorations consisting of large stands of cakes and fruit. I speak of this because it was all changed at future audiences, when the table was spread with snow-white cloths, and smiled with its load of most gorgeous flowers. Especially was this true after the luncheons given to the princesses and ladies of the court by Mrs. Conger at the American legation, showing that the eyes of these ladies were open to receive whatever suggestions might come to them even in so small a matter as the spreading and decoration of a table. The banquets thereafter were made up of alternating courses of Chinese and foreign food.

"With but one exception, the Empress Dowager thereafter never appeared at table with her guests. But at the close of the formal audiences, after descending from the throne, and speaking to those whom she had formerly met, she requested her guests to enter the banquet hall and enjoy the feast with the princesses, saying that the customs of her country forbade their being seated or partaking of food if she were present. After the banquet, however, the Empress Dowager always appeared and conversed cordially with her guests.

"Her failure to appear at table may have been influenced by the following incident: One of the leading lady guests, anxious, no doubt, to obtain a unique curio, requested the Empress Dowager to present her with the bowl from which Her Majesty was eating—a bowl which was different from those used by her guests, as the dishes from which her food was served were never the same as those used by others at the table!

"After an instant's hesitation she turned to a eunuch and said:

"'We cannot give her one bowl [the Chinese custom being always to give things in pairs]; go and prepare her two.'

"Then, turning to her guests, she continued apologetically:

"'I should be glad to give bowls to each of you, but the Foreign Office has requested me not to give presents at this audience.' It had been her custom to give each of her guests some small gift with her own hands and afterward to send presents by her eunuchs to their homes.

"On another occasion the lady referred to above took an ornament from a cabinet and was carrying it away when the person in charge of these things requested that it be restored, saying that she was responsible for everything in the room and would be punished if anything were missing.

"The above incidents do not stand alone. It was not uncommon for some of the Continental guests, in the presence of the court ladies, to make uncomplimentary remarks about the food, which was Chinese, and often not very palatable to the foreigner. These remarks, of course, were not supposed to be understood, though the Empress Dowager always had her own interpreter at table. One often felt that some of these ladies, in their efforts to see all and get all, forgot what was due their own country as well as their imperial hostess.

"One can understand the enormity of such an offense in a court the etiquette of which is so exacting that none of her own subjects ever dared appear in her presence until they had been properly instructed in court etiquette in the 'Board of Rites,' a course of instruction which may extend over a period of from a week to six months. These breaches of politeness on the part of these foreign ladies may have been overlooked by Her Majesty and the princesses, but, if so, it was on the old belief that all outside of China were barbarians.

"All the ladies who attended these audiences, however, were not of this character. There were those who realized the importance of those occasions in the opening up of China, and were most scrupulous in their efforts to conform to the most exacting customs of the court. And who can doubt that the warm friendship which the Empress Dowager conceived for Mrs. Conger, the wife of our American minister, who did more than any other person ever did, or ever can do,

toward the opening up of the Chinese court to the people of the West, was because of her appreciation of the fact that Mrs. Conger and those who went in with her were anxious to show the Empress Dowager the honor due to her position.

"It was in her private audiences that this great woman's tact, womanliness, fascination, and charm as a hostess appeared. Taking her guest by the hand, she would ask in the most solicitous way whether we were not tired with our journey to the palace; she would deplore the heat in summer or the cold in winter; she would express her anxiety lest the refreshments might not have been to our taste; she would tell us in the sincerest accents that it was a propitious fate that had made our paths meet; and she would charm each of her guests, even though they had been formerly prejudiced against her, with little separate attentions, which exhibited her complete power as a hostess.

"When opportunity offered, she was always anxious to learn of foreign ways and institutions. On one occasion while in the theater, she called me to her side, and, giving me a chair, inquired at length into the system of female education in America.

" 'I have heard,' she said, 'that in your honorable country all the girls are taught to read.'

" 'Quite so, Your Majesty.'

" 'And are they taught the same branches of study as the boys?'

" 'In the public schools they are.'

" 'I wish very much that the girls in China might also be taught, but the people have great difficulty in educating their boys.'

"I then explained in a few words our public-school system, to which she replied:

" 'The taxes in China are so heavy at present that it would be impossible to add another expense such as this would be.'

"It was not long thereafter, however, before an edict was issued commending female education, and at the present time hundreds of girls' schools have been established by private persons both in Peking and throughout the empire.

"On another occasion, while the ladies were having refreshments, the Empress Dowager requested me to come to her private apartments, and while we two were alone together, with only a eunuch standing by fanning with a large peacock feather fan, she asked me to tell her about the church. It was apparent from the beginning of her conversation that she made no distinction between Roman Catholics and Protestants, calling them all the *Chiao*. I explained to her that the object of the church was the intellectual, moral, and spiritual development of the people, making them both better sons and better subjects.

"Few women are more superstitious than the Empress Dowager, though her superstitions, like herself, had the quality of greatness. Her whole life was influenced by her belief in fate, charms, good and evil spirits, gods and demons.

"When it was first proposed that she have her portrait painted for the St. Louis Exposition, she was dumfounded. After a long conversation, however, in which Mrs. Conger explained that portraits of many of the rulers of Europe would be there, including a portrait of Queen Victoria, and that such a painting would in a way counteract the false pictures of her that had gone abroad, she said that she would consult with Prince Ch'ing about the matter. This looked very much as though it had been tabled. Not long thereafter, however, she sent word to Mrs. Conger, asking that Miss Carl be invited to come to Peking and paint her portrait.

"We all know how this portrait had to be begun on an auspicious day; how a railroad had to be built to the Foreign Office rather than have the portrait carried out on men's shoulders, as though she were dead; how she celebrated her seventieth birthday when she was sixty-nine, to defeat the gods and prevent their bringing such a calamity during the celebration as had occurred when she was sixty, when the Japanese war disturbed her festivities. On her clothes she wore the ideographs for 'Long Life' and 'Happiness,' and most of the presents she gave were emblematic of some good fortune. Her palace was decorated with great plates of apples, which by a play on words mean 'Peace,' and with plates of peaches, which mean 'Longevity.' On her person she wore charms, one of which she took from her neck and placed on the neck of Mrs. Conger when she was about to leave China, saying that she hoped it might protect her during her journey across the ocean, as it had protected herself during her wander-

ings in 1900, and she would not allow any one to appear in her presence, as we have already indicated, who had any semblance of mourning about her clothing.

"It is a well-known fact that no Manchu woman ever binds her feet, and the Empress Dowager was as much opposed to foot-binding as any other living woman. Nevertheless, she would not allow a subject to presume to suggest to her ways in which she should interfere in the social customs of the Chinese, as one of her subjects did. This lady was the wife of a Chinese minister to a foreign country, and had adopted both for herself and her daughters the most ultra style of European dress. She one day said to Her Majesty 'The bound feet of the Chinese woman make us the laughing-stock of the world.'

"'I have heard,' said the Empress Dowager, 'that the foreigners have a custom which is not above reproach, and now since there are no outsiders here, I should like to see what the foreign ladies use in binding their waist.'

"The lady was very stout, and had the appearance of an hour-glass, and turning to her daughter, a tall and slender maiden, she said:

"'Daughter, you show Her Majesty.'

"The young lady demurred until finally the Empress Dowager said:

"'Do you not realize that a request coming from me is the same as a command?'

"After having had her curiosity satisfied, she sent for the Grand Secretary and ordered that proper Manchu outfits be secured for the lady's daughters, saying:

"'It is truly pathetic what foreign women have to endure. They are bound up with steel bars until they can scarcely breathe. Pitiable! Pitiable!'

"The following day this young lady did not appear at court, and the Empress Dowager asked her mother the reason of her absence.

"'She is ill to-day,' the mother replied.

"'I am not surprised,' replied Her Majesty, 'for it must require some time after the bandages have been removed before she can again compress herself into the same proportions,' indicating that the Empress Dowager supposed that foreign women slept with their waists bound, just as the Chinese women do with their feet.'"

These are a few of the many things Mrs. Headland and I have seen of Prince Chün, the ladies of the court at Peking, and the great Dowager Empress. This lady has no double in Chinese history, if indeed in the history of the world. She not only guided the ship of state during the last half-century, but she guided it well, and put into operation all the greatest reforms that have ever been thought of by Chinese statesmen. Compared with her own people, she stands head and shoulders above any other woman of the Mongol race. And what shall we say of her compared with the great women of other races? In strength of character and ability she will certainly not suffer in any comparison that can be made. We cannot, therefore, help admiring that young girl, who formerly ran errands for her mother (the slave story is not true), who, being made the concubine of an emperor, became the mother of an emperor, the wife of an emperor, the maker of an emperor, the dethroner of an emperor, and the ruler of China for nearly half a century—all this in a land where woman has no standing or power. Is it too much to say that she was the greatest woman of the last half-century?

JIM'S WOMAN

BY AVERY ABBOTT

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

JIM had come home. As he pushed open the door, it scraped along the rough flooring, and half-roused the woman on the bed.

"Hey!" the man announced with a note of elation in his voice. "I gotta job! Go to work a-Monday."

Shoving the door shut, he glanced at the flushed face of his wife and at her swollen eyelids.

Sick? No, not that. Jim knew what was wrong, and was minded to wake her up and have it out with her.

He had come home to tell her that work was to begin next week on the new library building. He would throw dirt; afterward he might carry brick. It was good news, but the woman slept.

There was no supper ready for him, no fire. That is the way she did things; she did not care.

Jim was nursing his grievance. As he kindled the fire, he eyed the woman, and from time to time blew on his fingers, his breath rising like smoke; for the room was as cold as the gray street outside, where the twilight wind was whisking billows of dust over the broken pavement.

Obstinately the man asked himself why his woman wanted to treat him like this. He rubbed his chilled hands together, and his rough palms made a dry, raspy sound. He had been ill used; that was quite plain, and now he would see about it. Only he did not like to begin; for that was an ordeal not to be undertaken unless he was in a humor for brawls. It was first necessary to warm himself, excite his temper, get angry; then he would be less afraid to say anything he had to say.

So he produced a flask from his pocket, and half its reddish-amber contents went gurgling down his throat. He then gave his mouth an awkward wipe along his strong, heavy wrist and along the base of his thumb. A solid hand was Jim's, with broad, inflexible fingers—the half-closed hand of the common laborer.

Having drunk, the man breathed deep; he felt better, but not yet ready for a stout quarrel. He could not find heart to be as dissatisfied as he wanted to be. Of course it was cold here; yes, that was so; it was cold, and not nice to find his wife like this: but all the same, he had a job, and now things would go better.

That was ever the way with Jim. He was always promising himself that things would go better when he had a job. Only he could never manage to stay at work. Yet the prospect of continuous employment was such good cheer that he took another drink, and then fell to getting himself something to eat. He rummaged out some stale pieces of pork from the cupboard, swore mildly when he could not find things, whistled a tuneless tune when he could, and withal was not badly disposed.

While his supper was smoking greasily on the stove, Jim had scarcely thought of his wife; but as he was forking the last brown

and withered bit of meat from the skillet, he hesitated an instant, looked toward the bed, then let the morsel drop back.

Having fed himself, he tilted his chair complacently against the wall, and was soon puffing away at his pipe. In the meantime the woman had rolled over, and opened dull eyes upon him. She had nothing to say. He had nothing to say.

As she put her feet clumsily to the floor and sat on the edge of the bed, she dumbly regarded him, her head propped up by her red hands.

"Awful hot in here," she complained, and her palms went to her temples.

Jim said nothing, but smoked deliberately.

"Did n't hear yeh come in," she added. "Mus' been turrible wore out."

"Yeh sure must, Jen," he replied with indifferent humor. "Bottle over there by the bed is lookin' considerable wore out, too." He removed his pipe to add: "Gotta job."

The woman paid no attention to the cheerful end of the remark. She was in a mood to take offense.

"Well," she retorted, "you ain't got no call to say nothin'."

The man relighted his pipe, took a free draft of smoke into his mouth, and, blowing it out again, said almost good-naturedly:

"Better eat now."

Jen got to her feet, but showed no interest in her food. She dragged a chair over to the window, where the cold, as it came whiffing in about the sash, might be soothing to her head. She sat heavily down, with elbows on the sill, while the strong gusts stirred the bedraggled curtains of lace, that sorry smirk of respectability with which squalor loves to deck itself.

Occasionally Jim turned his eyes in the direction of the woman with a half-contemptuous interest; for even as she slouched there in morose apathy, there was something of comeliness about her. The tumbled hair, with the heavy coil sliding loose, showed coppery lights; the curve of the cheek was pleasing, too, and the woman's throat, where the dress fell open, was milky white.

For a time it was still in the room except for the hiss of the wind and the faint *smack-smack* of Jim's lips on his pipe-stem. But presently his feet and the front legs of his chair came to the floor with a jarring clump. As he picked up his cap, his wife asked with sluggish aggression:

"*Where* yeh goin'?"

She needed no answer, and received none. The building at the corner was ablaze with lights. On the window was a sign, "The German Shamrock," and in the center of the glass was depicted a head of virulent green cabbage between two frothing steins. Already the jangling piano had begun to clamor, and occasionally a nasal roar of popular song could be heard.

It was lively down there, not stupid, like sitting at home. Down there a man could play pitch or cribbage, enjoy himself, hear music, listen to stories, be sociable. Jim turned up his collar and was about ready to leave when he heard a brief, thumping rap. Yet after he had promptly jerked the door open, there was nothing but darkness before him, and a distant scurry of running feet.

"Kids!" he exclaimed; but as he peered into the night, he saw a mass of something on the door-step. The fleeing footsteps quickly died away, and as he listened, he looked warily down at the confused shape near his feet. Then he heard a thin but long-drawn cry, at once hoarse and sharp.

"Lord!" said Jim, bending stiffly to gather up an armful of what seemed old rags. From out this bundle, as he raised it from the step, the high-pitched wailing came again.

Swift as a cat, his wife sprang toward him.

"Give it here!" she ordered. "Light the lamp!" Then her red hands went burrowing rapidly among the rags.

"Just look a' there, Jim!" she cried, a deeper and vibrant note in her voice. "Just look a' there!"

But she could not wait for him to look. With the bundle in her arms she was back in the chair again, bending down to hold her feebly wailing armful close to the warmth of the stove. Jim, stumbling after in bewilderment, bent down, too, and caught a glimpse of tiny features over which the blue-white skin was drawn so tightly that the eyes protruded.

"Lord!" he said again, and turned away.

His wife was disgusted with him.

"Can't you do nothin' but stan' there

Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

"'DON'T B'LONG TO NOBODY,' SHE PROCLAIMED"

an' gawp?" she demanded. "Don't you see it 's starvin'?"

Then she told him what to do. He was to get milk at Rosenstein's. He was to get a rubber nipple at the drug-store. He was to hurry.

But Jim was in no haste. Rebellion was in him, physical aversion, silent hostility. He would have nothing like that around, not he. What did she mean? What was she going to do with it?

With these questions repeating themselves in his mind, the man went lumbering out into the street and down toward "The German Shamrock." Doubtless he would have gone in if he had not seen Andy Dugan in there, a teamster with whom he had quarreled about a spade.

Now, Jim did not want to have trouble. It gets to be a great nuisance to quarrel so much. Perhaps, then, if he were to do what his wife asked of him, he might even avoid a row with her. So he stood irresolute in front of the saloon, while his wife, left alone, stooped to the fire, opening the lower door of the stove to give it further draft.

By and by, with the child against her shoulder, she brought a bottle from the cupboard, rinsed it with hot water, and put it on the hearth. Then she sat down again, holding up a corner of the blanket to shield the baby from the direct heat. All the while her arms were swaying gently, and in her throat she was making soft, hushing noises.

She was still sitting so, the firelight all rosy on her face, when her husband's half-reluctant tread struck the threshold.

"Put just a little in a basin," she said, and smiled gently as she spoke. "Then bring it here to warm."

With fumbling hostility, Jim did his wife's bidding, and at the first touch of nourishment, the strained cry of the child was hushed. Then, as warmth and comfort permeated the tiny body, the fixed stare of the eyes grew softer, and the bluish lids began to blink with coming drowsiness, but the thread-like fingers of the hand which lay outside the rags kept clutching aimlessly.

As Jim looked at the child, he extended one of his own thick fingers, and with extreme caution touched the baby's wrist. Then he glanced up into his wife's face with a sheepish and fatuous grin.

"Turrible little, ain't it? Looks like it would get broke awful easy. Who do you s'pose the kid b'longs to?"

"Don't b'long to nobody," she proclaimed, and caught the child against her breast. "Starvin' it,—that 's what they was,—starvin' it to death!"

With a shade of protest the man asked: "Yeh ain't goin' t' keep it, Jen?"

"Ain't I?"

The glance of the woman flashed a challenge, and for a time nothing more was said.

The baby was unswathed, made clean, and wrapped warm. Jim watched his wife as her deft hands cared for the child, and a thought, a new idea, came to him. For a long time he had known there was something wrong about her or about him, or about both of them—something wrong that they should quarrel so much and not get along any better; but he never knew the reason. Sometimes he said it was "booze," but that could never rightly explain what the matter was. It was so easy to have words, be ugly, and then have a row. He would drink, Jen would drink, and there would be another row. But tonight she did not talk mean to him; she was different; there was something glad in her face.

"I like to see you do that," he said to her, and she smiled. But he was not going to pamper the woman. "It won't live," he said.

His wife only squinted her eyes at him and looked saucy.

They began to talk to each other; they found things to say; they talked more than they had talked for years; they were good friends. Then they went to bed. The fire was banked warm, and the light turned low; everything was all right.

Occupying the extreme edge of the bed, Jim kept on thinking about his woman, and about this thing that had happened. The foundling asylum could have the child. He did not want it. All the same, it was queer and nice the way things had turned out. His finger that had touched the baby's wrist felt warm and different. Something new had waked up in him, something sweet and kind, which he could not understand. He wanted to do something—be good to people, be good to his wife. He raised himself to look at her and at the little bundle tucked in between her and the wall.

"I don't s'pose," he began—"don't s'pose he—could sleep in the middle, could he?"

"You 'd roll on him, that 's what you 'd do," she said.

"Naw, I would n't," Jim answered; "but I guess he 's all right where he is."

His wife said nothing. She raised her head. Then the two almost timidly kissed each other.

"Daddy!" she whispered, and the man chuckled, laughed quietly, went to sleep. A new era had opened for Jim Mackenna.

For several days the family continued an uninterrupted credit to him. The house was clean; the curtains had been washed; it was surprising what his wife could do if she once made up her mind to it. As to what she could do with a baby in that brief time, Jen was eager to show every neighbor who might chance to drop in.

But the gossips of the vicinity said she was no fit person to take care of a child. Had she quit drinking? They did not believe it. Even if she had quit, it would be for only a very short time. That, indeed, was the conviction of the whole neighborhood, and it was through some such agency that the hand of the law fell upon Mrs. Mackenna and her little boy.

One day a pudgy man with a star on the lapel of his waistcoat, a deputy sheriff, brought the woman a paper which she tore to bits and threw into the stove as soon as he was gone. When Jim came home, she told him all about it.

Her husband said nothing. He did not complain that supper was not ready for him. He understood.

"Juv'nile court," he said, "is like

p'lice court. You have t' go, or else they come after you." Awhile he was silent, and then he added in a quiet voice: "Guess we can't have him, Jen; guess they won't leave us keep him."

"Why?" she asked. "Why won't they?"

But Jim had nothing to say. Nor had Jen anything further to say. She confined herself to action. First she rummaged out a bundle from under the bed, a parcel corded up in layer after layer of dusty newspapers which crackled into bits as she unfolded them. They had enveloped a petticoat with a flounce of coarse embroidery—a petticoat once white, now yellow with age. There was also a straggling white plume, a pair of blue satin slippers, and a white, woolen shawl. Jen regarded the feather and the blue slippers a moment, then wrapped them up again, and put them back.

It was a long time since she had made the frocks which a pink-cheeked girl used to wear to dances. She remembered that the girl had often heard how becoming the frocks were to her, and the girl had liked to prove the truth of it by her reflection in the glass. Jen seldom looked in the glass any more, but, everything considered, it was perhaps just as well.

Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

"'YOU *AIN'T* GOIN' TO TAKE HIM AWAY FROM ME, JUDGE?'"

As for this old finery, some of it would be useful. The woman sewed with diligence; all through the night she sewed. Then, when the window showed pale blue through the frost, she straightened her back slowly and folded her wedding petticoat. From the flounce it had lost a square section, but the baby had an embroidered cap. The shawl was gone, too, but the baby had a small, white cloak.

So that forenoon, when her case was called in juvenile court, and when, in

obedience to instructions, she had laid her little boy upon the table, he was clad in all that any well-kept baby need have. The woman herself was outwardly tidy and composed.

A few people were scattered about the room, but she was unaware of them. She was studying the face of Judge Sunderland. Leaning forward, with palms on the arms of his chair, he silently regarded the wee, drawn features and waxen hands of the infant, while in his eyes was genuine concern. Presently he looked up interrogatively at the probation officer who stood at his elbow. That functionary briefly recited the facts.

"The mother abandoned the baby. She is now in the city jail. Of course she is not at all a proper person to have the child. It looks a lot better now than it did. This woman wants to keep it. Her name is Mackenna."

The baby fretted, and Jen took him back in her arms, rocked him to and fro, and snuggled his pinched little face against her cheek.

"This is a sick baby," said Judge Sunderland, and his voice was gentle; but his next words struck terror to the woman. "It should be taken to the Child-Saving Institute."

The probation officer nodded approval.

Mrs. Mackenna bit her lip. Her face grew slowly crimson, and when she spoke, her eyes filled; but the tears did not fall.

"You *ain't* goin' to take him away from me, Judge?"

The court fixed his eyes upon her. Kind eyes they were, but steady and strangely deep.

"This baby," he reasoned, "needs professional care—needs a trained nurse."

Jealously defending her cause, the woman said:

"No nurse can't train him no better 'n I can."

The probation officer tittered, but his Honor did not even smile. He was looking gravely into the woman's face.

"You jes ought t' seen what he looked like," she added, "when I got him." She laid the baby against her shoulder, and her tone changed as she continued: "Ain't you John Sunderland?"

The court nodded inquiringly.

"Don't s'pose you remember me," the woman continued quietly. "We used to go to school together. In B Sixth you set just across the aisle. I was Jennie MacDonald."

Listeners about the court-room were smiling. The judge himself was both nonplussed and amused.

"So you are Jennie MacDonald," he said. "Yes, I remember Jennie MacDonald." And now, as he looked at the woman, he looked less amused. It was so hard to see in this person before him that pink-cheeked little girl in a short, checked apron who had turned clear, blue eyes upon him from across the aisle.

"Well, it don't matter," he heard her saying. "We 've both been getting along some since then. I guess you 've got along some better 'n I have. Mebbe I—I just thought mebbe—if you knew who I was, you might feel different about lettin' me have the baby."

The judicial look had returned to the man's face.

"Is your husband willing?" he questioned.

"Yes."

"Have you any children?"

The woman opened dry lips and swallowed.

"I ain't never had any."

The judge was peering intently into her face.

"Do you drink?" he asked.

Jen had been ready. She looked straight at him.

"Ve-ry seldom," she answered with emphasis.

There was a significant smile on the face of the probation officer. He conferred inaudibly with the judge. His Honor nodded deliberately. As the woman watched them talking together, the cruel red mounted slowly to her forehead, and then as slowly receded, leaving her face gray-white.

"I think you understand," Judge Sunderland began, "how necessary it is that a child, especially a child like this, should be surrounded by the best of influences. I think you know, too, how every child needs the help of good example."

He paused. The woman hoarsely articulated:

"Yes."

Then there was silence. The clack of heels outside on the marble corridor was distinctly heard in the room. The woman's face drooped forward. She put forth

her arms, with the baby upon them; she rested him upon the table. Then, slowly, carefully, she drew her arms away.

"Take him," she said. "I ain't fit."

The court waited, but the woman did not look up.

"I am sorry," he said, "I 'm sorry, Mrs. Mackenna, but I think it is best to take the baby from you. I am going to give him to some one whom I believe will make him a good mother—some one I used to know. I 'm going to give him to —Jennie MacDonald."

The woman looked at him dully.

"You understand, don't you?" he asked. "Jennie MacDonald is to have him. I 'm going to depend on her to be the kind of mother he ought to have. Are you willing to shake hands with me on that?"

Very slowly, very uncertainly, the woman got up from her chair. She reached for the baby, gathered him up greedily and pressed him tight. Then, without a syllable, across the little white bundle in her arms, she held out her hand to the judge.

THE EARLY RECOGNITION OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

EDITED BY HIS SON HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

THE GIBBS COMMISSIONS—"THE HIPPOPOTAMUS" RESTAURANT—NEW YORK COMMISSIONS—GORTELMEYER AT FOUR O'CLOCK—BUSY DAYS IN ROME—ARRESTED AS BRIGANDS—IN NEW YORK AGAIN—CHISELING OUT HENRY WARD BEECHER—THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS — THE FARRAGUT — MARRIAGE AND PARIS — CRITICISMS ON SCULPTURE — WANDERINGS WITH STANFORD WHITE—BASTIEN-LEPAGE—OTHER FRIENDS

"MY struggle to obtain a footing in Rome succeeded at last when there came to my studio, during my absence, Mr. Montgomery Gibbs, who, with his wife and two daughters, both young and attractive, lived at the Hotel Costanzi on the Via San Niccolò da Tolentino, opposite the lovely spot where we had our studio. After inquiry into the condition of my exchequer and my prospects generally, he told my studio-mate Soares that he thought he would advance me the money to cast my figure of Hiawatha, and that in return I might model the portraits of his two daughters. I recall distinctly the bright afternoon when Soares rushed over to tell me of the rich American who had been to the studio, who wished to see me, and who proposed helping me, if I could be helped. This was one of the happiest moments in my life; for I had been certain that if I could ever get my wonderful production before the American public, I should astonish the world and settle my future. Here was the opportunity in my grasp."

Mrs. John Merrylees, who was Miss Belle Gibbs, gives another account of the meeting. As my father was often ill with Roman fever at the time, it is probably more nearly correct. She writes:

"Mr. Gibbs asked a few ladies about having a cameo cut of Mary Stuart. They told him of a young American who had designed some for them and who greatly needed work, and they gave his address to Mr. Gibbs. It was the address of Augustus Saint-Gaudens's studio. Upon going there, Mr. Gibbs found only a little boy, who told him that his master was very ill,

Copyright, 1908, by Augusta H. Saint-Gaudens

VIEW IN SOLMONA, A TOWN EAST OF ROME

This sketch was made by Augustus Saint-Gaudens during the walking trip of 1871 (see page 830). The autograph is Saint-Gaudens's and reads, "Solmona May 1871, the city in which we were taken to the station-house by two policemen one on each side of us"

but that he had taken care of 'the model' and had kept it wet. He then undid the wrapping from the clay figure of Hiawatha, which so impressed Mr. Gibbs that he hastened to discover the sculptor. He found him dangerously ill in a low attic, and immediately had him removed to better quarters and nursed. On his recovery, Mr. Gibbs undertook to support him while he finished the Hiawatha, and to obtain an order for a bust from his friend Senator William M. Evarts. . . . Mr. Saint-Gaudens cut the cameo before anything else, as he said that the search for a cameo-cutter had brought him his friend, and so Mr. Gibbs's wish for a Mary Stuart must be fulfilled."

The statue of Hiawatha ultimately became the property of Mr. E. D. Morgan, and now stands in Hilton Park, Saratoga, New York.

To continue the reminiscences:

"Accordingly, I immediately began my busts of the young ladies. Then, to add to my delight, the Gibbs family, who were on intimate terms with Mr. Evarts, one day brought to my studio Miss Hettie Evarts, now Mrs. C. C. Beaman, with the result that I received, if I am not mistaken, my first commission for copies of the busts of Demosthenes and Cicero, which it was then the fashion for tourists to have made by the sculptors in Rome. And at the same date, Mr. Gibbs induced Mr. Evarts, sitting in Geneva at the Alabama Arbitration Tribunal, to consent to pose for his head on his return to America.

"Those, therefore, were days of great joy as well as of great misery, for mixed with the pleasure of a certain future was the unhappiness I suffered from Roman fever and the incessant dunning of the restaurant man who had been confident enough to trust me to the extent of a thou-

sand lire, an enormous sum at that time and under those conditions.

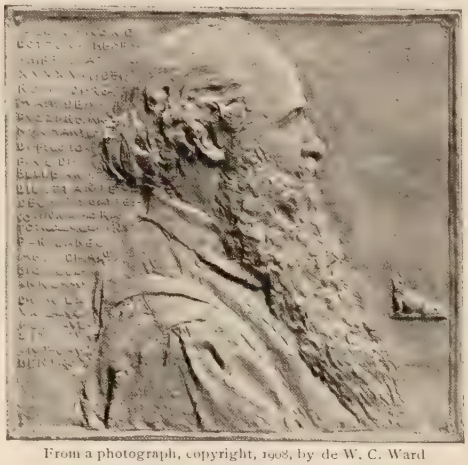
"The restaurant was a remarkable place, the proprietor being a fat man with an equally fat wife, both of them monstrously dirty and greasy. We dubbed him 'The Hippopotamus,' and by this name the restaurant remained known. To it came many of the men who have since become distinguished—Merson, Blanc, Mercié, Carolus Duran, and others of similar strength. The place was indescribably dirty, but extraordinarily picturesque. Besides being served by 'The Hippopotamus,' the son helped at the table. He was long, lank, and loose, and was called 'The Kangaroo.' Which of the three members of the family was the least clean is still unsettled.

"Indeed, at this restaurant and at the Caffè Greco on the Via Condotti many of the artists of other countries and of my generation assembled at night for the inevitable little cup of black coffee. The Caffè Greco, I believe, dates back to before the days of Byron and Thackeray, and still remained in existence when I returned to Rome five years ago.

"It was at this early time that I made the acquaintance of my great comrade, Dr. Henry Shiff, whose friendship has continued until this day. I suppose that, on the whole, he exerted a more powerful influence in forming what little character I have than any other man I have ever met. He was born in New Orleans, his father a Jew and his mother a Catholic. He was educated in France, served as a surgeon in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, came to New York, where he practised a short while, and then retired to Rome."

Dr. Shiff was considerably older than my father, a man with a clear, analytical brain, of immense literary acquirement, and a dilettante in art. He has not been in this country for many years, but lives in Italy, Spain, or Paris. He has long made a hobby of Japanese and Chinese bronzes, especially of toads and frogs, which explains to a certain extent the peculiar inscription on the bas-relief which my father modeled of him a few years after their meeting. This inscription reads:

"ALL' AMICONE DOTTORE HENRY SHIFF AETATIS XXXXVII. DEI RCSPI DI ROMA E DEI PUZZI ROMANI AMANTE. DI FILOSOFIA E DI BELLE ARTI DILETTANTE. DEL TIPO GATTESCO INNAMORATO: IN PARIGI NEL MESE DI MAGGIO DELL' ANNO MDCCCLXXX."



From a photograph, copyright, 1908, by de W. C. Ward

DR. HENRY SHIFF, MODELED BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

Which is translated:

"To the dear friend Doctor Henry Shiff at the age of forty-seven. Lover of the toads and smells of Rome. Dilettante in philosophy and the fine arts. Admirer of the feline type: in Paris in the month of May of the year MDCCCLXXX."

To take up the reminiscences:

"But this form of life soon ended, as Mr. Gibbs, seeing how I was held down by Roman fever, and realizing that I had been five years away from home, very kindly offered to advance me passage money with which I might go to America and return, after seeing my parents."

The trip, which lasted only for a few months, came in the autumn of 1872. My father took it with an astonishingly sure belief in his power. For, upon leaving Rome, he told Miss Florence Gibbs that though he then traveled in the steerage, it would not be long before he would cross the ocean in the cabin.

To go on with the autobiography:

"My departure, however, was far from serene, as 'The Hippopotamus' got wind of it, and awaited me at the station, to prevent my leaving until my debt had been paid. He was perfectly right. But a voluble mutual friend assured him that

by stopping me they were preventing the means of my paying them. So I reached home, to the surprised delight of my family; for, as I was a very bad correspondent and wrote to my parents only on rare occasions, I had given them no idea of my project, and marched into father's store quite without warning.

"I was not long idle in New York, however, as shortly after my arrival I began the bust of Senator Evarts in the dressing-room of his house on the northwest corner of Second Avenue and Fifteenth Street. Whereupon one thing rapidly led to another. Through Mr. Evarts, I received a commission for a bust of Mr. Edward Stoughton, and among others of Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, then Attorney-General under Grant.

"Then followed an order from Mr. Elihu Root, now Secretary of State, for two copies of the busts of Demosthenes and Cicero, which made me feel richer than I have ever felt since. And lastly, Mr. L. H. Willard, an admirer of my old employer Le Brethon, on learning that I was returning to Italy, commissioned me to have a sarcophagus cut for him and to model a figure of Silence, to be placed at the head of the principal staircase in the Masonic Building on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. The less said about that statue the better.

"With this, to me, bewildering amount of work, I sailed on the *Egypt* for Liverpool. That was a sad day, for it was the last I saw of my mother, weeping on the dock, and it seems as if I had a presentiment it would be so."

FRANCIS D. MILLET. MODELED BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS IN PARIS, 1878-80

Copyright, 1909, by Augusta H. Saint-Gaudens

PEN-AND-INK SKETCH FOR A MEDALLION OF JOHN LA FARGE, MADE IN NEW YORK, PROBABLY ABOUT 1875. THE MEDALLION WAS NOT EXECUTED

In connection with this, I add a letter from my father to an old friend, written, in 1885, upon the death of his friend's mother:

DEAR ——:

I have gone through the same grief you are having, and although at times it seemed as if I could not bear it; again, I felt that I could have no heart when it seemed as if nothing had occurred and I had a light heart. But that has all gone by. Now I know that I had a heart as regards my mother, and the trial has been like a great fire that has passed, and it seems, after all these years, as the one holy spot in my life, my sweet mother. I am with you in your grief, believe me.

Affectionately,

A. St. Gaudens.

The reminiscences continue:

"On my way to Rome I remained in Paris some months, and there I was followed from New York by my friend Gortelmeyer, a lithographer who drew beautifully and who was the son of a hautboy-player in Theodore Thomas's Orchestra. Very early one morning during this period, as I returned from some out-

Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole

"ADORATION OF THE CROSS BY ANGELS." MODELED IN HIGH RELIEF BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, AND PLACED IN THE CHANCEL OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY. DESTROYED BY FIRE AUGUST 8, 1905

of-town trip, walking along the Boulevard St. Michel, I suddenly encountered an old comrade of Rome, one of the Academy students whom I had seen, as I had the others, at the villa. A peculiarity about him was that, although austere and conscious of the honor of his position in the ordinary go of life, for some inexplicable reason he became unusually demonstrative and affectionate toward me when he imbibed more than was necessary. At this time he had evidently been indulging to a joyous degree, for he flung his arms around me and hugged me in the most exuberant Latin fashion.

"'Dear me! Saint-Gaudens, where did you come from?' he exclaimed. 'Great Scott! How happy I am to see you! Well, well, well! Where are you? Where have you been? What are you doing? Where are you going?' and all that a man who has a great command of language can say when started.

"I tried to escape amicably, but he would have nothing of that. He said:

"'Tell me where you live.'

"I gave him my address, thinking he would forget it; but after persistent and confused fumbling, he dragged forth a pencil and paper, and by some hook or crook set it down.

"At the time Gortelmeyer and I occupied the studio of my friend George Dubois, an American painter. This was on the top floor of a tall building in the Rue des Sts.-Pères. The studio had an adjoining bedroom and a couch which served as a second bed. We took turns in occupying them, and when the concierge rang the bell to bring us our coffee, it was the duty of the one who slept in the studio to open the door at the foot of the little dark, narrow stairs. So one morning shortly after my sidewalk encounter, and during a week when I slept in the bedroom, I heard the coffee-bell ring. Then it was repeated, and then again. As Gortelmeyer evidently had not heard it, I shouted to him to go to the door. He must have been sound asleep, for at the renewed and much more violent ringing, I went down the stairs myself. It was very early, much earlier than the coffee-woman's hour, and, as I opened the door, into the dark tumbled my happy friend of Rome and the Boulevard St. Michel.

"'Hello! Hello!' he shouted, as he fumbled and rumbled up the narrow stairs, caroming from side to side in his bewildering progress. 'My gracious! how glad I am to see you!' Then he got to the top of the flight, and strange things began to happen.

"My friend Gortelmeyer, who was very long, very thin, very blond, and very near-sighted, wore as a night-shirt an undershirt so shrunk that it came down to but six or eight inches below his arms. Moreover, his first requirement on awaking was his glasses, and he always had difficulty in finding them. The noise of N—— coming up-stairs had aroused him. So by the time we arrived he was on his feet, and a spectacle for the gods, as he stood with his back toward us, bending over and fumbling around on the chair next to his bed for his glasses.

"N——, on seeing this vision, threw up his arms and shouted: 'God in Heaven, what is that? What is that?'

"'Gortelmeyer,' I said, as he continued his blind, helpless search, 'for Heaven's sake, turn around!' By this time N—— was shouting and laughing fit to die. 'Let me introduce you, Mr. Gortelmeyer—Mr. N——. Mr. N——, Mr. Gortelmeyer.' And the long, thin, lank, blond Prussian in the undress I have described shook hands in the most dignified manner, in the white four o'clock light of the studio, with a short, fat, intoxicated Frenchman, until N——, shouting up to the last, sat down and begged me to let him wash his face.

"'I have a dreadful headache,' he said.

"'Go into the bedroom, and you will find a sponge and water,' I replied.

"There followed a great splashing, and in a moment N—— appeared crying and in an awful condition:

"'*Mon Dieu!* My head has never been as dirty as this!' he bubbled. He was right, for, in the dimness of his mind, he had used the pail in which the soiled water was thrown. He was a vision.

"Shortly after this Dammouse and I went to Rome by way of Venice.

"From this point the tide began to turn in my favor, for soon after reaching Rome again, Governor Morgan, on a visit to Italy, learning of my presence there, came to call on me. The fact of my being in Rome, the charm of that city, the idyllic loveliness of the garden in which my stu-

dio was smothered, and, to be literal, its nearness to his hotel, the Costanzi, must have appealed peculiarly to him upon his realizing that here was the son of the interesting man who had made shoes for him in New York. Accordingly, at his request, I went to see him at the hotel, where he asked me what it would cost to cut in marble the statue of Hiawatha, which, through the generosity of Mr. Gibbs, I had succeeded in casting in plaster before going to America. I have forgotten what the price was—I think in the neighborhood of eight hundred dollars. He said he would give it to me if I would execute it for him for that sum. I suppose I danced with glee when I reached my studio after that visit, for here again was one of the happiest days of my life. There seem to be plenty of them as I proceed.

"Immediately I set about having the statue carved, and presently my studio was a busy place. The Hiawatha, the Silence, the portrait busts I had made, and the copies of antiques, were being cut in marble. I was working away upon the busts of the two daughters of Mr. Gibbs,—I must confess to a weak spot for one of them,—and I was beginning the studies of statues with which I was to embellish the world. The first represented Mozart, nude, playing the violin. Why under heaven I made him nude is a mystery. The second displayed a Roman slave holding young Augustus on the top of a Pompeian column and crowning him with laurel. This group a sarcastic, but good-natured friend said looked like a locomotive.

"At this time, in company with George Dubois, the landscape-painter, and Ernest Mayor, a Swiss architect, I made a walking trip from Rome to Naples. Mayor, as short as Dubois was tall, stood about five feet six in height, most of which was body and head and beard. His short legs seemed to be constructed behind his body and joined on in a funny way. We took the cars sometimes, the diligence frequently, and donkey-back often, but for the most part we footed it through the heart of the Calabrian mountains. There we were told that this was dangerous business, as there were brigands at large; and so, in consequence, we ostentatiously displayed revolvers at our belts.

"One morning on arriving at some town in the center of the district, each went in a different direction to make sketches. Presently a big gendarme touched me on the shoulder and asked me for my passport. I feigned ignorance of Italian, but he insisted. I showed him my card, yet that did not appease him; the result being that we marched together to the city hall of the place. There I was locked in a room in which, plastered on the wall, was a printed poster offering so many thousand francs for the capture, dead or alive, of three brigands, and describing their names and build. Shortly after my arrival, Mayor was brought in, and he was soon followed by Dubois. With a gendarme passing to and fro outside the door, we were kept in this room for a long while before we were brought into the presence of the *sindaco,* which corresponds to the mayor of our towns. He endeavored to have us explain in Italian what we were about. But finding that difficult business, he presently questioned us in French, which he spoke admirably, with the result that in a short time we were dismissed with good wishes and with the advice not to show our weapons so openly, and to carry regular passports.

"On arriving at Naples, we walked along the divine road to Sorrento. It seems impossible to give in words the impression of the charm that pervaded that journey. We were, of course, in the full glow of youth and health, which made it all the more wonderfully beautiful. The view through the perfumed orange and lemon groves of the wonderful bay of Naples, with Ischia in the distance, made that day one upon which it could be said with truth that life was worth living. We loafed around at Sorrento, and finally rowed over to Capri the immortal. Of course no one who has ever been to Capri can forget it and its impressions; but the dominant note to me, as I look back, is the fields of flowers—fields and fields of flowers. It was like an enchantment; that and a religious procession passing through the narrow, white-walled streets, where the inhabitants literally flung bushels of flowers over the priests and their followers, as they chanted their religious hymns. We were seated on a height, where we could see the windings of the procession

and the shower of flowers that became almost too fairy-like and dream-like to be true.

"We returned to Rome, where shortly after I met Miss Augusta F. Homer, who later became Mrs. Saint-Gaudens. This time I remained in that city for two years or thereabouts, making five years in all of residence in the seductive spot, during most of which time I had the advantage of being thrown in with charming Italian families and, by living there in the summer months, of seeing the spontaneous Italian life. The concerts on the Piazza Colonna on those warm nights when the soft air, the lovers, the ease of it all, so far from the stress of existence here, form some unforgetable memories.

"But at last, when my marbles were finished, I went back to America. I had succeeded, meanwhile, in getting rid of all my money, so that the first years of my stay in New York were the usual hard ones of artists' beginnings. I took a studio on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, in the German Savings Bank Building, which still stands as I write. There was no elevator; it goes without saying that it was before the advent of the sky-scraper. The first floor was occupied by the bank, the second floor by offices, while the third contained rooms rented out to Odd Fellows Lodges for occasional meetings in the evening. The inconveniences of the building and its restrictions were probably the cause of the non-rental of the offices on the second floor. I was the first tenant, and for a long time the only one, so that it became sad business going up this iron staircase alone, and walking across the big corridor to my room, my lonely steps echoing through the hall. However, this was in a large measure lost on the lightheartedness of my youth.

"The engineer of the German Savings Bank Building was a man of middle height, portly, good-natured, with very curly black hair, which seemed to be dripping grease, a big, heavy, black mustache, and all the appearance of what one would call a 'Forty-niner.' He had a hair-lip, which made him speak with a nasal twang that seemed to proceed from some place between the roof of his mouth and the back of his nose. The letter 'N' was the dominating note in his words. In fact, he could not get rid of it. Because of my dislike of America and its conditions,—the dislike common to young men of my age and frame of mind on their return to America,—I cast about for something to recall the paradise of my place in Rome until I came upon an idea. I would turn on the water into the little wash-basin and let it run continuously with a gentle trinkle, and thus recall the sound of the fountain in the garden at Rome.

"One day, soon after, Mr. Engineer paid me a visit. At the end of a few moments' stay, while gazing at the wash-stand, he said:

"'N what are you lettin' that water n run for?'

"I felt that a very peculiar situation, and one difficult of explanation, had arisen, and that I must come down to his level; so I said:

"'You know I have been living in Rome, in a very lovely spot. There was a fountain in the garden. I was so fond of it, and I am so blue here, I thought I could recall Rome by letting the water run and hearing that same sound. Of course that may seem strange to you, but that is what it is.'

"'Now I know where n that leak has been! N I 've been huntin' all over n the buildin' to find it. N I have been pumpin' water up here for three weeks and wonderin' where it had gone to. N you 'll have to n let up on that, young man!'

"You can imagine his shoveling coal into the furnace below in order to increase the pressure which was to supply the poet up-stairs with the romantic sound necessary to his well-being. You can still further imagine the reduction on the interest of the German depositors coming from this extra consumption.

"Another incident which lent diversity to this dreary period of my life took place because of a cast made by a sculptor, a friend of mine, who occupied an adjoining room. He wished to model a bust, and, to do this, proposed taking a mold from the living face of his sitter. That is no trifling matter even to an expert, and it showed the boldness of the novice that notwithstanding my protestations, my friend undertook it without ever having cast anything before. He wished me to help him; but I told him that I should

wash my hands of the affair if he tried it. He disappeared.

"Presently he rushed into my room, crying, 'For Heaven's sake, come!'

"In his studio, which was already one of monumental disorder, confusion, and dirt, stretched out on an old sofa, lay his subject with a solid mass of hard plaster about two inches thick enveloping his head; while the whole room, wall, ceiling, boxes, and floor, was covered with the great spatterings of the plaster thrown wildly about by my friend in the process of this extraordinary proceeding.

"There were the usual quills in the sitter's nose; but the weight of the cast was so great that we could hear him mumble under it, praying us to get it off quickly or he would die. It was really serious business, this taking it off, as we had to bang at the plaster with chisel and hammer. Fortunately, there was no ill result other than a good bit of the subject's eyelashes being torn away and his clothes being ruined. He was one of those happy men, however, who take everything with cheerfulness. The death of my tormentor would have been my only satisfaction had I undergone the sufferings he was put to."

My uncle, Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens, tells me that the sculptor of this story was Edmund Palmer, who was making a cast of Henry Ward Beecher.

To take up the reminiscences again:

"At this time the beginnings of the Society of American Artists came about, for my part, through one of my Roman sketches—the only one which endured; the others went to the oblivion they deserved. The composition I refer to was that of a young girl lying on her face on a low couch, dandling an infant in her arms. As I recall it, and from the pen-and-ink drawing I still possess,—no, that also went in the fire which burned my studio,—it had an ingenuous charm that I doubt very much my ability to achieve today. This sketch I had brought with me to America, and its rejection by the National Academy of Design angered me so that, four or five others being in the same recalcitrant state of mind, the Society of American Artists was formed by us. After years of increasing success, that society is, at the date I am writing, merging back into the Academy of Design, enmity to which had brought it into existence. The field is open for another society of younger, protesting men. It is only proper to say that the rejection of the sketch was justifiable. It was entirely too unfinished a product to be exhibited, particularly considering the general attitude of artists at that time."

Of the Society, Mr. R. W. Gilder has written me:

I have often said that The Society of American Artists was founded on the wrath of Saint-Gaudens. You know Mrs. Gilder was a student in those days, first at the Cooper Institute and then at the Academy schools. She belonged to the new Art Students' League which was a revolt from the Academy school. Just then the old Academicians were carrying things with a pretty high hand, so I spoke to a few of the younger men of our American renaissance about starting a new organization. When I mentioned it to your father he said that the time had not quite come. But one day,—just thirty years ago last Saturday, June first, 1877,—he rang the bell at the iron gate at 103 East Fifteenth Street. It was noon, and I was home for lunch. I ran down to the gate, and I tell you there was a high wind blowing! Your revered father was as mad as hops. He declared that they had just thrown out a piece of sculpture of his from the Academy exhibit, and that he was ready to go into a new movement. I told him to come around that very evening. We sent, in addition, for Walter Shirlaw and Wyatt Eaton, and the Society of American Artists was that night founded by Walter Shirlaw, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Wyatt Eaton and Helena de Kay Gilder, your humble servant acting as secretary, though Wyatt Eaton was the nominal secretary. Clarence Cook, the critic, was present, but not as a member.

To continue with the reminiscences:

"Here, too, in the German Savings Bank Building, were brought to me, by I do not know whom, a couple of redheads who have been inextricably mixed up in my life ever since, as will be seen as we proceed. I speak of Stanford White and Charles F. McKim. White, who at that time was studying with Richardson, then had much to do with the designing of Trinity Church in Boston. He was drawn to me by hearing me bawl the 'Andante' of the 'Seventh Beethoven Symphony,'

and the 'Serenade' from Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' as he ascended the German Savings Bank stairs. He was a great lover of music. I gave a false impression, for my knowledge came only from having heard the 'Andante' from Le Brethon ten or fifteen years before, and the 'Serenade' from a howling Frenchman in the Beaux Arts who could shout even louder than I, and sang it in a singularly devilish and comic way. McKim I met later on. A devouring love for ice-cream brought us together.

"Meanwhile my affairs remained in such a state that I did some teaching, which required fabulous exertion. For that old friend of my father's, Dr. Agnew, then living on the Hudson opposite Dobbs Ferry, had a number of children to whom I gave lessons in drawing. It seemed to me as if I started out at daybreak on those hot summer days, taking the cars to Dobbs Ferry, where I stood on the dock and, with a string, pulled a wooden arm which branched out of the top of a pole to indicate to the man with a boat on the other bank of the river, a mile or two away, that somebody wanted to cross. Then a speck on the water approaching was the ferryman, who had seen the sign and was coming over to take me back. On landing, I climbed a steep hill in the hot sun and taught the young pupils, who, I am afraid, were not as much interested in what I said as they should have been. They have since become among the most charming of my friends. After an hour or so with them, I descended the hill, crossed the river in the rowboat, took the train, which deposited me at Thirtieth Street on the North River, and walked over to Twenty-third Street, where I arrived at one o'clock more dead than alive."

Also during this period my father entered his only competition, one for a statue of Charles Sumner. The seated model, about two and one half feet high, represented Sumner in his senator's chair, his head thrown back and a little to one side, one hand vigorously braced against an arm of the chair, as if he were about to rise and speak in earnest debate, the other hand holding a scroll. The pose was full of action—too full, my father used to say, laughing at himself. He worked upon it all one spring in the office of his future father-in-law, Mr. Thomas J. Homer, in the Studio Building of Boston, Massachusetts. At the end of that time the committee, which had hitherto insisted upon a seated figure, brushed aside all the submitted designs and competitors, and gave the commission to another for a standing figure. The lack of faith shown by those in charge so angered my father that he not only never again went into a competition, but even refused to submit sketches of any idea until a commission had been definitely awarded him; while with the tenacity with which he clung to any thought or feeling, he fought through all his life, and up to the month of his death, for some just method of guiding competitions in this country, so that younger sculptors should have fairer opportunities.

To return to the reminiscences:

"Chief among the various kinds of sculpture I made at the time, I must speak of my first association with Mr. John La Farge in the execution of the 'King' monument to go in the cemetery at Newport, Rhode Island. Part of the work I modeled in Mr. La Farge's studio in that town. But it was absolutely his design, and possessed that singular grace, elevation, nobility, and distinction which are characteristic of whatever he touches. I was the tool that modeled for him, as I was in the painting I subsequently did for him as an assistant in his decoration of Trinity Church in Boston. Those again were great days. He had with him as assistants at that time, Mr. Francis Lathrop, Mr. Francis Millet, and Mr. George Maynard. There is no doubt that my association with Mr. La Farge has been a spur to higher endeavor, equal to, if not greater than, any other I have ever received from outside sources. Those who have the honor of knowing him can at once understand this statement. I am not able, however, to mention with good taste all that I feel and should like to say about his influence."

My father was constant in both spoken and written praise of Mr. La Farge and his influence. For instance, on October 10, 1903, he wrote on this subject in a letter to Mr. La Farge:

"Later on I picked up 'McClure's,' where your articles on Millet, Rousseau, and Corot made the same impression that your work and my relations with you have

always made and inspired in me to do the right and big thing."

To return to the reminiscences:

"Perhaps the most definitely helpful moment of all fell one day in the sad studio in the German Savings Bank Building when La Farge saw some of the Pisano reliefs of the fifteenth century, and when to my expressed despair of ever attempting to do medallions after looking at those achievements, he said quietly and incisively:

"'Why not? I don't see why you should not do as well.'

"This is no doubt the reason I have modeled so many medallions since, though I fear I have fallen far short of what promise of achievement he saw in me.

"But again an end to the bad condition of my affairs came about in the following manner. I had occasion to see Governor Morgan one day, and, after questioning me, he said:

"'I think there is a statue of Admiral Farragut to be erected in New York. Do you know anything about it?'

"'No.'

"'Go and see Cisco.'

"Mr. John D. Cisco was a banker very prominent in affairs at that time. I took Governor Morgan's advice and visited him.

"'Yes,' said Mr. Cisco, 'we have eight thousand dollars for a statue to Farragut, but before deciding to whom it is to go, we shall have to have a meeting.'

"A meeting followed in a few days, and subsequently Governor Morgan told me the work had been awarded to me, but, to his great surprise, 'only by the skin of the teeth,' five of the committee having voted for giving the commission to a sculptor of high distinction, and six of them for awarding it to me. Again another glorious day!"

The real incident was not as brief as my father has expressed it. Indeed, in the hope of obtaining the monument, he first made a sketch of Farragut's head on his own account, since all his life he was anxious to create statues of the nation's heroes. Typical of this lasting desire is a portion of a letter which he wrote to Mr. Charles Keck on January 16, 1906:

"I have such respect and admiration for the heroes of the Civil War that I consider it my duty to help in any way to commemorate them in a noble and dignified fashion worthy of their great services, and you can always refer to me."

Moreover, after the time of my father's sketch there followed months of plans and counter-plans directed toward securing the monument. In the midst of this period my mother went to the Azores for the winter, and the one great interest and excitement in the letters that passed between them was as to whether or no he would obtain the Farragut. I should mention, in view of my father's anxiety during all his life to help young sculptors, that the commission finally came to him to a large extent through the kindly assistance of Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, who then had gained his firmly established reputation.

To take up the reminiscences:

"Following the Farragut commission, Governor Dix, to whose family my father was furnishing shoes, immediately asked if I would model a statue of Robert Richard Randall, for Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, so that before I knew it I had the making of two public monuments. While, to cap all, La Farge commissioned me to execute those bas-reliefs for the reredos of St. Thomas's Church which were destroyed by fire during the past year [1905], along with his masterpieces on each side of them.

"The receipt of these commissions settled another serious question which had been pending for a long while—my marriage, which took place at once, on June 4, 1877, at Roxbury, Massachusetts. My wife and I came back to New York on the following day, and the next morning sailed for Liverpool, just in time to see the last two days of the French Salon."

Since my father's work had now become established, I quote from a speech and certain letters which later he wrote to young sculptors, as his criticisms reflect some of those qualities which he always desired to see in his own productions. The speech was upon the Roman Academy:

In the repeated attacks that are made on the Roman Academy and on the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and in the incessant cry for greater freedom in the development of the artistic mind, there is a certain truth. But in the reaction the pendulum swings too far, and the real question is lost sight of. There

is a middle ground on which to stand. It seems to be rarely realized that the very men who are shown as examples were, if not actually brought up in the school of Rome, all men of a thorough academic training. Only after such training does the mind become sufficiently mature and the individual personality so developed as to be able to indulge in unqualified freedom and liberty of expression.

Rodin, one of the leaders of the movement against academic education, has had a most thorough and arduous training during the early years of his career, and I am of the opinion that that training, instead of dwarfing or minimizing his extreme power of expression, has been of enormous assistance to it. Leaving out of the question the exhaustive early study of the great masters of the past, Michelangelo and others, and coming to our own times, to the brilliant men of the French school, we find that all have had the same early experience. Paul Dubois, one of the masters of French art, although not a member of the Villa Medici, had a training fully equal to that which could be gained there, and is one of its strongest supporters. Houdon, Rude, Falguière, men whose work lives and breathes with divine fire, were trained there. Puvis de Chavannes and Baudry, to enter another domain, I may add to my list. It is needless to say that none of these were injured by it.

SAINT-GAUDENS'S DESIGN FOR THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE HOUSE OF THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

Sculpture is no more exempt from the necessity of thorough preparation than is music, architecture, or any of the arts and sciences. Only constant diligence and earnest application in early years, harnessed with a natural talent, gives us master workmen.

The disastrous results to those who ape the mannerisms of such masters as Rodin and Monet, and follow in their wake, are pathetic in their futility and weakness when they are not comic, and their failure leaves them not only bad artists, but—and here I come to what I consider the main point of my contention—weak and crude workmen in whatever else they do. . . .

The first letter was written September 18, 1902:

"The nude woman with the veil is a good figure, but lacks individuality. It is a well-constructed, well-modeled study of a woman, with rather short legs. The short legs were not worth perpetuating. You should have made them longer. The modeling is a little tight. The head and drapery could be pushed much farther. The sentiment is timid.

"The David is very much better in every respect than the things I have spoken of before. The modeling is very much better, freer, and firmer. My only quarrel with it would be that it is a little 'cock-de-doodle-doo,' in character, a little what I call 'Frenchy,' although that is not a fair term to employ when it is considered that the best modern sculpture is French—sculpture that we take our hats off to—and that 'Frenchy' is the last word to apply to the masterpieces of French art.

"The little figure on the lamp is charming, and in most respects is the best of all. It shows the influence of Mr. Vedder, and nothing could be better. I like it very much indeed.

"Your little sketches all seem very good as far as I can see them, but they are too indistinct for me to express my opinion.

"I think your idea of doing the Boxer, the Shot-putter and the Lacrosse player excellent. . . ."

The second letter, dated February 26, 1905, is to Mr. Henry L. Taylor:

"You ask me to characterize my admiration for Mr. Flanagan's statue. I think it is admirable, because it is forceful and

masculine work. It is well drawn, well constructed, and well composed from every point of view, and there is not the slightest trace of the prettiness, or amateurishness, which is the bane of the majority of statues erected in this country."

The third and fourth letters to Mr. Henry M. Shrady are dated February 7, and 14, 1906:

"I thank you for sending me the photograph of your statue of Washington at Valley Forge. It certainly is admirable in line and character. My only quarrel with it would be that the way the coat is flung from under the right arm on the left shoulder, although very handsome, might seem too romantic, unless it is a way that a cloak could be, and was so, used. In this event, I think the doing of it as you have an excellent idea. I feared that it might be a thing that was never done, but I do not know. The other point, and one which is more serious, is the character of the modeling of the cloak and sleeve; they look sloppy in treatment. There again I may be misled by the photograph, but I care a good deal for the close and careful rendering of form in sculpture, such as the modeling of the groups in the pediment of the Parthenon and the drawings of Holbein and Ingres. We cannot go far wrong in following in their steps."

And again:

"I congratulate you on the lines, sentiment, and character of the group. It is admirable from every point of view.

"Perhaps I would n't turn the toes of the General out so much. I think if they were in, they would be handsomer in line as well as stronger-looking. . . .

"As to the Grant monument, I am sorry you are having trouble about the limit of time. It certainly is a colossal undertaking, and you should be given ample time to develop it to its fullest completion. It is so refreshing to find a sculptor who is willing to put all the time necessary on a great public monument, when one reflects on the way so much impressive work is rushed through with such shameful results. If I can be of assistance to you in this matter, I am at your service."

The reminiscences continue:

"On my arrival in Paris, I took a little studio in an attractive part of the city not far from the Arc de Triomphe, and began at once on the St. Thomas reliefs. I worked rapidly, as was necessary, and in a short time they were despatched to America."

Indeed, my father was forced for once to model with astonishing speed. Moreover, upon this task he began experiments in a direction that always interested him —the painting of sculpture, with the result that the angels were finally set up covered with many varying, though low, tones of color.

To go on with the reminiscences:

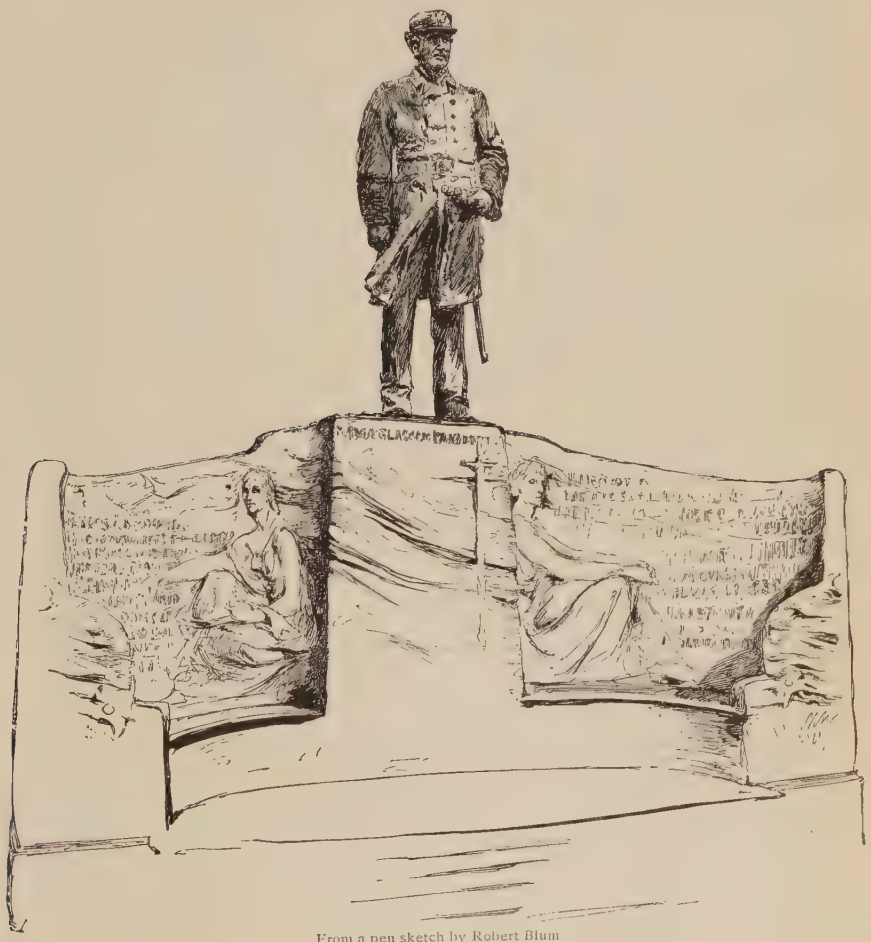
"Thereupon we packed up our belongings and went back to beloved Rome. There I hired a studio on the Piazza Barberini and immediately began my sketches for the statue of Farragut.

"I had hardly been installed, however, before I received word from Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong, asking if I would be one of three to comprise the jury for the American Art Exhibit in the International Exposition at Paris, which was about to take place. This was an honor which I immediately accepted. Back we packed to Paris. There I hired an enormous studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs in order to begin the large statue of Farragut. This place had originally been a public ball-room, and subsequently a printing establishment of one of the big publishers of Paris. For my family I hired an apartment in the Rue Herschell, where Mr. Armstrong lived with us during the period of the exposition business, and our Parisian life began.

"We did some bold things on the jury, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Detmold, and I, and, if my memory serves me rightly, probably some unjust ones, in the rashness and enthusiasm of youth and, so far as I was concerned, in my rôle of 'righter of wrongs,' as my friend Bion once dubbed me. I certainly now hold in high esteem the works of men whom, I recall, I then estimated as below the line of my high-reaching vision. These were the members of what is known as the 'Hudson River School.' I recall no specific injustice, but we should have been divine if we had not fallen into some. Nevertheless, Mr. Armstrong managed it with great tact, and the result was very much to the credit of America.

"In the two years I passed here there

was little of the adventurous swing of life that pervaded my previous struggles. The dominant break in it, and one that was certainly interesting, was the arrival of Mr. Stanford White, who lived with us and my brother Louis. Our home was White's headquarters, whence he darted off in extraordinarily vigorous excursions to the towns surrounding Paris that contain those marvels of Gothic architecture of which he was an adorer."



From a pen sketch by Robert Blum

THE FARRAGUT MONUMENT IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY, MODELED BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS; THE PEDESTAL DESIGNED BY STANFORD WHITE

At this time, too, White composed and made studies for the base of the Farragut monument. His pedestals, thereafter, always pleased my father, and on this occasion especially the two men were well satisfied with what they accomplished. A story is told of those days that to one of my father's usual remarks that a sculptor always biased his figures in the direction of his bodily peculiarities, White replied with truth, "Yes; and you 've made Farragut toe in like yourself."

The reminiscences continue:

"These endless excursions kept up for about six months, I believe, until White was joined by his great friend McKim. Then the three of us, all redheads, took a trip down the Rhone, the idea coming from my experience years before in the French war, when for economy's sake I had proposed going to Marseilles in that way. The towns along the river's bank were then full of Gothic and particularly Roman architecture, and it was with high anticipations that we boarded the long,

Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole

SAINT-GAUDENS'S ANGEL FOR THE TOMB OF GOVERNOR E. D. MORGAN

narrow boat one day at Lyons, to journey in it to Avignon.

"This was a great and diversified trip —diversified both by the beauty and austere character of the country we went through and by comic experiences. The steamer, of the same proportions as our canal-boats, sailed down the rapid current of the yellow Rhone at an extraordinary rate of speed. We passed under stone bridges and by towns with churches with stone spires, beneath a Southern sun tempered by the breeze of the swiftly moving boat. The breeze was not enough, however, to temper the smell of garlic which pervaded our ship from the tip of her bow to the end of her stern. She was thoroughly impregnated, inside and outside, upside and down, and in every direction, with that perfume. We were in the land of garlic, and there was no doubt about it.

"Night had fallen when we arrived at Avignon, and there I met the repetition of the delightful feeling of the South and of the narrow thoroughfares of the Italian towns, as we wandered through the city after having left our bags at the hotel. It was certainly pleasant to hear the sound of a Beethoven sonata floating from an open window into the warm summer night of the silent streets.

"In a short time our passion for ice-cream asserted itself, but there seemed to be no public place or café where we could find our beloved refreshment. Inquiry from a solitary passer-by led to a reply that vividly recalled my father and the ardent South.

" 'Is there a café in this town where we can get some ices?'

" 'Most certainly.'

" 'Would you be kind enough to tell us where it is?'

" 'Why, yes, yes. Go down this street until you come to the third street on your left; follow that two blocks; then take the first on your right; then keep straight ahead, and you will come out on the public square. There is the café, which you will have no difficulty in finding, for,' with a large sweeping gesture, 'it occupies the entire place.'

"With visions of the enormous cafés of Marseilles and the Paris Boulevards, we followed his instructions. But where we had been given an impression of a square second only to the Place de la Concorde of Paris, we found a little widening in the street, and in one corner of it a diminutive café, dismal beyond description and lighted by what was dim enough to be feeble candle-light, even if it was not that. Our informer had stated truly, however: it occupied 'the entire place.'

"We returned to Paris, and McKim and White went back to America shortly after; while I, since the Farragut was ready to go to the bronze founder, left the ball-room studio in which I had completed it and took a less ambitious one in the Impasse du Maine. There I began the model for the statue of Robert Richard Randall, as well as the sketches for the figures that were to go over a mausoleum Governor Morgan had commissioned me to do for him in Hartford, Connecticut.

"At this time, too, through a mutual French friend, I met Bastien-Lepage, who was then in the height of the renown he had achieved by his painting of 'Joan of Arc.' This picture Mr. Irwin Davis subsequently purchased and, at my earnest recommendation, gave to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Lepage was short, bullet-

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AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS
From a photograph taken in Paris about 1878-80.

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CARICATURE OF HIMSELF BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

This is not his usual profile caricature, such as the one at the end of the letter to Mr. Charles McKim. (See pages 594 and 595 of THE CENTURY for February.)

headed, athletic, and dandified in dress; at any rate, he was so in comparison with the majority of my friends. I recall his having been at the Beaux Arts during the period I studied there, and my disliking him for this general cockiness. He asked if I would make a medallion of him in exchange for a portrait of myself. Of course I agreed to the proposal, and as his studio was not far from mine, the medallion was modeled during a period when he was unable to work on account of a sprained ankle. He moved away shortly afterward, and I saw little of him excepting for the four hours a day when I posed for the full-length sketch he made of me. This painting also was destroyed in the fire spoken of before."

The portrait Lepage painted of my father, though in detail not distinctly resembling him, in the whole gave very clearly the feeling of his personality. While my father modeled the medallion in exchange, he was often much amused by Lepage telling him not to make the hands too large. For the painter gave as an excuse for his vanity the reason that the hands were of small importance in comparison with the rest of the figure. Also, as the result of this medallion, which Lepage showed to the Princess of Wales, now Queen of England, whom he was painting, my father was asked by her to make a portrait of the present King. Unfortunately, because of the approach of my birth, my parents could not remain in Europe, so the commission fell through.

The reminiscences say:

"It was at this time that I made the medallions of Maynard, Millet, Picknell, Shiff, and Bunce, which I exhibited at the Paris Salon along with the statue of Farragut, in 1879.

"Now also I met Will H. Low for the first time, and Carroll Beckwith, Kenyon Cox, Edwin H. Blashfield, and John S. Sargent, the latter a tall, rather slim, handsome fellow. He was already in the public eye through his portrait of his master Carolus Duran, and consequently his appearance at first sight remains in my mind distinctly. Shortly after that, in exchange for a copy of the medallion of Bastien-Lepage, he gave me a delightful water-color of a female figure made at Capri. This went in the flames."

At that period, too, my father developed a marked friendship for Mr. William Gedney Bunce, who set up his easel in one corner of my father's studio. Mr. Bunce was then making a name for himself through his wonderfully brilliant paintings of Venice; and of all his colors he loved yellow the best. On account of this passion, my father and White returned to the apartment one evening coated with yellow, and, in response to my mother's exclamation of horror, explained:

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CARICATURE OF WILLIAM GEDNEY BUNCE BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

" 'Bunce had a yellow day.'

" 'A yellow day?'

" 'A yellow day. He took to smearing that color across one of his Venetian sketches, so we got rid of him while we wiped it off—over everything handy.' "

Another adventure of a more daring character was brought about at nearly the same time by an impecunious friend who found that his creditors had seized his pictures just as he planned to return to America. My father, remembering "The Hippopotamus" and Rome, volunteered aid. So, with the help of a second acquaintance, they waited until midnight when the concierge was asleep and then with stockinged feet, a dark lantern, and a "jimmy" broke into the painter's own studio after the approved fashion of real burglars and stole his own paintings. The painter is now a well-known American artist.

To conclude with reminiscences, my father writes:

"And together with these friends I engaged in the enthusiastic meetings incited by the bold and admirably written articles of Clarence Cook, attacking the conservatism of the Academy of Design—articles which made a great commotion in the art circles of New York at that period. We voted endless resolutions and indorsements of what he said, after the usual discussions and schisms that occur when a lot of young men try to do something. But nothing came of it."

(To be continued)

UNRECORDED

BY E. B. FINDLAY

I, BOASTFUL Science, of thy gains
Come now to ask my part;
Answer me now, for all my pains,
The longing of my heart.
For those upon the ocean's breast,
Far off from either shore,
Thou markest on an air-wave's crest
If gold be less or more.
Thou who hast spanned the trackless deep,
Without a wire or line,
Across the space of one night's sleep,
Come, give to me a sign
From her who into silence fared
With her small hand in mine.

Back, through vibrating waves of thought,
My longing beats her wings;
Baffled and faint, with failure fraught,
No sign nor record brings.
All I have learned, all I have taught,
They seem such useless things!

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. See "Open Letters"

PORTRAIT OF MRS. W——. FROM THE PAINTING BY MAURICE FROMKES

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

HIS HOUSE FORLORN

BY LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

Co-Author of "Mrs. Essington" and "The Coast of Chance"

YOUNG Clewes sat before the grate, with his hands in his pockets, looking at the red cross upon the map of Great Britain which marked the odd, unknown corner of his late father's estate. His fancy was pleased with the notion of the house which had stood swept and garnished and empty and unchanging while a century had blown over its roof. He had just that streak of cross-grained imagination that made the thought of going over the Clewes estate, the stiff houses, the formal forests, the long, dull moors, a good deal of a bore. And now it occurred to him that he might mitigate this duty by beginning his pilgrimage with the little house of which, up to this moment, he had never heard.

He had meant to put off his inspection till the following month; now he decided to begin next week. But before he went to bed, next week had become the day after-to-morrow, and when he arose in the morning, rather earlier than usual, he called to his man Pell to look up a train, for he meant to be out of town that afternoon. Trains into that rather lonely part of the country were slow, and the one Clewes caught set him down at the Dedham station when the shadows were reaching long and black over field and hedgerow, and the pools of light that lay between them were yellow. He stood a short driving distance from his own estate, and did not know in what direction it lay, and would not have recognized it had he seen it. He found himself in the odd position of having to go to an inn to inquire the location of his own house.

The landlord of the "Dedham Arms" himself seemed to think it a queer question; but after a moment's stare of wonder, he turned red, and, with a low scrape, "My lord," he said, "it 's thirty years since I saw your father here, but, were my eyes what they once were, I should have known you before you spoke."

The old man wore such a mixed look of awe, curiosity, and something like apprehension as mightily amused young Clewes, and smiling at such simplicity, he asked if the house were fit to sleep in.

Indeed it was, the landlord assured him; it was always kept ready: and he went on almost eagerly to say that his wife was the caretaker, and he knew well enough that she had been through it only last week. Would his lordship have dinner while a conveyance was sent for?

That his arrival had caused some small sensation Clewes was aware at dinner by the persistent, though covert searching of the old man's eyes, and, later, when he stepped into the carriage to go to Clewes House, by the open-mouthed interest of an assembled group of villagers by the door. There seemed to be something more than the ordinary inquisitiveness of a country town, he thought, as the phaeton rolled him away between low hedges, winding through long, lonesome fields and black, ragged pieces of woodland, a country that might have seemed desolate under a gibbous moon, but, lighted by the late sun, looked fair enough. So fiery was that light that it even struck a gleam from a dull, ancient weather-vane which spun in the wind above a bundle of dark trees.

"Clewes House, sir," said the driver, pointing, and presently the carriage turned in at a high, iron gate, scarlet with rust and all but eaten through. For a little way, the low-growing boughs of cypress and yew scraped across the phaeton-top;

Drawn by Paul J. Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE . . . STEPPED BACK, BACK, . . . AS IF HE WOULD HAVE LED HER ON"

then from the fringing grove they emerged upon a garden so wanton in its luxuriance that it amazed the sight.

Climbing roses, long untrellised, swept across the lawns; the grass was covered with a shallow flood of color so glowing that it appeared to move. Roses had climbed in breakers up the hedges; had tented the fountain over, clasping the marble nymph in the middle with a girdle of briars; had seized upon the statues and transformed them into pyramids of flowers; had flung their fiery garlands over the black yew branches; had scaled the walls of the house, hanging their crimson stars beneath the mullioned windows, waving airy sprays from the very roofs. Upon this riot the house looked quietly forth, too lightly, gracefully built to seem quite melancholy, in spite of its close-shuttered front. The sun lay as softly across its terraces as if but yesterday it had caught the color of moving figures there, and the echo of the high-arched portico replied to the footsteps of the last Lord Clewes as obediently as it had answered the first. The great door, relenting to the resolute shoulders, opened, and Clewes walked into his long-untenanted possession.

Through flowered rooms he walked, where farthingales must once have floated and the swords of brocaded beaux gone clattering at their heels. Pale, paneled, painted ceilings were above his head. Light, lovely shapes of chair and taboret were about him, and the filtered light that showed him these fell through the filmy wrecks of Mechlin curtains. Yet, for all the decay of perishable substance, the ancient splendor had the seeming of being so freshly set and ordered, the chairs as if so lately grouped for gossip, the spinet with such an aspect of having been closed but recently, that, instead of entering an ancient house preserved up to the present, he felt as though he had stepped back into a fragment of the past. He could fancy the retreat of skirts before him, the vanishing click of light feet departing into the rooms above, as he ascended the wide central stair.

This brought him to a hall, carpeted with red, and, at the end of it, a broad white door, with gilded cornices of loves bowed down and brooding over it. Clewes gave the emblems a moment's whimsical consideration before he opened the door and looked in.

It was a painted chamber, white and red, with four windows giving upon the garden. There was no dropped glove upon its floor, or film of lace upon its dressing-table, which seemed to wait, expectant, for the light fall of it, yet, none the less, the room revealed the reason of Clewes House to him: it was the inmost chamber of the jewel-casket. But the pearl it had been fashioned for was lost.

Its story was written plainly enough upon all the room, painted upon the walls with the loves of mythology, looped into the curtains of the bed, fitted into the inlay of the dressing-table, carved in the gilded nymphs which clasped the mirror and leaned to look at their faces in the glass. And most of all was it accented where, on the satin pillow of the bed, a shadowy impression hovered, as if there the ghost of a fair head had lain.

Clewes bent to it, in the fancy that perhaps some perfume lingered, but, however sweet a hundred years ago, its odor now spoke only of the flight of time and brought him back roughly to the present.

The longer he was in this room the more its atmosphere impressed itself upon him as somewhat too stifling. It was the concentrated essence of the air of the whole house, not unpleasant in odor,—sweet, rather, as of many ancient perfumes shaken together,—but beneath the sweetness there seemed to lurk some original bitter taint, and the whole was so closed up, so locked in, so long confined, as to be difficult to draw a free breath in.

He turned to the four windows. They were nailed as well as locked, though no others, even on the lower floor, had been thus fastened. The rusty iron resisted like clinched teeth, but he finally succeeded in bursting open the swinging-casements, and, leaning out, drew in a deep draught of relief.

The sound of steps approaching down the hall gave him a strangely apprehensive start. It was only Pell, with linen and lights, inquiring where his lordship preferred to sleep.

"Here," said Clewes, and wondered at his own involuntary promptness. The room was oppressive, but it haunted him. It drew him by its mingled essence at once sinister and lovely. Look where he

would, the objects his eyes traveled over, the stifled fragrance they seemed to exhale upon him, left him whimsical and sad, apprehensive and tender, as if the delicate spirit of the place had already laid finger upon him, forbidding him to be otherwise than gentle.

Such sensations were stimulating to his imagination. It was long since he had had a fancy for anything he could not see or touch. And later, when Pell had filled all the tarnished candelabra in the drawing-rooms with towering tallow dips, the last Lord Clewes managed a very pretty evening beneath those flickering lights, reading the French inscriptions flourished around the walls, tinkering at the clock to set time going in these rooms again, and drawing from the spinet such strange, unexpected sounds in his attempts to play love-catches—such sobs and groans from the lower register, and from the treble such cackling laughter, such sudden cries, such windy breathings without sound,—as once or twice made him pause and look behind him.

At twelve o'clock he went up-stairs. The painted chamber was dim and breathless. Its four windows opened pale mouths upon the moon-washed garden, but the heavy atmosphere of Clewes House seemed to shut in around him like a wall. As he lay down in bed, the musty odor of a past century breathed upon him through the clean linen.

For a while he lay wakeful. His eyes followed the flight of Daphne across the ceiling, and the rape of Europa along the glimmering walls. Then the moon went around the corner of the wing, and the semi-darkness and the opiate atmosphere drugged him to drowsiness—carried him slowly down toward the edge of slumber. Perhaps he even touched it for a moment; but the next he felt himself rising on a long gradual wave back to consciousness.

He woke with a start of one whose sleep is broken into; yet what sound had there been to snap it? He listened. He could hear no creak of floor, or crack of rafter, or sigh of hanging. He thought he had never wakened in a house so still; and yet he had a sense that it was not wholly quiet. Had some shutter below been left open to the restless air? But there was no air. No breath came through the open windows, no breeze went over the garden. Without, the night was like a grave. And yet within the house there was a soundless agitation, as though some wandering wind had been shut up here, and was struggling by window or door to make escape. He could hear it fumbling around the walls beneath him. To his fancy it seemed to travel. First one room, now another, was full of that noiseless, gusty breathing; and now in the farthest limits of the house, as if some keyhole had sharpened its breath, a high, long note like despair.

No echo of sound was in his ear, yet a sense that he had never known still heard. Some chord that he had never felt drew tight within him. For a moment sense and soul were stretched to snapping. Then—it was not that he heard, but rather as if he saw, the tapestries streaming at a soundless passing down the long middle hall; as if he saw the gusty rise of the carpets as it fled up the middle stair. The hangings of the bed he lay in began to undulate about him like hair. The painted chamber bristled at the approach of some light horror. The curtains twisted. Their thin ruffles stood on end. He rose up on his elbow with the instinct that there was something here to be let out—some creature, bat or bird, beating its life out against the walls. For a moment the room was in commotion with the impulse of flight. Then, with the subsiding hangings, he felt that impulse drawing to a center, coagulating, crystallizing into form. Between the bed and the painted hangings he saw it standing—a small disheveled figure.

He looked, looked, knew the next moment it must break like a bubble, dissolve, be air. But it was before him yet. It was there with a presence that overwhelmed reality, a silhouette, a shade, a light and lovely horror through which he saw the spotted paintings on the walls; and yet he felt a stronger purpose in this shadow than had ever walked before him among the bodies of men.

She was stooping until the long locks of her hair, falling over her face, touched the floor; she was listening. Then with a stealthy movement of the head she turned and touched the tapestries; pressed closer, and, moving slowly, began to fumble along the wall. Her foot struck out no echo from the floor, and yet she

stamped upon it; her hands made no sound upon the walls, and yet she knocked upon them. She groped beneath the tapestries; she peered into the mirror, bending to it as if it had been a window; searching, searching with neck at stretch and terrible intent head, and her quickening motions set his heart beating faster as if with a premonition that she was approaching something dreadful. He saw her flicker on the wardrobe door. It opened to her. She stood, peering dreadfully into it. Then, before he could draw another breath, she turned and looked at him from under the great pale shadow of her hair.

"Is there no way out of this house?" The whisper seemed to come from all about him, yet came from immeasurably far, as if clearly but faintly a voice was speaking from the other side of the world. It seemed to him his heart must burst if he could not answer, but his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. The sweat was pricking out upon his body. While he looked, her eyes moved, lifted from him, looked across him, and her expression changed. Into the vacant terror of her eyes there crept a flicker of doubt, of wonder. With a creeping sense of horror he saw it slowly transforming into a faint, incredulous, wistful smile. Then suddenly she transfixed him with the joy that flashed up in her face. She raised her hand; she pointed with a quick stabbing motion at the windows.

"One, two, three, four!" The sound rang in his head, a cry of triumph. She flashed across the room. For a heartbeat the black gap of the window was filled with her floating gown and hair. Then, in the casement, he saw again, framed terribly, only the clear, black garden trees.

He cried out; he reached the window; the garden swam before his eyes. He peered fearfully downward. The white square of the terrace beneath lay empty in the wash of moonlight; only, on the flagging under the window, hovered a shadow —a shadow of rose branches, a shadow of drifting cloud; but to his disordered eyes it seemed like the ghost of something which years ago might have fallen there.

WHEN Clewes came into the Dedham Arms early the next morning, the landlord met him nervously. Did my lord want breakfast now? he inquired.

"I want a word with you," said Clewes.

The landlord looked taken aback. He hesitated, gave a frightened glance at the young man's pale, disturbed face, turned, and led the way into a small back room. Clewes closed the door.

"Now," he said, "tell me what that means over there at the house."

The landlord's secretive eyes seemed to retreat in his head. "Was there anything wrong, sir?" he stammered.

Clewes almost grinned at him. "You know it. You knew it last night—not only you, but the whole village. Come, now, have you ever seen it?"

"Not I! God forbid!" The man drew his sleeve across his dry mouth. "Clewes of Clewes House, sir, are the only ones who see it—yourself, sir, your father, and, and—"

"My grandfather?"

"Ah, sir; he saw the real thing."

Clewes looked steadily at this statement for a moment. "Go on," he said. "Who was she?"

"A young lady from London, sir, your grandfather had a fancy for. Begging your pardon, he was a great gentleman for ladies. But she preferred another. A very sprightly lady, sir, and very young, and they do say she laughed at him; and you can see that would make any gentleman angry." The landlord hesitated. "He built that house for her and—and—"

"And got her there? Speak out, man! Did he take her by force?"

"Begging your pardon—as you say, sir," the man stammered. "No doubt he thought she, being so very young, would come to his way; but instead of that, sir, she—" He came to a full stop.

"For God's sake, man," Clewes entreated—

The landlord solemnly nodded. "She went mad; so that he and all the servants were afraid of her. They do say, sir, she was terrible to see, going about the house knocking on the walls as if they were doors, and courtesying to the pictures, and asking them the way out of the house. But one night when she came into the painted chamber, all at once she seemed to see the windows for the first time.

They were open, and she counted them and laughed, and said there were four ways out of the house, and then"—the landlord's voice lowered—"she went out one of them, sir."

There was a little silence that Clewes broke:

"And my grandfather?"

"He left the country, sir. He died in France."

"And my father?"

"The late Lord Clewes spent one night, sir. He gave orders that the windows of that room should be nailed up. He left by the early train."

"Left?" Clewes echoed, as if that somehow seemed incredible. "Left, with that thing there?"

"Begging your pardon, sir, there was nothing to be done," the landlord ventured; "and with that thing there, sir, I should n't suppose any gentleman could stay."

"That will do," said Clewes, sharply rising. He pushed some money toward the landlord and turned away.

"There 's no train for an hour, sir," the landlord suggested.

"I don't want a train," Clewes answered, and went out, leaving the man staring.

He went up the street the way he had driven the night before. He walked slowly along the winding road. Now and then he shivered in the broad sunshine; he looked forward at the black cluster of trees and the dim weather-vane that marked Clewes House. "I will pull it down," he thought grimly. "I could sell the land; but would that save her, or take the stain from us?"

He reached the iron gate. It yielded groaning to his hand. The fantastic spectacle of the garden seemed to strike him with fresh meaning. He wondered if, when the house was alone with no Clewes there to see, she fluttered through its chambers and found her sad way forth year after year. And, once escaped, did she but wake to find herself still imprisoned in destiny with Clewes? Must every one of them, his son and his son's son, still witness, helpless, her terrible departure?

"Nothing to be done," he repeated slowly. "Poor child!" He looked up at the high windows of the painted chamber. Then suddenly he stopped. He stared at the open, empty casement, at the terrace, at the rose garden about him, like a sleep-walker wakening. He brushed his hand across his forehead, shook his head. "Surely I am mad now!" he muttered. but his black mood was flushed through with excitement. He began to run toward the house.

On the threshold doubt returned upon him. He laid his hand upon the door as if he doubted the very house was real. "And yet," he thought, "my God, how real she seemed!"

He crossed the hall, crossed the drawing-rooms, wandered down the long passageways into the far ground wings of the house. Sometimes he hurried as if to escape the idea that pursued him; sometimes he walked slowly, frowning with concentration of thought, unaware of his surroundings, as if the vision were still the only thing in the world. And again he would come back to himself with a start, and, with an impatient shake of head, with a smile, seem to repudiate his obsession. At last he stopped again in the middle of the drawing-rooms.

"Why, it 's absurd!" he apostrophized the mute pictures. "It 's impossible! And yet—" he looked into the dull mirror at his own reflection, pale, disheveled, excited—"I *must* be mad," he repeated. Then, precipitately, as if he doubted his resolve, he turned to the old writing-desk, and, searching in his pockets, finding card and pencil, wrote rapidly. Going to the door, he called Pell.

"Take this telegram to the station, and be quick about it. It is important." He thrust it upon Pell as if it were all-important that it should get out of his hands before he changed his mind.

Then he waited while the day advanced and waned, forgetting to eat, forgetting to rest, driven over the house by the spur of anticipation. He paced the rooms, measured the corridors, haunted the balconies. He was not merely young Harry Clewes in that strange hour: he was all of Clewes, dead and to come. He shook with his father's fears at sight of those four high windows, he was driven with the despair of a man underground these forty years, he was urged on by the hands of children yet unborn. At his heels crowded a thousand fears of failure,

but in his heart rode hope. It was not a horror he looked forward to, or, if a horror it was, he seemed only too eager to embrace it.

At sunset Pell left again for the station, but dark had come before he returned with the fulfilment of his orders. Night kept them unrevealed to the world without, but the pictures in the house stared down over the candle-flames in amazement.

Clewes took from Pell the traveling-bag that he had brought from the station, and nodding the man away, went upstairs alone. Half an hour later he stepped out of one of the smaller bedrooms, went down the hall, and into the painted chamber. All his dishevelment, his restlessness, was brushed away. The formal precision of his evening clothes, their brilliant white and black, looked strange among the dim, old, faded satins and gildings. He went to the four windows and closed them, pushing hard upon the rusty locks. Over their staring faces he let the curtains fall, smiling as if in irony at his own precaution. He put out the light, and pushing a chair against the wall close to the door, sat down and waited.

For a little, muffled sounds came from the rooms below, then they ceased. He sat motionless, listening, while the moonlight shifted on the walls. His ears were pricking to catch the soundless sounds that had broken his sleep the night before. He listened for the traveling wind; he watched for the bristling of the hangings, as a man listens and watches for the approach of one he loves. But the house was as still as death. The night seemed to travel on for hours, and fear seized him, lest what had come to him once was not to come again. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes. Immediately his mind became vacant. All thought fled from it. Then, like one drop into an empty dish, came to him, without reason the overmastering impulse to open the window. He went to it like a sleep-walker, and pushed back the casement.

Then he turned about. There she was standing. She was so near it seemed he could have touched her, yet thus, broad awake, awaiting her, she seemed a hundred times more impossible than when he had watched her from his bed. He gazed as if he saw the vision of a vision. As if it were the first night over again, he saw her stooping there; he saw her listen; he saw her hands begin their fumble along the walls. And while he watched, the realization came over him that he could foresee her next movement. Now she would start; now she would listen; now that lock of hair would fall across her forehead.

And the sight of that repetition going on before him, repeating itself unvarying, exact to the slightest turn of the head, the lightest flutter of the fingers, gave him a creeping sense of helplessness and fear. What was she, moving on like a mechanism before him? He saw her, but the terror grew upon him that she was not really there, that it was only a shadow in the room, cast on the wall of time by some great reflector that could fling the semblance of the past into the present. It was not the room that was between them. It was a hundred years. What word of his could reach across that distance? What touch could check her progression? With hope ebbing from him, he watched her going on inevitably toward her end. Now she stood before the wardrobe door. The next moment would be his, but it seemed to him he should never move again. She turned and looked at him.

As if at a summons he rose. He looked to see her disappear, but she was there still. He listened for the whisper that had breathed round him the night before, but the room was silent as death. He waited for the moment when her eyes would turn from his, as with a click, to that open window. But they did not move. They remained fixed upon him. He reached behind him, laid hold of the door, and opened it wide. He took a step toward her and stretched out his hand. She flickered like a light that is breathed upon. He bent to her like a courtier, and stepped back, back, through the door into the hall, still with his hand stretched toward her, as if he would have led her on. As he crossed the threshold it seemed to his disturbed fancy that she moved.

He turned and walked slowly down the hall. At the end he looked back, and then the cold breath of horror stirred his hair, for he saw her on the threshold of the painted chamber.

His eyes refused belief, his brain

seemed bursting, but his feet carried him forward like a mechanism. He reached the head of the stair. Clusters of lights burned in the hall beneath, and in their radiance glimmered the liveries of Clewes House. On each side the stair, across the hall, on each side the open door, butler and footmen stood in impassive rank; and without, at the foot of the steps, with its armorial bearings and the great eyes of its lamps, waited the Clewes carriage.

Step by step, like a thing of wood, Clewes descended, and terror sat upon his shoulders. He reached the outer door, and turned. The hall was all a broad reality, and through it he saw her coming. Beneath the lights, between the blank-white servants' faces, down the solid stair, he saw her coming, like a lost wreath of mist, growing thinner, dimmer, still coming toward him. He stumbled down the steps, and opened the door of the carriage. There, immediately above him, he saw her hover on the outer threshold a moment while the living air shook her. Then something like a wind, like a sigh, went past him into the dark mouth of the carriage. He closed the door.

"To London!" he cried.

Leaning against the balustrade he watched the carriage lights disappear beneath the black yew branches.

BURNS

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

SAY, Bob, if I could write like you,
And if the world were willin',
This land would have a rhyme or two
That 's wholesome and fulfillin'.
Why! bards like Shelley and John Keats
They *had* to write such fine conceits
For folks with fancy feelin's;
And Wordsworth wrote in common talk
As plain as grass and tree and rock
But not like human dealin's.
But you, a common rhymin' man,
Familiar of Misfortune's clan
And deep in sorrow's ken,
Spoke out the word that trouble gives
And wrote the rhyme that ever lives,
In minds of bookless men.
O Bob; if there were more like you—
And Heaven knows we need 'em—
To simply say what 's right and true
In this big land o' freedom,
Rich men and poor, all Fortune's toys,
From these the grace might borrow,
To oft repent their thoughtless joys,
And celebrate their sorrow.
But Life 's a field that 's hard to till,
And though the 'share goes wrong,
Your footstep 's in the furrow still,
And in the air your Song.

MR. OPP

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Sandy," etc.

MR. OPP, with the letter still in his hand, suddenly saw a way out of his difficulty: he would make Hinton's request an excuse for a call upon Mrs. Gusty. No surer road to her good graces could he travel than by seeking her advice.

Replacing the ring in the drawer and the letters in his pocket, he buttoned up his coat, and with a stern look of determination went out of the office. At the Gusty gate he encountered Val, who was on all fours by the fence, searching for something.

"What 's the matter, Val?" asked Mr. Opp. "Lost something?"

Val raised a pair of mournful eyes. "Yas, sir; you bet I is. Done lost a penny Mr. Jimmy Fallows gimme for puttin' my fisty in my mouf."

"Putting your fist in your mouth!" repeated Mr. Opp, surprised. "Can you perform that act?"

Val promptly demonstrated; but just as he was midway, a peremptory voice called from a rear window:

"Val! You Val! You better answer me this minute!"

Val cowered lower behind the fence, and violently motioned Mr. Opp to go on.

"Is—er—is Mrs. Gusty feeling well to-day?" asked Mr. Opp, still lingering at the gate.

"Jes tolerable," said Val, lying flat on his back and speaking in guarded tones. "Whenever she gits to beatin' de carpets, an' spankin' de beds, and shakin' de curtains, I keeps outen de way."

"Do you think—er—that—er—I better go in?" asked Mr. Opp, sorely in need of moral support.

"Yas, sir; she 's 'spectin' yer."

This surprising announcement nerved Mr. Opp to open the gate.

It is said that the best-drilled soldiers dodge when they first face the firing-line, and if Mr. Opp's knees smote together and his body became bathed in profuse perspiration, it should not be attributed to lack of manly courage.

In response to his knock, Mrs. Gusty herself opened the door. The signs that she had been interrupted in the midst of her toilet were so unmistakable that Mr. Opp promptly averted his eyes. A shawl had been hastily drawn about her shoulders, on one cheek a streak of chalk awaited distribution, and a single bristling curl-paper, rising fiercely from the top of her forehead, gave her the appearance of a startled unicorn.

"You 'll have to excuse me, Mr. Opp," she said firmly, putting the door between them. "I can't come out, and you can't come in. Did you want anything?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Opp, looking helplessly at the blank door. "You see, there is a matter I have been considering discussing with you for a number of weeks. It 's a—"

"If it 's waited this long, I should think it could wait till to-morrow," announced the lady with decision.

Mr. Opp felt that his courage could never again stand the strain of the last few moments. He must speak now or never.

"It 's immediate," he managed to gasp out. "If you could arrange to give me five or ten minutes, I won't occupy more than that."

Mrs. Gusty considered. "I am looking for company myself at five o'clock. That would n't give you much time."

"Ample," urged Mr. Opp; "it 's just a little necessary transaction, as it were."

Mrs. Gusty reluctantly consented.

"You go on in the parlor, then," she said. "I 'll be in as quick as I can. You won't more than have time to get started, though."

Mr. Opp passed into the parlor and hung his hat on the corner of a large, unframed canvas that stood on the floor with its face to the wall. The room had evidently been prepared for a visitor, for a fire was newly kindled and a vase of flowers adorned the table. But Mr. Opp was not making observations. He alternately warmed his cold hands at the fire, and fanned his flushed face with his handkerchief. He was too nervous to sit still, yet his knees trembled when he moved about. It was only when he touched the little packet of letters in his breast pocket that his courage revived.

At last Mrs. Gusty came in with a rustle of garments suggestive of Sunday. Even in his confusion Mr. Opp was aware that there was something unusual in her appearance. Her hair, ordinarily drawn taut to a prim knot at the rear, had burst forth into curls and puffs of an amazing complexity. Moreover, her change of coiffure had apparently affected her spirits, for she, too, was flurried and self-conscious and glanced continually at the clock on the mantel.

"I 'll endeavor not to intrude long on your time," began Mr. Opp, politely, when they were seated side by side on the horse-hair sofa. "You—er—can't be in total ignorance of the subject that—er—I mean to bring forward." He moistened his lips, and glanced at her for succor, but she was adamant. "I want to speak with you," he plunged on desperately—"that is, I thought I had better talk with you about Mr. Hinton."

"Who?" blazed forth Mrs. Gusty in indignant surprise.

"Mr. Hinton," said Mr. Opp, breathlessly, "a young friendly acquaintance of mine. Wants to get board for the summer, you know; would like a nice, quiet place and all that, Mrs. Gusty. I thought I 'd consult you about it, Mrs. Gusty, if you don't mind."

She calmly fixed one eye upon him and one upon the clock while he went into particulars concerning Mr. Hinton. When he paused for breath, she folded her arms and said:

"Mr. Opp, if you want to say what you come to say, you have n't got but four minutes to do it in."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Opp, gratefully, but helplessly; "I was just coming to that point. It 's a matter—that—er—well you might say it is in a way pertaining—to—"

"Guin-never!" snapped Mrs. Gusty, unable longer to stand his hesitation. "I 'd have been a deaf-mute and a fool to boot not to have known it long ago. Not that I 've been consulted in the matter." She lifted a stiffened chin, and turned her gaze upward.

"You have," declared Mr. Opp, earnestly; "that is, you will be. Everything is depending on you. There has been no steps whatever taken by Miss Guin-never or I—rather I might say by her. I can't say but what I have made some slight preliminary arrangements." He paused, then went on anxiously: "I trust there ain't any personal objections to the case."

Mrs. Gusty made folds in her black-silk skirt and creased them down with her thumb-nail. "No," she said shortly; "far as I can see, Guin-never would be doing mighty well to get you. You 'd be a long sight safer than a good-looking young fellow. Of course a man being so much older than a girl is apt to leave her a widow. But, for my part, I believe in second marriages."

Mr. Opp felt as if he had received a hot and cold douche at the same time; but the result was a glow.

"Then you don't oppose it, Mrs. Gusty," he cried eagerly. "You 'll write her you are willing?"

"Not yet," said Mrs. Gusty; "there 's a condition."

"There ain't any condition in the world I won't meet to get her," he exclaimed recklessly, his fervor bursting its bounds. "You don't know how I feel about that young lady. Why, I 'd live on bread and water all the rest of my life if it would make her happy. There has n't been a hour since I met her that she has n't held my soul—as you might say—in the pa'm of her hand."

"People don't often get it so bad at our age," remarked Mrs. Gusty, sarcastically, and Mr. Opp winced.

"The condition," went on Mrs. Gusty, "that I spoke about, was your sister. Of course I never would consent to Guin-

never living under the same roof with a crazy person."

The hope which was carrying Mr. Opp to the dizziest heights dropped to earth at this unexpected shaft, and for a moment he was too stunned to speak.

"Kippy?" he began at last, and his voice softened at the name. "Why, you don't understand about her. She 's just similar to a little child. I told Miss Guin-never all about her; she never made any objections. You—you—would n't ask me to make any promises along that line?" Abject entreaty shone from Mr. Opp's eyes; it was a plea for a change of sentence. She had asked of him the only sacrifice in the world at which he would have faltered. "Don't—don't put it like that!" he pleaded, laying his hand on her arm in his earnestness. "I 'm all she 's got in the world; I 've kind of become familiar with her ways, you know, and can manage her. She 'll love Miss Guin-never if I tell her to. She sha'n't be a bit of care or trouble; I and Aunt Tish will continue on doing everything for her. You won't refuse your consent on that account, will you? You 'll promise to say yes, now won't you, Mrs. Gusty?"

A slight and ominous cough in the doorway caused them both to start. Mr. Tucker, in widower's weeds, but with a jonquil jauntily thrust through his buttonhole, stood with his hand still on the knob, evidently transfixed by the scene he had witnessed.

For a moment the company was enveloped in a fog of such dense embarrassment that all conversation was suspended. Mrs. Gusty was the first to emerge.

"Howdy, Mr. Tucker," she said, rustling forward in welcome. "I did n't think you 'd get here before five. Mr. Opp just dropped in to consult me about—about boarding a friend of his. Won't you draw up to the fire?"

Mr. Tucker edged forward with a suspicious eye turned upon Mr. Opp, who was nervously searching about for his hat.

"There it is, by the door," said Mrs. Gusty, eager to speed his departure; and as they both reached for it, the picture upon which it hung toppled forward and fell, face upward, on the floor. It was the portrait of Mr. Tucker mourning under the willow-tree which Miss Jim had left with Mrs. Gusty for safe-keeping.

Mr. Opp went home across the fields that evening instead of through the town. He was not quite up to any of his rôles—editor, promoter, or reformer. In fact, he felt a desperate need of a brief respite from all histrionic duties. A reaction had set in from the excitement of the past week, and the complication involved in Mrs. Gusty's condition puzzled and distressed him. Of course, he assured himself repeatedly, there was a way out of the difficulty; but he was not able to find it just yet. He had observed that Mrs. Gusty's opinions became fixed convictions under the slightest opposition, whereas Guinevere's firmest decision trembled at a breath of disapproval. He sighed deeply as he meditated upon the vagaries of the feminine mind.

Overhead the bare trees lifted a network of twigs against a dull sky, a cold wind stirred the sedge grass, and fluttered the dry leaves that had lain all winter in the fence corners. Everything looked old and worn and gray, even Mr. Opp, as he leaned against a gaunt, white sycamore, his head bent, and his brows drawn, wrestling with his problem.

Suddenly he lifted his head and listened, then he smiled. In the tree above him a soft but animated conversation was in progress. A few daring birds had braved the cold and the wind, and had ventured back to their old trysting-place to wait for the coming of the spring. No hint of green had tinged the earth, but a few, tiny, pink maple-buds had given the secret away, and the birds were cuddled snugly together, planning, in an ecstasy of subdued enthusiasm, for the joyous days to come.

Mr. Opp listened and understood. They were all whispering about one thing, and he wanted to whisper about it, too. It was the simple theme of love without variations—love, minus problems, minus complications, minus consequences. He took out his little packet of letters and read them through; then, unmindful of the chill, he stretched himself under the tree and listened to the birds until the twilight silenced them.

When he reached home at last, Miss Kippy met him at the door with a happy cry of welcome.

"D.," she said, with her arm through his, and her cheek rubbing his sleeve,

"I 've been good. I 've let my hair stay up all day, and Aunt Tish is making me a long dress like a lady." She looked at him shyly and smiled, then she pulled his head down and whispered, "If I 'm very good, when I grow up, can I marry Mr. Hinton?"

Miss Kippy, too, had been listening to the bird-song.

XIII

It was May when Willard Hinton arrived at the Cove and took up his abode at Mrs. Gusty's. For the first week he kept to his bed, but at the end of that time he was able to crawl down to the porch and, under the protection of dark glasses and a heavy shade, sit for hours at a time in the sunshine. The loss of his accustomed environment, the ennui that ensues from absolute idleness, the consciousness that the light was growing dimmer day by day, combined to plunge him into abysmal gloom.

He shrank from speaking to any one, he scowled at a suggestion of sympathy, he treated Mr. Opp's friendly overtures with open discourtesy. Conceiving himself on the rack of torture, he set his teeth and determined to submit in silence, but without witnesses.

One endless day dragged in the wake of another, and between them lay the black strips of night that were heavy with the suggestion of another darkness pending. When sleep refused to come, he would go out into the woods and walk for hours, moody, wretched, and sick to his innermost soul with loneliness.

The one thing in the whole dreary round of existence that roused in him a spark of interest was his hostess. She bestowed upon him the same impersonal attention that she gave her fowls. She fed him and cared for him and doctored him as she saw fit, and after these duties were performed, she left him to himself, pursuing her own vigorous routine in her own vigorous way.

Hinton soon discovered that Mrs. Gusty was temperamental. Her intensely energetic nature demanded an emotional as well as a physical outlet. Sometime during the course of each day she indulged in emotional fireworks, bombs of anger, rockets of indignation, or set pieces of sulks and pouts.

These periodic spells of anger acted upon her like wine: they warmed her vitals and exhilarated her; they made her talk fluently and eloquently. As a toper will accept any beverage that intoxicates, so Mrs. Gusty accepted any cause that would rouse her. At stated intervals her feelings demanded a stimulant, and obeying the call of nature, she went forth and got angry.

Hinton came to consider these outbursts as the one diversion in a succession of monotonous hours. He tabulated the causes, and made bets with himself as to the strength and duration of each.

Meanwhile the sun and the wind and the silence were working their miracle. Hinton was introduced to nature by a warlike old rooster whose Hellenic cast of countenance had suggested the name of Menelaus. A fierce combat with a brother-fowl had inevitably recalled the great fight with Paris, and upon investigation Hinton found, that the speckled hen was Helen of Troy! This was but the beginning of a series of discoveries, and the result was an animated and piquant version of Greek history, which boldly set aside tradition, and suggested many possibilities heretofore undreamed of.

Early one morning as Hinton was wandering listlessly about the yard he heard the gate click, and, looking up, saw Mr. Opp hurrying up the walk with a large bunch of lilacs in one hand and a cornet in the other.

"Good morning," said that gentleman, cheerily. "Mighty glad to see you out enjoying the beauties of nature. I have n't got but a moment in which to stop; appointment at eight-fifteen. We are arranging for a concert soon up in Main Street, going to practise this afternoon. I 'll be glad to call by for you if you feel able to enjoy some remarkable fine selections."

Hinton accepted the proffered bouquet, but made a wry face at the invitation.

"None of your concerts for me," he said brusquely. "It would interfere too seriously with my own musical job of getting in tune with the infinite."

"Mornin', Mr. Opp," said Mrs. Gusty from the dining-room window. "There ain't many editors has time to stand around and talk this time of day."

"Just paused a moment in passing," said Mr. Opp. "Wanted to see if I could n't induce our young friend here to give us a' article for 'The Opp Eagle.' Any nature, you know; we are always metropolitan in our taste. Thought maybe he 'd tell us some of his first impressions of our city."

Hinton smiled and shook his head. "You 'd better not stir up my impressions about anything these days; I am apt to splash mud."

"We can stand it," said Mr. Opp, affably. "If Cove City needs criticism and rebuke, 'The Opp Eagle' is the vehicle to administer it. You dictate a few remarks to my reporter, and I 'll feature it on the front editorial column."

Hinton's eyes twinkled wickedly behind his blue glasses. "I 'll give you an article," he said, "but no name is to be signed."

Mr. Opp, regretting the stipulation, but pleased with the promise, was turning to depart when Mrs. Gusty appeared once more at the window.

"What 's the matter with the oil-wells?" she demanded, as she dusted off the sill. "Why don't they open up? You can't use bad weather for an excuse any longer."

"It was n't the weather," said Mr. Opp, with the confident and superior manner of one who is conversant with the entire situation. "This here delay has been arranged with a purpose. I and Mr. Mathews has a plan that will eventually yield every stock-holder in the Cove six to one for what he put into it."

"Intend selling out to a syndicate?" asked Hinton.

Mr. Opp looked at him in surprise.

"Well, yes; I don't mind telling you two, but it must n't go any farther. The oil prospects in this region are of such a great magnitude that we can't command sufficient capital to do 'em justice. I and Mr. Mathews are at present negotiating with several large concerns with a view to selling out the entire business at a large profit. You can't have any conception of the tac' and patience it takes to manage one of these large deals."

"Who was that man Clark that was down here last week?" asked Mrs. Gusty, impressed, in spite of herself, at being taken into the confidence of such a man of affairs.

Mr. Opp's face clouded. "Now that was a very unfortunate thing about Clark. He was sent down by the Union Syndicate of New York city to make a report on the region, and he did n't get the correct ideas in the case at all. If they had n't sent such a poor man, the whole affair might have been settled by now."

"Was n't his report favorable?" asked Hinton.

"He has n't made it yet," said Mr. Opp; "but he let drop sundry casual remarks to me that showed he was n't a man of fine judgment at all. I went over the ground with him, and pointed out some of the places where we calculated on drilling; but he was so busy making measurements and taking notes that he did n't half hear what I was saying."

"He stayed at Our Hotel," said Mrs. Gusty. "Mr. Tucker said he had as mean a face as ever he looked into."

"Who said so?" asked Hinton.

She tossed her head and flipped her duster at him, but it was evident that she was not displeased.

"By the way, Mr. Opp," she said, "I 'm thinking about letting Guin-never come home week after next. Guess you ain't sorry to hear that."

On the contrary, Mr. Opp was overcome with joy. Letters were becoming less and less satisfying, and the problem suggested by Mrs. Gusty was still waiting solution.

"If you 'll just mention the date," he said, trying to keep his countenance from expressing an undue amount of rapture, "I 'll make a business trip down to Coreyville on purpose to accompany her back home."

But Mrs. Gusty declined to be explicit. She deemed it unwise to allow a mere man to know as much as she did upon any given subject.

Hinton's editorial appeared in the next issue of "The Opp Eagle." It was a clever and cutting satire on the impressions of a foreigner visiting America for the first time. Hinton interviewed himself concerning his impressions of the Cove. He approached the subject with great seriousness, handling village trifles as if they were municipal cannon-balls. He juggled with sense and nonsense, with form and substance. The result shot far

over the heads of the country subscribers, and hit the bull's-eye of a big city daily.

Mr. Opp's excitement was intense when he found that an editorial from "The Opp Eagle" had been copied in a New York paper. The fact that it was not his own never for a moment dimmed the glory of the compliment.

"We are getting notorious," he said exultingly to Hinton. "There are few, if any, papers that in less than a year has extended its influence as far as the Atlantic Ocean. Now I am considering if it would n't be a wise and judicious thing to get you on the staff permanent—while you are here, that is. Of course you understand I am invested up pretty close; but I 'd be willing to let you have a little of my oil stock in payment for services."

Hinton laughingly shook his head. "Whenever you run short of material, you can call on me. The honor of seeing my humble efforts borne aloft on the wings of 'The Opp Eagle' will be sufficient reward."

Having once conceived it as a favor that was in his power to bestow, Mr. Opp lost no opportunity for inviting contributions from the aspiring author.

As Hinton's strength returned, Mr. Opp adopted him as a protégé, at first patronizing him, then consulting him, and finally frankly appealing to him. For during the long afternoon walks which they got into the habit of taking together, Mr. Opp, in spite of bluster and brag and evasion, found that he was constantly being embarrassed by a question, a reference, a statement from his young friend. It was the first time he had ever experienced any difficulty in keeping his head above the waves of his own ignorance.

"You see," he said one day by way of explanation, "my genius was never properly tutored in early youth. It 's what some might regard as a remarkable brain that could cope with all the different varieties of enterprises that I have engaged in, with no instruction or guidance but just the natural elements that God give it in the beginning."

But in spite of Mr. Opp's lenient attitude toward his intellectual short-comings, it was evident that upon the serene horizon of his egotism small clouds of humility were threatening to gather.

Hinton, restlessly seeking for something to fill the vacuum of his days, found Mr. Opp and his paper a growing source of diversion. "The Opp Eagle," at first an object of ridicule, gradually became a point of interest in his limited range of vision. Under his suggestions it was enlarged and improved, and induced to publish news not strictly local.

Mr. Opp, meanwhile, was buzzing as persistently and ineffectually as a fly on a window-pane. The night before Guinevere's return, he found that, in order to accomplish all that he was committed to, it would be necessary to spend the night at the office.

The concert for which the Unique Orchestra had been making night hideous for two weeks had just come to a successful close, and the editor found himself at a late hour tramping out the lonely road that led to the office with the prospect of a couple of hours' work to do before he could seek a well-earned rest upon the office bench.

He was flushed with his double triumph as director and cornet soloist, and still thrilled by the mighty notes he had breathed into his beloved instrument.

The violin sobs, the flute complains, the drum insists, but the cornet brags, and Mr. Opp found it the instrument through which he could best express himself.

It was midnight, and the moon, one moment shining brightly and the next lost behind a flying cloud, sent all sorts of queer shadows scurrying among the trees. Mr. Opp thought once that he saw the figure of a man appear and disappear in the road before him, but he was so engrossed in joyful anticipation of the morrow that he gave the incident no attention. As he was passing the Gusty house, he was rudely plunged from sentiment into suspicion by the sight of a figure stealthily moving along the wall beneath the front windows.

Mr. Opp crouched behind the fence to watch him, but the moon took that inopportune moment to sink into a bank of clouds, and the yard was left in darkness. No sound broke the stillness save the far-off bark of a dog or an occasional croak from a bullfrog. Mr. Opp waited and listened in a state of intense suspense. Presently he heard the unmistakable sound of a window being cautiously raised, and then just as cautiously low-

ered. Summoning all his courage, he skirted the yard and hid in the bushes near the house. Nothing was to be seen or heard. He watched for a light at any of the windows, but none came.

The rash desire to capture the burglar single-handed, and thus distinguish himself in the eyes of Guinevere's mother, caused Mr. Opp to stiffen his knees and assume a fierce and determined expression. But he was armed only with his cornet, which, though often deadly as an instrument of attack, has never been recognized as a weapon of defense. There seemed no alternative but to waken Hinton and effect a simultaneous attack from within and without.

After throwing a few unsuccessful pebbles at Hinton's window, Mr. Opp remembered a ladder he had seen at the back of the barnyard. Shaking as if with the ague, but breathing dauntless courage, he departed in great excitement to procure it.

Unfortunately another party was in possession. A dozen guinea-fowls were roosting on the rungs, and when he gave them to understand they were to vacate, they raised an outcry that would have quelled the ardor of a less valiant knight.

But the romantic nature of the adventure had fired Mr. Opp's imagination. He already saw himself lightly dusting his hands after throttling the intruder, and smiling away Mrs. Gusty's solicitude for his safety. Meanwhile he staggered back to the house with his burden, dodging fearfully at every shadow, and painfully aware that his heart was beating a tattoo on his ear-drums.

Placing the ladder as quietly as possible under Hinton's window, he cautiously began the ascent. The sudden outburst of the guineas had set his nerves a-quiver, and what with his breathless condition, and a predisposition to giddiness, he found some difficulty in reaching the sill. When at last he succeeded, he saw, by the light of the now refulgent moon, the figure of Hinton lying across the foot of the bed, dressed, but asleep. The opening not being sufficiently large to admit him, he thrust in his head and whispered hoarsely through his chattering teeth:

"Hinton! I say, Hinton, there 's a burglar in the house!"

Hinton started up, and stared dully at the excited apparition.

"Hush!" whispered Mr. Opp, dramatically, lifting a warning hand. "I 've been tracking the scoundrel for half an hour. He 's in the house now. We 'll surround him. We 'll bind him hand and foot. You get the front door open, and I 'll meet you on the outside. It 's all planned; just do as I say."

Hinton, who was springing for the door, paused with his hand on the knob. "What 's that?"

It was Mrs. Gusty's commanding tones from a front window: "He 's round at the side of the house. He 's been after my guineas! I saw him a minute ago going across the yard with a ladder. Shoot him if you can. Shoot him in the leg, so he can't get away. Quick! Quick!"

Mr. Opp had only time to turn from the window when he felt the ladder seized from below and jerked violently forward. With a terrific crash he came down with it, and found himself locked in a close struggle with the supposed burglar. To his excited imagination his adversary seemed a Titan, with sinews of steel and breath of fire. The combatants rolled upon the ground and fought for possession of each other's throats. The conflict, while fierce, was brief. As Hinton and Mrs. Gusty rushed around the corner of the house, the fighters shouted in unison, "I 've got him!" and Mr. Opp, opening one swollen eye, gazed down into the mild but bloody features of little Mr. Tucker!

With the instinct that always prompted him to apologize when any one bumped into him, he withdrew his hands immediately from Mr. Tucker's throat and began vehement explanations. But Mr. Tucker, still clung to his collar, sputtering wrathful ejaculations. Mrs. Gusty, wrapped in a bed-quilt, and with her unicorn horn at its most ferocious angle, held the lamp on high while Hinton rushed between the belligerents.

Excited and incoherent explanations followed, and it was not until Mr. Opp, who was leaning limply against a tree, regained his breath that the mystery was cleared up.

"If you will just listen here at me a moment," he implored, holding a handkerchief to his bruised face. "We are one

and all laboring under a grave error. It 's my belief that there ain't any burglar whatsoever here at present. Mr. Hinton forgot his key and had to climb in the window. I mistaken him for the burglar, and Mrs. Gusty, here, from what she relates, mistaken me for him, and not knowing Mr. Hinton had come in, telephoned our friend Mr. Tucker, and me and Mr. Tucker might be said, in a general way, to have mistaken each other for him."

"A pretty mess to get us all into!" exclaimed Mrs. Gusty. "A man made his fortune once 'tending to his own business."

"But, Mrs. Gusty—" began Mr. Opp, indignantly.

Hinton interrupted. "You would better put something on that eye of yours. It will probably resemble a Whistler 'Nocturne' by morning. What are you looking for?"

The object lost proved to be Mr. Opp's cherished cornet, and the party became united in a common cause and joined in the search. Some time elapsed before the horn was found under the fallen ladder, having sustained internal injuries which subsequently proved fatal.

When dawn crept into the dingy office of "The Opp Eagle," the editor was watching for it. He was waiting to welcome the day that would bring back Guinevere. As Hope with blindfold eyes bends over her harp and listens to the faint music of her one unbroken string, so Mr. Opp, with bandaged head, bent over his damaged horn and plaintively evoked the only note that was left therein.

XIV

Those who have pursued the coy goddess of happiness through the mazes of the labyrinth of life, know well how she invites her victim on from point to point, only to evade capture at the end. Mr. Opp rose with each summer dawn, radiant, confident, and expectant, and each night he sat in his window with his knees hunched, and his brows drawn, and wrestled with that old white-faced fear.

Two marauders were harassing the editor these days, dogging his footsteps, and snapping at him from ambush. One was the wolf that howls at the door, and the other was the monster whose eyes are green.

Since the halcyon days that had wafted Miss Guinevere Gusty back to the shore of the Cove, Mr. Opp had not passed a serene hour out of her presence. His disposition, though impervious to the repeated shafts of unkind fortune, was not proof against the corrosive effect of jealousy.

If he could have regarded Willard Hinton in the light of a hated rival, and met him in fair and open fight, the situation would have been simplified. But Hinton was the friend of his bosom, the man who, he had declared to the town, "possessed the grandest intelligence he had ever encountered in a human mind." He admired him, he respected him, and, in direct contradiction to the emotion that was consuming him, he trusted him.

Concerning Miss Guinevere Gusty's state of mind, Mr. Opp permitted himself only one opinion. He fiercely denied that she was absent-minded and listless when alone with him; he refused to believe his own eyes when he saw a light in her face when she looked at Hinton that was never there for him. He preferred to exaggerate to himself her sweetness, her gentleness, her loyalty, demanding nothing, and continuing to give all.

His entire future happiness, he assured himself, hung upon the one question of little Miss Kippy. For four months the problem had been a matter for daily, prayerful consideration, but he was still in the dark.

When he was with Guinevere the solution seemed easy. In explaining away the difficulties to her, he explained them away to himself, also. It was only a matter of time, he declared, before the oil-well would yield rich profit. When that time arrived, he would maintain two establishments, the old one for Miss Kippy, and a new and elegant one for themselves. Mr. Opp used the hole in the ground as a telescope through which he viewed the stars of the future.

But when he was alone with Kippy, struggling with her whims, while he tried to puzzle out the oldest and most universal of conundrums,—that of making ends meet,—the future seemed entirely blotted out by the great blank wall of the present.

The matter was in a way complicated by the change that had come over Miss

Kippy herself. Two ideas alternately depressed and elated her. The first was a fixed antipathy to the photograph of Miss Guinevere Gusty which Mr. Opp had incased in a large hand-painted frame and installed upon his dresser. At first she sat before it and cried, and later she hid it and refused for days to tell where it was. The sight of it made her so unhappy that Mr. Opp was obliged to keep it under lock and key. The other idea produced a different effect. It had to do with Hinton. Ever since his visit she had talked of little else. She pretended that he came to see her every day, and she spread her doll dishes, and repeated scraps of his conversation, and acted over the events of the dinner at which he had been present. The short gingham dresses no longer pleased her; she wanted long ones, with flowing sleeves like the blue merino. She tied her hair up in all manner of fantastic shapes, and stood before the glass smiling and talking to herself for hours. But there were times when her mind paused for a moment at the normal, and then she would ask frightened, bewildered questions, and only Mr. Opp could soothe and reassure her.

"D.," she said one night suddenly, "how old am I?"

Mr. Opp, whose entire mental and physical powers were concentrated upon an effort to put a new band on his old hat, was taken off his guard. "Twenty-six," he answered absently.

A little cry brought him to her side.

"No," she whispered, shivering away from him, yet clinging to his sleeve, "that 's a lady that 's grown up! Ladies don't play with dolls. But I want to be grown up, too. D., why am I different? I want to be a lady; show me how to be a lady!"

Mr. Opp gathered her into his arms, along with his hat, a pair of scissors, and a spool of thread.

"Don't, Kippy!" he begged. "Now, don't cry like that! You are getting on elegant. Has n't brother D. learned you to read a lot of pieces in your first reader? And ain't we going to begin on handwriting next? Would n't you like to have a slate, and a sponge to rub out with?"

In an instant her mood veered.

"And a basket?" she cried eagerly. "The children carry a basket, too. I see them when I peep through the shutters. Can I have a basket, too?"

The network of complexities that was closing in upon Mr. Opp apparently affected his body more than his spirits. He seemed to shrivel and dwindle as the pressure increased; but the fire in his eyes shone brighter than before.

"None of his folks live long over forty," said Mrs. Fallows, lugubriously; "they sorter burn themselves out."

Hinton, meanwhile, utterly unaware of being the partial cause of the seismic disturbance in the editorial bosom, pursued the monotonous routine of his days. It had taken him only a short time to adapt himself to the changes that the return of the daughter of the house had brought about. He had anticipated her arrival with the dread a nervous invalid always feels toward anything that may jolt him out of his habitual rut. He held a shuddering remembrance of her musical accomplishments, and foresaw with dread the noisy crowd of young people she might bring about the house.

But Guinevere had slipped into her place, an absent-minded, dreamy, detached damsel, asserting nothing, claiming nothing, bending like a flower in the high winds of her mother's wrath.

Hinton watched the dominating influence nip every bud of individuality that the girl ventured to put forth, and he determined to interfere. During the long months he had spent with Mrs. Gusty he had discovered a way to manage her. The weak spot in her armor was pride of intellect; she acknowledged no man her superior. By the use of figurative language, and references to esoteric matters, he was always able to baffle and silence her. His joy in handling her in one of her tempers was similar to that of controlling a cat-boat in squally weather. Both experiences redounded to his masculine supremacy.

One hot August day, he and Mrs. Gusty had just had an unusually sharp round, but he had succeeded, by alternate compliment and sarcasm, in reducing her to a very frustrated and baffled condition.

It was Sunday, the day the Cove elected for a spiritual wash-day. In the morning the morals of the community were scrubbed and rinsed in the meeting-house, and in the afternoon they were

hung out on the line to dry. The heads of the families sat in their front yards and dutifully tended the children, while their wives flitted from house to house, visiting the sick and the afflicted, and administering warnings to the delinquent. It was a day in which Mrs. Gusty's soul reveled, and she demanded that Guinevere's soul should revel likewise.

It was with the determination that Guinevere should occasionally be allowed the privilege of following her own inclinations that Hinton hurled himself into the breach.

"I 'll go, Mother," said Guinevere; "but it 's so hot. We went to see everybody last Sunday. I thought I 'd rather stay home and read, if you did n't mind."

Mrs. Gusty tossed her head in disgust, and turned to Hinton.

"Now, ain't that a Gusty for you! I never saw one that did n't want to set down to the job of living. Always moping around with their nose in a book. I never was a reader, never remember wasting a' hour on a book in my life, and yet I never saw the time that I was n't able to hold my own with any Gusty living."

"In short," said Hinton, sympathetically, "to quote a noted novelist, you have never considered it necessary to add the incident of learning to the accident of brains."

Mrs. Gusty tied her bonnet-strings in a firmer knot as she looked at him uncertainly, then, not deigning to cast another glance in the direction of her daughter, who was disappearing up the stairs, swept out of the house.

Hinton looked at his watch; it was not yet two o'clock. The afternoon threatened to be a foretaste of eternity. He went out on the porch and lay in the hammock, with his hands clasped across his eyes. He could no longer see to read or to write. The doctor said the darkness might close in now at any time; after that the experiment of an operation would be made, and there was one chance in a hundred for the partial restoration of the sight.

Having beaten and bruised himself against the bars of Fate, he now lay exhausted and passive in the power of his jailer. He had tried to run his own life in his own way, and the matter had been taken out of his hands. He must lie still now and wait for orders from headquarters. The words of Mr. Opp, spoken in the low-ceiled, weird old dining-room, came vividly back to him: "What the fight is concerning, or in what manner the general is a-aiming to bring it all correct in the end, ain't, according to my conclusion, a particle of our business."

And Hinton, after a year of rebellion and struggle and despair, had at last acknowledged a superior officer and declared himself ready to take whatever orders came.

As he lay in the hammock he turned his head at every noise within the house, and listened. He had become amazingly dependent upon a soft, drawling voice which day after day read to him for hours at a time. At first he had met Guinevere's offers of help with moody irritability.

"Pray, don't bother about me," he had said. "I am quite able to look after myself; besides, I like to be alone."

But her unobtrusive sympathy and childish frankness soon conquered his pride. She read to him from books she did not understand, played games with him, and showed him new walks in the woods. And incidentally she revealed to him her struggling, starving, wistful soul that no one else had ever discovered.

She never talked to him of her love-affair, but she dwelt vaguely on the virtues of duty and loyalty and self-sacrifice. The facts in the case were supplied by Mrs. Gusty.

Hinton looked at his watch again, and groaned when he found it was only a quarter past two. Feeling his way cautiously along the porch and down the steps, he moved idly about the yard. He could not distinguish Menelaus from Paris now, and Helen of Troy was no longer to be recognized.

At long intervals a vehicle rattled past, leaving a cloud of dust behind. The air shimmered with the heat, and the low, insistent buzzing of bees beat on his ears mercilessly. He wondered impatiently why Guinevere did not come down, then checked himself as he remembered the constant demands he made upon her time.

At three o'clock he could stand it no longer. He felt a queer, dull sensation about his head, and he constantly drew

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I CAN'T SEE—I CAN'T—OH, MY GOD, IT HAS COME!'"

his hand across his eyes to dispel the impression of a mist before them.

"Oh, Miss Guinevere!" he called up to her window. "Would you mind coming down just for a little while?"

Guinevere's head appeared so promptly that it was evident it had been lying on the window-sill.

"Is it time for your medicine?" she asked guiltily. "Mother said it did n't come till four."

"Oh, no," said Hinton, with forced cheerfulness; "it is n't that. You remember the old song, don't you, 'When a man 's afraid, a beautiful maid is a cheering sight to see'?"

She disappeared from the window, and in a moment joined him behind the screen of honeysuckles on the porch. The hammock hung, inviting ease, but neither of them took it. She sat primly on the straight-backed, green settee, and he sat on the step at her feet with his hat pulled over his eyes.

"What an infernal nuisance I have been to you!" he said ruefully; "but no more than I have been to myself. The only difference was that I had to stand it, and you stood it out of the goodness of that kind little heart of yours. Well, it 's nearly over now; I 'm expecting to go to the city any day. I guess you 'll not be sorry to get rid of me, will you, Miss Guinevere?"

Instead of answering, she drew a quick breath and turned her head away. When she did speak, it was after a long pause.

"I like the way you say my name. Nobody says it like that down here."

"Guinevere?" he repeated.

She nodded. "When you say it like that, I feel like I was another person. It makes me think of flowers, and poetry, and the wind in the trees, and all those things I 've been reading you out of your books. Guin-never and Guinevere *don't* seem the same at all, do they?"

"They are n't the same," he said, "and you are n't the same girl I met on the boat last March. I guess we 've both grown a bit since then. You know I was rather keen on dying about that time,—'in love with easeful death,'—well, now I am not keen about anything, but I am willing to play the game out."

They sat in silence for a while, then he said slowly, without raising his eyes: "I am not much good at telling what I feel, but before I go away I want you to know how much you 've helped me. You have been the one light that was left to show me the way down into the darkness."

A soft touch on his shoulder made him lift his head. Guinevere was bending toward him, all restraint banished from her face by the compassion and love that suffused it.

Instinctively he swayed toward her, all the need of her crying out suddenly within him, then he pulled himself sharply together, and, resolutely thrusting his hands in his pockets, rose and took a turn up and down the porch.

"Do you mind reading to me a little?" he asked at length. "There are forty devils in my head to-day, all hammering on the back of my eyeballs. I 'll get my Tennyson; you like him better than you do the others. Wait; I 'm going."

But she was up the steps before him, eager to serve, and determined to spare him every effort.

Through the long afternoon Guinevere read, stumbling over the strange words and faltering through the difficult passages, but vibrant to the beauty and the pathos of it all. On and on she read, and the sun went down, and the fragrance of dying locust bloom came faintly from the hill, and overhead in the tree-tops the evening breeze murmured its world-old plaint of loneliness and longing.

Suddenly Guinevere's voice faltered, then steadied, then faltered again, then without warning she flung her arms across the back of the bench, and, dropping her head upon them, burst into passionate sobs.

Hinton, who had been sitting for a long time with his hands pressed over his eyes, sprang up to go to her.

"Guinevere," he said, "what 's the matter? Don't cry, dear!" Then, as he stumbled, a look of terror crossed his face and he caught at the railing for support. "Where are you?" he asked sharply. "Speak to me! Give me your hand! I can't see—I can't—Oh, my God, it has come!"

(To be continued)

SCENES IN SICILY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

I. WOMEN WASHING IN THE AQUEDUCT (SYRACUSE)

II. THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA (SYRACUSE)

III. QUARRY, OR LATOMIA DE' CAPPUCCINI (SYRACUSE)

IV. WOMAN WASHING (NEAR MESSINA)

V. BOY FILLING WATER-JUG (SYRACUSE)

THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA (SYRACUSE)

QUARRY, OR LATOMIA DE' CAPPUCCINI (SYRACUSE)

WOMAN WASHING (NEAR MESSINA)

BOY FILLING WATER-JUG (SYRACUSE)

MEISSEN AND DRESDEN

ROMANTIC GERMANY—VI

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY KARL O'LYNCH VON TOWN

THERE were roses as large as hollyhocks in the station garden at Meissen, and the fragrance of new-mown hay filled the air. The ticket-taker, a gentle spirit with beautiful eyes, carried our bags to the hotel above the Elbe.

We strolled down to a shore vaguely littered with boats, fishing-nets, and rude carts—a strange shore lying pallid in the last light of day. High on the opposite ridge a spirelet, like a wren's upturned beak, was silhouetted against the south. Cölln rose sheer and mysterious above the backward crags, falling away with a quaint effect toward where, far distant, a windmill on the sky-line beckoned Dresden with fantastic fingers, while the crimson lights of the Old Bridge swam in a shimmer of water that Thaulow might have painted.

On the opposite side of the river the town reached up in a lovely line to the pile of the Albrechtsburg, looming gigantic in the dusk, its cathedral towers swathed in a scaffolding exquisitely etched against the faint, robin's-egg blue of the sky.

As I gazed, uncouth figures slouched past; and by the glow of a pipe I recognized on the Old Bridge one of those mysterious Low-Country faces which Rembrandt loved. Boats with red and green gold eyes slipped beneath us, towing strings of serpent-like barges; and down the black lane at the bridge-end a light flickered in a noble tower, rounding a vision that belonged less to Germany than to such lands of delight as children explore on the hearth-rug before falling embers.

As the west blackened and lights spread through the town, my friend the artist came slowly out of his trance. "When I first caught sight of this," he murmured in his rich Austrian dialect, "it was as though a great painter had spread before me a masterpiece, saying, 'Na, bist zufrieden?' ['Well, art content?'] I shall no more forget it than the moment when I first saw the sea, and would have leaped to it through my window."

Under the sky of early morning, dainty with small, tenderly tinted clouds, Meissen became really German. Below the

Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

MEISSEN—PORTAL OF THE WASCHHOF

Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

MEISSEN—ASCENT TO THE CASTLE

Burg the tiles came out in a glow of rare mellowness. Though the atmosphere was as soft as that of rural England, the Elbe disengaged the ozone, the bracing salt smell of the sea down beyond Hamburg. Behind the carts, the junk, the weedy, net-littered stones of the opposite quay, squatted buildings that bore in their foreheads windows like great eyes peeping through the tiles under an arch of frowning brow. "Ox-eyes" the people call them.

Every house was bright with flowers, and every woman carried at least one blossom in her market-basket. A maid in a short, gay petticoat was singing a folk-song as she brushed her dooryard with a bundle of twigs. A genial crone went by bare-legged, harnessed with a dog to a cart full of fascinating earthenware, her silvery head-dress drawn tight over her silvery head—a sight to move a very sign-painter. In a stable door by the water-side sat a tiny girl, with flying hair, croon-

Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

MEISSEN FROM THE RIGHT BANK OF THE ELBE

ing a song to two baby goats in white and brown that were enthusiastically eating oats out of her lap. "I am 'Lisbeth," she answered me, "and these"—patting her bearded friends—"are Fritz and Hans."

With a sudden expansion of the heart I realized that I had entered the brighter atmosphere of a wine country, and that this was a foretaste of the dear, kindly South-German land.

Meissen is a town of crooked streets that wind about delightfully in its depths, and suddenly climb the heights on each hand—a town with a fresh surprise of architecture, of costume, or of landscape at every turn. One is constantly finding some landing whence ancient walled steps shoot up on the one hand to the Burg, and down on the other hand to the river.

I climbed the "Ascent of Souls" beside an ivied wall weathered all colors. Where the corner of a house jutted out informally above the passers-by was an intimate view of the Stadt Kirche belfry, which had crowned the previous evening's pleasure. Past the Prince's School, where Gellert and Lessing once studied, the way led to the fourteenth-century church of St. Afra, the Cyprian princess martyred at Augsburg by Diocletian in the year 303, whose soul flew to heaven a white dove, leaving her body unharmed by the flames. The chroniclers say that Dante taught in the cloister-school in 1307.

Through a tower-gate and by the fine, Romanesque portal of the Waschhof, I passed from the Afra Mountain over a medieval viaduct to the Castle Mountain, regions both formerly independent of Meissen law, and called "Freedom" to this day.

Massive, august, the Albrechtsburg, with its outbuildings, spreads protecting arms about the thirteenth-century cathedral, the richest and most beautiful of the churches of Saxony. There, in the Prince's Chapel, before the western façade, beneath the bronzes of Peter Vischer, lie the Saxon rulers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, on whom look down primitive statues of the Magi and the crowd of Gothic saints and angels on the main portal.

The church windows are of *Putzenscheiben,* the same small, round panes with a bubble of glass in the center which gave Rembrandt his iridescent gloom; but in the choir still glows stained glass of the fourteenth century.

The pavement is covered with gravestones and brazen slabs. Here is the resting-place of Dr. Johann Hofmann, who, after quarreling with John Huss, seceded from Prague with a throng of German professors and students to found Leipsic University. Here is the grave of Dr. Günther, who was killed by the same bolt that shattered the steeples in April, 1547; and here, until the Reformation, was the tomb of Benno, the saint who, according to report, worked miracles while alive, and whose bones healed the sick more than 400 years after his death.

Before the high altar lies Margrave William the One-eyed under a slab showing where the bronze plate was torn away by the Swedes of Gustavus Adolphus. Legend says that this William oppressed the clergy who prayed to the holy Benno. Benno warned William in a vision, much to the margrave's amusement; but at his second appearance the saint burned out one of William's eyes with a torch. Whereupon the margrave saw that it had been no dream, and made fourfold restitution.

The cathedral is famous for the variety of its ornamentation, and no two of its five hundred capitals bear the same foliage. Near the high altar is an exquisite Gothic tabernacle, and near by, over the sacristy door, are statues of Emperor Otto I, who built the original cathedral in 965, and of his smiling wife Adelheid, both masterpieces of thirteenth-century sculpture.

The vaulting of the sacristy is carried, as in Auerbach's Keller, by a single pillar. And there, through the small, rusty-barred, ivy-smothered windows of *Putzenscheiben,* I caught a glimpse, across the Elbe, of red crags and green meadows, and my friend the windmill still spinning eagerly on the sky-line. With a right good will my *pfennigs* dropped into a box marked "For the Heathen," poor people who could not see such things.

A trap-door uncovered steps leading to a similar room underneath, from which more steps plunged to a still gloomier chamber in the bowels of the hill, both dating from Otto's tenth-century church.

I was glad to come out again into the nave, where a young bird was flying about contentedly between the slender piers under the groined branches of the vaulting. It disappeared through a transept. I followed, and came out into a little cloister, the key-note of the whole cathedral concord. Massive, uncloister-like, ivy-draped piers inclosed with lovely pointed arches a square full of ferns and foliage, a fitting place to ruminate the day's experience and to enjoy the romantic steeple above the choir.

The Albrechtsburg, one of the finest of fifteenth-century castles, is the successor of a stronghold built in 928 by Henry I in the long German struggle against the Slavic inhabitants of the mark of Meissen. It was begun in 1471 by the noted architect Arnold of Westphalia, and until the court was transferred to Dresden was the residence of the Saxon princes. After that it long lay neglected; then for a century and a half it suffered the indignity of serving as the royal porcelain factory. In 1881 it was restored and over-decorated, so that the exterior is more noteworthy than the long line of nobly vaulted and gaily frescoed halls which strangers visit. The glory of the Burg is its stair-tower, with wide Gothic arches framing the spiral stair inside. It is covered with convivial reliefs, taken, according to the guide, "from the profane life." They are of the same period as those on the famous Rathaus in Breslau, and almost as grossly humorous.

I like to think that from this fair castle-mountain Christianity and culture spread in waves through central Germany, and that it was the base for the great military expeditions by which the hero Albrecht helped to lay for Saxony the foundations of national unity.

The porcelain factory in the Triebisch-Thal, interesting as it is, has quite unjustly monopolized the fame of Meissen. And a glimpse of the Burg from the river-side, a ramble up the Ascent of Souls, or a moment in the cloister of the cathedral, is far to be preferred to a whole Triebisch-Thal full of Meissen services and rococo figurines.

Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

DRESDEN—COURT-CHURCH AND CASTLE AS SEEN FROM THE ELBE

Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

DRESDEN—CHURCH OF OUR LADY FROM THE BRÜHL TERRACE

In Dresden I began to realize that the charm of Leipsic lay in the quaint atmosphere of its old buildings, among which even trade had grown romantic, in the airiness of the many squares, in a village-like flavor of homely intimacy caught amid the modern prose of a commercial city. Meissen had been something beyond experience, a dream of strange beauty. But in Dresden I found a beauty very real and tangible, directly arousing, without complicated equipments of antiquity, the instant response of the pleasure-loving human heart, like a voluptuous melody on the cello.

My eighteenth-century lodgings in Jews' Court gave upon the New Market, where petty tradespeople from every part of central Germany were preparing for one of Dresden's characteristic *Jahrmarkts,* or fairs, which take place three times in the year. Every one was building himself a rude wooden booth, as for some Christian Feast of Tabernacles, while the porcelain merchants about the Church of Our Lady were unpacking acres of coarse pottery and Meissen figurines.

A lane of Dresden's fast-vanishing old houses led toward the river, and I turned

Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by W. G. Watt

DRESDEN—PORCELAIN FAIR IN THE NEW MARKET, THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY ON THE LEFT

on the steps of the Brühl Terrace to see how exquisitely the roofs curved upward toward where the somber mass of the Church of Our Lady, a church modeled after the Roman St. Peter's, dominated the city, the porcelain market surging white as foam about its crag-like base.

From the half-night of that lane I emerged upon a memorable scene. Far and wide, beneath, the Elbe poured between its bridges. Some boats had just landed thousands of young children, who, returning radiant from their holiday in Saxon Switzerland, swarmed in a riot of color about the candy women on the waterside below, each with a yellow ticket strung about his or her neck.

A segment of delicate pink sun drifted low beside the opera-house, sending through the hoary arches of the Augustus Bridge a fainter film of rose to rest on the river surface. Haze-colored smoke rose

from steamers made fast to the shore, bedimming the museum's flat dome, the tower of the Court Church, and the piquant spire of the castle, toning its vivid patina down to the faint fawn color of the eastward waters, and mercifully veiling the Landesrath and the opera-house, the bronze tigers of which frisked before a mass of masonry impressive in the dusk. With the waning of day, the ripples before the old bridge turned imperceptibly to liquid bronze, as light as the western heavens, lighter for the dark masses of stone behind; while to the eastward, sky and water, both a deepening fawn, brought out the gay colors of the river traffic and the rainbow of costumes along the shore.

Following an old custom, I dined at the Belvedere, where an orchestra that might be the pride of any city was playing Wagner to an audience whose very forks were dumb during the music. The acoustics were perfect; the hall was a gem in simple white and gold, and I shall not forget the pleasure of looking over those happy, cultivated faces to where, through the colonnade, the evening haze was deepening to an intense blue upon the river and the distant heights of Loschwitz.

The moon was up over the Academy of Art as I left, and the benches under the trees of the terrace outside were filled with people raptly enjoying, with the faint music, the splashes of watery light reflected from the lamps of the other shore, the murmur of the running river, and the soft silhouette of Dresden's noble bridges and towers.

Watchmen were prowling about the porcelain acres by the Church of Our Lady, and it seemed as if heaven had rained upon that favored spot a double portion of straw and sacking. The very booths of the market-place, drenched in moonlight, were touched with mystery and a kind of grotesque beauty.

Dresden is essentially a city of pleasure—of fair, wide prospects, of hearty river life, of zest in nature and art. Even the public buildings cluster about the Elbe, just as the huts of the first settlers clustered.

A circle of Wendish herdsmen's huts on the right bank, a line of fisher-shanties on the left—these were the unlikely beginnings of Dresden in the sixth century. But the settlement lay at the only point in the river valley where a ford was practicable, tempting the Germans to settle on the left bank between the Wends and the swamps, or *Seen,* unlovely places that have long since disappeared, leaving behind only the names Seestrasse, Am See, and Seevorstadt. Indeed, the very name of Dresden is derived from the Slavic *dresjan,* which means "dwellers in the swamp-forest."

We know that the Church of Our Lady was built in the eleventh century, that until the twelfth the right and left banks of the stream were called respectively "heathen" and "Christian," that Dresden was first mentioned as a city in 1216, and that the original bridge was built in 1222. The market-place in the New Town across the river still bears traces of its original Wendish form, the *Rundling,* or circle of huts facing an inner space with only one exit, a primitive device for guarding the cattle of the community at night.

It was prophetic of Dresden's artistic destiny that the first Margrave of Meissen to reside here (1277–88) should have been Heinrich der Erlauchte, who was mentioned as a fellow-Minnesinger by Tannhäuser and by Walther von der Vogelweide. Heinrich married an Austrian princess, who brought to Dresden a piece of the true cross. For this a chapel was added to the church of St. Nicholas, where it was exhibited, together with another cross that came swimming miraculously down the Elbe; and these drew such a throng of liberal pilgrims that St. Nicholas's was rebuilt as the Church of the Cross and the old wooden bridge turned into stone in 1319. It is curious to know that this church and the Augustus Bridge are still under one financial management.

During four troubled centuries, unwarlike Dresden suffered much, and did not become important until the reign of Frederick Augustus the Strong (1694–1733)—"August the Physically Strong," as Carlyle loved to call him.

A gilt, rococo king, clad discrepantly in a wig and toga, he strides a gilt horse in the New Town market-place, a weak variant of Berlin's monument to the Great

Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

DRESDEN FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE ELBE, THE QUEEN CAROLA BRIDGE
IN THE FOREGROUND, THE OLD AUGUSTUS BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE

Elector, facing, with a faint grin, his kingdom of Poland, for which he turned Roman Catholic. Resembling Louis XIV in feature, he strove to resemble him as well in trying to revive the golden period of Roman culture and to combine, in the Zwinger, all the elegant and useful features of Roman baths and palaces.

The Zwinger was intended to unite immense banquet- and dancing-halls with baths, grottoes, colonnades, pleasure-walks, rows of trees and pillars, lawns, gardens, waterfalls, and playgrounds—a fit place to display the pomp and circumstance of royal domestic life in the ostentatious spirit of the eighteenth century. It was planned to carry the Zwinger down to the river and finish it with an unexampled palace; but Pöppelmann, the architect, was able merely to build the forecourt before the royal whim veered.

This fragment, however, with its seven pavilions and connecting galleries, is unique among buildings—"the most vivacious and fanciful stone-creation of Germany," as Wildburg declares. "The swift evolution of late baroque," he continues, "into the most joyous and airy rococo, the wondrous fusing of an almost Indian imagination with German solidity and Gallic coquetry, make a gloriously artistic whole."

The first impression made by the Zwinger on a student of history is that "August the Physically Strong" must have had in mind the housing of his famous three hundred and fifty-four children, and he cannot help wondering whether the chubby stone infants that cluster on each pavilion can be family portraits. The various deities scattered among these riotous princes seem frankly amused at their situation. Here is a sincerer sportiveness, a less manufactured gaiety, than I remember in any other rococo. This joyful and frivolous ornamentation was destined to become the classical example of its school, and until to-day to mold the style of the Meissen porcelain, invented in Dresden by Böttger in 1709.

The Museum, built by Gottfried Semper in the style of the Italian Renaissance, connects the ends of the Zwinger. It contains the finest gallery of paintings in Germany, a collection ranking with those of the Louvre, the Pitti, and the Uffizi. It was made in great part by August the Strong and his son August II, who had shrewd agents in the Netherlands, France, and Italy. Even the Pope and the King of Sicily did their utmost to rob Italy of its treasures for them.

Their most fortunate find was the Sistine Madonna, bought in 1753 from the monks of Piacenza for twenty thousand ducats and a plausible copy. To smuggle the picture safely across the frontier, the conspirators painted it over with a wretched landscape. When the treasure arrived, the eager king had it hung in the throne-room; and seeing that the best light fell on the dais, he shoved the throne aside with his own hands, exclaiming, "Room for the great Raphael!"

Nothing could more vividly bring out the contrast between esthetic Dresden and militant Berlin. And this contrast was emphasized three years later when Frederick the Great seized Dresden, ransacked the royal archives, and sent poor August II in a panic to the Königstein, leaving his queen behind to face the Prussians.

This war ended the gallery's rapid growth, but it had already become the most noteworthy collection north of the Alps. As early as 1756, Winckelmann, whose genius had been awakened by this gallery, called Dresden "the German Athens," a name that never gained the popularity of Herder's epithet, "The Florence of the Elbe."

On entering the gallery, one's first thought is for the great Raphael. There is a hypnotic expression in the Madonna's wide eyes, which the infinite promises of that childhood have struck into trance, mirroring all the possibilities of motherhood. This intensity of vision is only accentuated by the formalism of Santa Barbara and Pope Sixtus. With Raphael's ordinary work in my mind, I was heartily surprised, years ago, by a first view of the Sistine Madonna. It was much as if, in a vision, I had seen one figurine in a row of Dresden china shepherdesses suddenly glow forth into the sort of spirituality exhaled by a symphony of Beethoven.

It is a commentary on the contrast between the characters of northern and middle Germany that Dresden is poor in the early paintings of historical interest, and rich in the golden periods—an exact antithesis to Berlin.

Here Correggio, with his tenderness and

his deep backgrounds, is even more fully represented than at Parma. Here Paolo Veronese may be known best—the gay Paolo in all his superficial glory, with his joy in luscious brocades set off against the gleaming of Palladian architecture.

The canvases of Giorgione are always suffused with poetry and a dreamy music, but here the hour is immortalized when Aphrodite slept while Giorgione painted. Myriad-minded Titian is almost at his height in "The Tribute Money" and "The Marriage of St. Catherine." Before the exquisite, miniature altar-piece of Jan van Eyck one forgets its size, as one forgets the blindness of some great musician when he is playing his best. And here hangs one of the chief canvases of Van der Meer, that rare realist who has but lately come into his own.

Rubens is most characteristic in the mad "Boar Hunt" and the swirling and plunging of the "Quos Ego," while the "Mercury and Argus" makes the gazer fairly hold his breath in suspense.

There is a humor unusual with Rembrandt in "Samson's Riddle"; and three of the master's most subtle character studies are "The Gold-Weigher," the portrait of an old man, and that of his wife Saskia. His school is even better represented here than in Amsterdam or The Hague.

It is natural that the German painters should be weaker in Dresden than the Italian and Flemish and Dutch; for the artistic charity of the founder of the Zwinger and the Court Church did not begin at home. Nevertheless, there are a few native masterpieces. The well-known Meyer Madonna of Holbein was held for centuries as the original until chance discovered the present Darmstadt picture in the junk-wagon of a Parisian peddler. His portrait of the Sieur de Morette was long thought to be a Leonardo, and that of Sir Thomas Godsalve with his son is one of the most notable portraits of his English period.

Though the modern gallery is small, it is extremely select, as befits the vicinity. It contains such well-known paintings as Hofmann's "Christ in the Temple," Menzel's riotous "Market-place in Verona," and the appealing "Holy Night" by Von Uhde.

An old traveler once declared that he preferred to investigate mountains from the foot, inns from the inside, and palaces from the outside. The wanderer in Germany soon learns this method, particularly with palaces; but a visit to the Dresden castle is a mildly amusing exception to the usual rule.

Its exterior is not forbidding, like the ordinary German palace, being enlivened with red tiles, yellow plaster, and a graceful green steeple; with Renaissance gables and, in the court, with charming, round stair-towers which recall the fact that Arnold of Westphalia rebuilt it at the time when he was creating the Albrechtsburg at Meissen.

The bedchamber of August the Strong is large, and his throne-room, adjoining, is hung with pictures of Leda and Aphrodite. The rooms are not so overladen with ornament as to be unfriendly, and one can imagine people actually taking their pleasure in the festal hall. Pictures are there, to be sure, of the inevitable Kaisers, but they look almost docile, and are neutralized by such homely frescos as "Ring Around a Rosy," and "Washing the Baby," an operation not unknown to those palace walls.

The Green Vault is a place that contains earth's greatest display of knick-knacks, jewels, and royal playthings. There are exhibited an ivory frigate in full sail, Siamese Twins in ivory, and one hundred and forty-two fallen angels carved out of a single tusk. In a place of honor is a dish with an elaborate representation of the "Scarlet Woman." There are goblets made of ostrich eggs, a silver beaker from Nuremberg in the form of a young lady, and the Bible of Gustavus Adolphus. One may see vessels and trinkets made of every stone mentioned in the Book of Revelation. A "perpetual-motion" clock represents the Tower of Babel, whereon perch eight town pipers blowing four pipes, three trombones, and a waldhorn. Then there are wonderful Limoges enamels, the masterpieces of the old German goldsmiths, and, as a climax, the Saxon crown-jewels.

After so much sight-seeing, one ought to loll on the waterside in the quaint "Italian Village," a row of houses once inhabited by the Italians who built the Court Church, now a restaurant and rendezvous for all genial Dresdeners. There it is pleasant to rest over a stein, and

watch the river seething by between the magnificent piers of the Augustus Bridge; to enjoy through half-shut eyes the ox-eyed roofs of the New Town behind their well-wooded gardens, and the concave towers of the Japanese House, which shelters the library. It is pleasant to watch the divers opposite (for half of Dresden lives in the water during the hot months), and the party-colored stream of life above, pouring back and forth over the water.

Alas! they have already begun to tear down the venerable Augustus Bridge, the symbol of Dresden and its loveliest monument! The small, picturesque arches are dangerous to the growing river traffic, and must give place to wider ones, which, as the authorities promise, are to be quite as picturesque. But the artists wonder how many centuries it will take to win back the patina of those piers.

After the sharpness of Berlin and the flatness of Leipsic, Dresden's humor is refreshing—a humor which strikes a nice balance between satirical Berlin and soft-hearted, *gemütlich* Munich.

There is nothing brutally downright about it: it proceeds by indirection. If the Dresdener wishes to condemn the suburb of Striessen, for instance, he declares that the very sparrows take in their legs when flying over it. The pleasantry of the lower classes is of the mildest.

"In which street is the goose cooked only on one side?"

"Don't know."

"In the little Plaunscher Gasse, for on the other side there are no houses."

In the plain old Rathaus there used to be a motto which is still characteristic of this town of friendliness and sympathy: "One man's speech," runs the motto, "is a good half-speech. Hear the other man's speech, too." The Dresdener does not interrupt. He is not puffed up, nor does he imagine a vain thing. He is almost as polite as the Parisian, with much of the Parisian polish and *savoir-faire*. He is never brusque. A Berliner would call an idler "lazy," a Münchner would call him "idealistic," but a real Dresdener would intimate that he is "not quite industrious." Instead of "You 're a boor," he says, "The honored sir appears hardly to realize that he is not conducting himself properly." The inquiring stranger will find him an entertaining companion who will gladly see him to the suburbs.

The Dresdener is orderly, modest, and quiet even in his pleasures. The very policeman is not so impressed with his position as the ordinary Prussian lackey. The Dresdener is so gentle that his very cat looks altruistic, and his sparrows will hop across your feet in any beer-garden. He is so amiable that I have often been tempted to withhold a tip, to see if I could draw as much as a sigh from that paragon of Christian virtues, the waiter.

But, despite these qualities, he does not lack critical sense, defining, for instance, the Secession school of painting as "art which, if you would be cultivated, you must like at all events—whether you like it or not."

Because Dresden has the advantages of a great city with but few of its drawbacks, it is so popular with Anglo-Saxons as to have an English and an American quarter. It is rich in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture; has fine theaters and interesting personalities; is charmingly situated and within a short ride of Saxon Switzerland, the most attractive miniature mountain range in Germany: and yet the individual still counts among its half million people—counts even to the verge of town-gossip. Despite the size of the city, neighborliness and sociability flourish like the roses of the Zwinger; and any novelty like a horse-race or an Englishman in knickerbockers lays hold of the united civic imagination.

Dresden combines the advantages of the metropolis with the humanity of the village, and one can easily forgive it for outdoing Leipsic in credulity, servility, and greed for titles and for falling behind its neighbor in business methods.

The best place to meet the Dresdener is on the Brühl Terrace, "the balcony of Europe," as it was once christened by an enthusiast. Its daisy-covered walls were a part of the fortifications before Brühl, the all-powerful minister of August II, in 1736, made them over into his private gardens.

It was thrown open to the public in 1814. From the waterside, passages may still be seen leading to the ancient dungeons, now used for the imprisonment of beer. On the corner, under the Bel-

vedere, is a crude relief of the Elector Moritz being forced by a skeleton—a "bone-man," as the Germans say—to hand over the electoral sword to his brother August.

This very sword is now in the Johanneum, an old building in which the historical museum and the royal collection of porcelain lodge informally above the royal stables. The portal of the courtyard is the most representative piece of Renaissance sculpture in Dresden, a fusion of German and Italian motives setting off a fine relief of the Resurrection.

In the center of the court is the tank where the royal horses were washed, and an inclined horse-path leads to the second story along an ivy-matted wall above which appear the picturesque gables and spire of the castle and the tower of the Court Church.

The historical museum is mainly devoted to the history of war. No other collection has given me such a vision of the glamour and romance of chivalry or the beauty of medieval weapons and armor. Here plumed knights just as our childhood saw them in Ivanhoe. Here one feels the poetry of battle as vividly as, in the arsenal at Berlin, one feels its scientific, realistic side. This is the Scott, that the Tolstoi, of war.

The royal porcelain collection is the largest and richest of its kind in Europe. Through the austerities of the early Chinese work one gradually approaches the melting harmonies of Japanese color, then drops back centuries to the first red German ware of Böttger, and on through the early whites of Meissen, and its colored imitations of the Asiatic, to the rococo of the Zwinger. The recent attempts of Meissen ware to be modern are only weak imitations of the royal Copenhagen. Faience and Italian majolica round a collection of which the most significant part is the group of giant vases in cobalt blue given to Frederick Augustus in 1717 by old Frederick William of Prussia in exchange for a regiment of tall dragoons.

The Albertinum cannot compare in its ancient sculpture with the Glyptothek of Munich or even with Berlin's Old Museum; but the modern sculpture gallery contains a collection of medallions even more exquisitely chosen than the larger collection in Hamburg. Here is a great, rough head of a dying Moses by Rechberg that looks unutterable things; and one of Max Klinger's latest works, called "Drama," a marble man agonizing to wrench away a branch above two female figures, an antithesis of active struggle and passive suffering inspired by England's latest war. For war symbolizes to Klinger the drama of humanity.

I shall not forget my parting from Dresden. One of the gay steamers that ply up-stream dropped me to climb the heights of Loschwitz for a last glimpse of the German Florence from this northern Fiesole. There it lay, checkered with patches of sunlight and looking almost mysterious through a delicate mist,—that duomo, the Church of Our Lady, herding its flock of comely towers, a solid Protestant antithesis to the baroque impertinence of the Catholic Court Church.

There lay the city of pleasure in all its beauty, interlaced with silvery streaks of pond and river. And toward it, sweeping parallel to the mighty arc of the Elbe, ran a broader river of smooth, green meadow-land fronting the villas of the opposite shore.

Backward the peaks of Saxon Switzerland were beckoning, but it was with an unaccustomed regret that I turned my face from art to nature.

THE PICCANINNY BAND AND THE FLAG OF THEIR COUNTRY

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

THE baiting of the Piccaninnies in the afternoon had been warning enough, and now the second lynching over on the river—and it was not more a Southern than a Northern river—had put any remaining thoughts of a "night show" out of the question. The town was wilder than it had been in daylight. There was more shouting, everywhere torches were moving, the mob was bigger, and for the sake of those Piccaninnies it was for the little circus to get to its train and away at the earliest possible moment.

But the stark vermilion sleepers, and the stock and menagerie cars, were still switching and shunting miles down at the Junction; and the show people could only gather into the "V" between the K. & T. and the B. & O. cut-off, and nervously start camp-fires among the piles of ties, and wait.

A few days before, "The Piccaninny Band" had been as sunny-souled a small aggregation as ever blew upon brass with a brazen fervor, did military callisthenics and cat's-cradle fancy drills to the humiliation of Knights Templars, and beamed with undiminished breadth through a week of rain. Nor was there any cause against them now. But with those sounds and their sickening memory coming up from the flaring town, they clumped themselves together, their faces gray, their little bodies shuddery for all their heaped-up fire. They talked unceasingly, telling one another with crazy, fantastic oaths, what they would do, "s' 'elp them, if ainybody come a-tetchin' *them.*" And they put trust in no one whatever who was white.

Already a crowd of men and boys, many of them with guns and dogs, had begun to gather along the railway fence. Some of the boys, with ostentatious bravado, jumped over, and with their guns flung themselves down on the inside. The dogs followed them. But for the time—for those final minutes which seek some definite excuse of provocation—the men stopped at the fence. In the flickering darkness it was as if only the evil was visible in their faces. And the Piccaninnies' throats dried up, while they cowered about their blaze, terrified to a bemuted huddle.

But just at that minute the new ticket-wagon man, "Carolina" Smith, who should have joined on at Columbus, dropped off the train slowing down on the B. & O. He was weedy and dried-up of figure, but sweet and kindly of face; and as he steered his way rapidly over to the fires, he walked with an odd, courageous, side-flinging limp. He wigwagged to the

menagerie boss as to an old campaigning comrade, he nodded anxiously but equably toward the fence, and then suddenly he blinked into that huddled group of Piccaninnies. Next moment they were all but rushing into one another's arms.

Obviously there was a story behind that, and despite all jeers and shouted interruptions at the beginning, in the next hour "Carolina" told it. This is the story.

Two years before, the Piccaninnies had been a little show of themselves, a "one ringer," working through Honduras and Guatemala. And from the time they left Galveston, Carolina had managed and "spieled the *chile con carne*" for them. Central America is a paradise for little shows when it is at peace, and at first they had done well.

"The further inland we shoved," said Carolina, "the heavier our till-cart hefted with good solid Mex. But come the beginnin' of May, and all of a sudden, you might say, things commenced to get queer. The country begun to grow a heap sight too *quiet*. No more singin' and guitar-playin' at night, no more bunches out to meet us; and our houses fell right down to a third. Gee! I had a pretty good idea of what was comin', too.

"And it came. One day when we 'd just set up in an old whited sepulcher called San Felipe Obispo, and started our ballyhoo concert, *bang* goes a gun from a roof somewheres. And *bang* another answers it from out of town. Raisin' a yell of *'Viva el General Roquez!'*—you 've heard about *him*,—and *'Viva* the honor of the army!' about half the town seemed to bring out Mausers from nowhere at all, and tumble over themselves in a rush for the barracks back of the cathedral. And that 's how the trouble begun.

"Say, it 's only in the funny columns that Central America revolutions make you laugh. I 'd been there before, and had got past the funny column way of lookin' at it. We 'd left our wagons over behind the barracks, and first of all I run for them.

"Let me tell you. Everything had been grabbed, and was on its way out of town already. The revolutionists had done that. I ripped back to the tent an' Piccaninn's, and found that two minutes after I 'd left, the till-cart had been 'requisitioned' for the use of the Government.

"But all that was n't such a much. From the start-off I knew I was goin' to have my great big trouble takin' care of the Piccaninn's themselves. For, you see, I 'd never thought of gettin' them any passports. And to get along without, down in those countries, well, to put it straight, you 've got to be a white man. But the thing you boys would n't think of was this: the Piccaninn's were in uniform. They made their military drill with Mausers. And what every one of them black-an'-tan little revolutions would do murder for is just that kind of a company to put into their front line and build from.

"Well, by that time the whole burg was one shootin' dotty-yard. They were crackin' off at each other round every corner, and there did n't seem to be a flag or a consulate anywhere. But I made the Piccaninn's keep their brasses as *one* kind of passport, and we put our heads down and bucked the cyclone for the market-square; for I 'd noticed that one end of it was covered in. And there at the back of it, too, we found that the market and the cathedral sort of joined together. The spaces between the big 'dobe piers had been made into stalls. And that looked like safety.

"Looked like safety! Lord! there was a part of that Roquez gang huntin' after us already! Another two minutes and they came blazin' by at the charge. They 'd even bothered to bring back the Piccaninnies' guns. And once they caught sight of the uniforms, they swung in, and, for all the Government Mausers were pumpin' not fifty rod away on the other side of the wall, right there they opened their recruitin'-office!

"It was swift and businesslike, too: me to translate, a ten-second count, and then a volley for our feet.

"At the first bang-off I went down,—that 's where I got my limp,—and 'Lige and 'Lisha Leffingwell over there behind me.

"At the second, it was Happy Thompson here, and a little chap named Bixby from Memphis. Only by then the Governmenters had begun to drill it to them from the roofs.

"And just at the third count, when I reckon the rest of these lads was about ready to enlist for anything or anywhere, another bunch of Governmenters jumped the night side of that market-square. The Roquezers lost half a dozen in a minute, and, after that, *we* did n't figure any more for the time bein'.

"And we did n't figure any more for the next six hours. All we did was to lay there burnin' out with thirst and with what we 'd got from the Mausers, and listen to the fightin' goin' on back and front, east and west; and you could n't say that anything really happened to us till after sundown.

"Just along before then things had seemed to be clearin' off a lot. The firin' had slacked up, and every minute we 'd been lookin' to see our way out of it again. And then—*cats!* You 'd have said that the devilment had only started. It begun tearin' itself off, crash on crash, like it 'ad been some big ammunition factory blowin' up.

"Let me tell you, the Governmenters had worked two machine-guns and about half their strength in behind the Roquezers that had come into town. They 'd smashed 'em between in and out, and broke' their back and ended it, except for the bunch that could n't get away. There was maybe two hundred of them. And they were bein' herded back into the market—there where they 'd herded us. Only, just about that time, the blood I 'd lost let the remainin' senses out of me. I seen them revolutionists herded in, but I did n't see what the Governmenters started to do with them once they 'd got them herded."

"But *Ah* done seen it," burst in "The Piccaninny Sousa." A good part of the circus people had gathered in behind them, and, on the other side, perhaps half the crowd from the fence had worked over to the fire. As for the Piccaninnies themselves, with that pathetic inconsequence of their race, they seemed almost completely to have forgotten the situation of the present in that brought up by Carolina. "But *Ah* done seen it. Ah 'd clomb up on to a cross-beam, and Ah seen it all. The Gove'mentehs they jes divide' up a-screechin' intil two squads, one to hold the front of the mahket an' bring up mo' cahtridges fo' the machinery-guns; and the other squad an' the machinery-guns they begun a-killin'.

"Yas sah, they jes took them rayvolutionists one stall at a time, an' stahted killin' 'em up lak shoats. They jes tuhned them machinery-guns on them lak fire hose. They finished up that firs' stall with the Mausers, and then they shoved them machinery-guns on to the second. They finished up that second the same way, an' then, all a-screechin' together, they clea'ed the way fo' the thuhd.

"Ah never seen nawthin' lak that, not in ma life. It did n't matter that most of them Roquezers had n't no guns no mo'. It did n't matter that you could n't tell now, fo' smoke an' dust an' blood an' the night a-fallin', what unifo'm they 'd been wearin'. It was jes keep a-tuhnin' them daith-machines now this a-way, now that, and never stop a-crankin' 'em.

"It mout be a sco' of them rayvolutionists had got in with us, too—had got in and was a-tryin' to hide among us. But what good was that a-goin' to do 'em? Fo' there we was, ketched jes lak them, and our tuhn a-comin' naixt.

"'Ca'se, by then, the killin' had begun in that stall right alongside of us. We could see them that was a-doin' it. We could see their faces. Oh, Jerooshy! Jerooshy! You did n't need to look a-twice to see that they was n't listenin' to no ahguments no mo'. They was n't hearin' nawthin'. They was n't seein' nawthin'. They was jes a-kill', kill', killin'.

"Yas, sah; yas, sah; an' then, right in the middle of it, through the open side of that mahket, I sees Ole Glory a-bein' run up—a-bein' run up from some place not two squares down a-yander! An' it seems lak she 's a-sayin': 'Any o' *ma* chillens roun' heah? Ef so, honeys, what Ah 'm heah fo' is to take keer o' yeh.'

"Lawdy! Ah jes draps down, and Ah shouts to the band: 'You-all *yell!* Yell *American!* Yell *ainy*thing American!' And we done did; we done did.

"But, ma gobbins! it 's jes lak yellin' in a conjuh dream when you cain't make no sound at all. Was n't any yellin' on yuth could get itself huhd over all that screechin' an' shriekin' an' Mauser-shootin', an' them machinery-guns a-goin' lak Satan's own rivetin'-hammehs.

"An' by that time they 'd finished in

next door there, and they begins a-shiftin' them machinery-guns for us.

"Our laigs was goin' from anunder us; our throats had done give' out; we was n't rightly in our sainses no mo'. But Ah thinks, 'They ain't a-goin' to kill us without our doin' somethin' that 'll maybe be told about at home.' An' Ah gits out the word fo' 'Dixie'!

"Yas, sah, an' Mose' an' Jackson heah, they was a-playin' it befo' Ah 'd give' the word a second time. An' then Izrul he come in with his cla'inet, an' Wash, an' Thomas John an' Ephra'm with the snar' drums.

" 'Fo' d' Lawdy, it 'ad begun a-haltin' 'em!

"An' then Gabe' with his ho'n, an' Link, an' Goose', an' Jeffe'son. Even 'Lige an' 'Lishe an' Wash Bixby lyin' a-wounded they come in, too.

"An' *mo'* an' *mo'* it was a-haltin' 'em. The men with the machinery-guns they begins a-backin' up an' a-lookin' to their gen'al. And that gen'al, it seems lak he 's huhd that ole tune somewheh's befo'. He cain't righty remembeh where. But somehow it seems lak it 's a tune he 's be sure wise to stand off of. He 's a-achin', they 's all jes a-achin', to go ahaid with the killin', but that ole tune it seems lak it 's sayin' to 'em: 'Don't you dast, now! Don't you *dast* to dast!'

"An' when we see it 's begun a-talkin' to 'em, we stahts in to play it so it 'll tell 'em jes all there is to know. 'You don't murder no Americans!' it says; 'You don't massacre none o' *them* with yo' machinery-guns! You jes try it on, now, an' there 'll be about fo'ty wa'-ships come down heah a-loaded with twailve-inch guns an' blow you plumb off 'n the equinox. Ef Ole Glory over a-yander is too high fo' these yer Piccaninn's to wrop 'em up in, Ah 'll let you know that they 've done wrop' 'em up in the only sho enough *music* fo' her.' "

The little leader was on his feet with rolling eyes; his baton was waving already. "Oh, we done showed 'em! And Ah 'll show you-all how we showed 'em." Their faces transfigured and a-gleam, the whole grotesque little orchestra had barely been able to wait for the opportunity. And rarely has any such high, defiant cry of nationality been sent through wood and brass.

In a moment the circus camp had caught the words, and the next minute a good part of the crowd from the fence was sending back the second line:

" Old times dar am not forgotten!
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie-land!
In Dixie-Land whar I was born in
Early in— "

"Cripes! that 'd stop the sons o' guns!"

"Say, would n't it let 'em know, now?"

The up-welling shout of the song rolled back and forth, and came back again in echoes from the pine woods, as if the whole luckless blending of black and white had at last found voice together.

" Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie-Land I 'll take my stand
To lib an' die in Dixie! "

"Lawd! an' they would n't want any more 'n that!

"Yas, sah; yas, sah,"—the little bandsman was gasping in his ecstasy;—"an' jes when we 're near the endin' of it, in a-leapin' comes our Yankee consul. An' after that there was n't no mo' massa-creein', an' we had n't nothin' mo' to treble about at all."

The circus train had at last pulled out. "The Piccaninny Sousa" sat on the platform steps with "The Brothers Laflamme" and "The Marvelous Morellos." As they took the long curve into the red-earth hills, the town and all that inferno memory of the afternoon were gradually blotted out by the darkness.

"But what *Ah* cain't never understan'," said the little negro, heavily, "is why it don't never seem lak we had any kentry no mo' when we git back to it. But don't you-all reckon that *some* time,—it sho ain't likely that we-uns 'll ever see it, but *some* time,—when there 's a poor devil bein' hunted lak him down there to-day, dogs an' guns an' men a-foot an' men a-hossback, an' everybody jes *guessin'* that he 's guilty,—if he 's only got some ole tin whistle on him, an' kin make out to hold 'em off till he kin git his back again' a tree an' play 'Dixie,'—don't you-all reckon it 'll maybe come yit that they 'll ainyways give him his *law* chance?"

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by W. G. Watt

"THAT OLE TUNE . . . IT 'S SAYIN' TO 'EM: 'DON'T YOU DAST'"

Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE PORTAL OF CROW'S NEST

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AT HOME

BY EUGÉNIE PAUL JEFFERSON

THE Jefferson estate lay along the shore of the beautiful little body of water called Buttermilk Bay, at the beginning of Cape Cod, and upon it were built six Jefferson cottages. Partly hidden from view by the pines and fine oaks, which grew to the water's-edge, it was an ideal spot, and thither the different branches of the family of Joseph Jefferson returned year after year from their winter wanderings.

It was a large family,—twenty-six in all,—and it was Mr. Jefferson's wish that each branch should build a house near his own. For this purpose he gave to each of his five sons, his daughter, and his sister, Mrs. Cornelia Jackson,—"Auntie Con," as she was called,—a number of acres of shore property on the east side of the bay. This was done with the understanding that they should build their own houses and spend their summers near Mr. Jefferson's home, "Crow's Nest," or the "big house," as it was called by the family. There, during the summer months, we would frequently surprise him of an evening by appearing in a body, with our guests, all in costumes representing popular characters. Carl, his valet, being let into the secret, would manage to have Mr. Jefferson in the hall at a certain time, and then we would all troop in, Carl making the announcement of each character in his German dialect, which was amusing.

We were so alone in our colony on the shore of the little bay that it permitted us to take delightful liberties with the conventionalities. On one occasion the writer sent an informal invitation to the family to an afternoon porch party. Mr. Jefferson had just bought some beautiful Japanese robes, and each member of the family having been requested to dress in one of these, my guests appeared strolling through the woods like recent arrivals from the Orient. Mr. Jefferson remarked that it was a fortunate thing that no sightseers happened to be driving through the place just at that time, as they might have been somewhat surprised, if not startled. It was quite evident that the coachman and gardener were.

We had formed a weekly club among the members of the family. At the time of its organization in the early spring, before all the male members of the family had returned to the bay, there was one man among us. As he remarked, upon being elected president, "It was nearly a 'hen' club," so thereafter it was always called the "Nearly." Every Saturday night we would meet at a different house, the form of entertainment varying with the ingenuity or talent of the entertainer. Sometimes it would be a musical evening, sometimes games, of which we were very fond, and into which Mr. Jefferson would enter with as much enthusiasm as the young-

est member of the family; for all, old and young, were included in these evenings. At other times we would play cards. I remember one evening Mr. Jefferson brought Mr. Sol Smith Russell with him to one of these meetings. Mr. Russell apologized for not knowing much about cards; Mr. Jefferson assured his friend that he knew as much about them as he did (which was generally enough to carry off a prize). When all had found their partners, which was done through small duplicate bouquets of flowers, the owners of the matching ones being partners, and one hand having been played, Mr. Russell disconcerted his partner by asking, as he shuffled the cards, "Let me see,—this is the game with a joker, is n't it?"

And we were playing whist!

The most popular evening, and one which Mr. Jefferson enjoyed most, was that given to pantomime plays, in which the principal scene from a well-known play was given without a word being spoken. The audience would be allowed three guesses as to the name of the play, but, failing to name it in a certain time, was obliged to change places with the actors and give a scene in turn. Some of the "make-ups" and costumes for these plays were wonderful, as everything, scenery, properties, etc., had to be impromptu, and anything from a railroad train to a buffalo was necessarily improvised. It mattered little that the buffalo's hide was the bear-skin rug, the fairy's skirt

From a photograph, copyright, 1897, by Thomas E. Marr

THE JEFFERSON FAMILY AND FOUR FRIENDS ON THE PORCH AT CROW'S NEST

THE ROOM IN THE THOMAS JEFFERSON HOUSE IN WHICH WERE GIVEN THE PLAYS WITHOUT WORDS

a dainty lamp-shade, or the Persian costume a portion of drapery from the cozy corner. The cottage, rich in trophies from all parts of the country, knew no limit. "What am I? An Indian?" "Sure," and a chief's blanket and war bonnet would disappear from the hall fireplace.

"And I—a Japanese? Easy!" and down would come an embroidered Chinese wedding-gown which had ornamented the wall. No matter if the house did look as though a cyclone had swept through it when the guests departed; merry hearts and busy hands, with hammer and nail, soon put things to rights again.

On one of these occasions the elder Mrs. John Drew and her granddaughter, Ethel Barrymore, were among the guests, and Mr. Jefferson had selected a scene from a play in which he impersonated a little child in a Dutch cap, made from a tea-table cover. There seemed to be trouble in the family in this play, and somebody was turned out of doors, at which the Dutch cap seemed to feel very badly, and one character, in a dress much too short even for *Gretchen,* wept and threw herself upon the floor. The electric lights were flashed on and off for lightning; the fire-irons were rattled loudly on the hearth for thunder, and then the portières were drawn.

The audience were asked to guess the play. Needless to say it did not take three guesses for them to do so, even though they were not familiar with Joseph Jefferson in the character of little *Meenie* Van Winkle.

Mrs. Drew did not take any part in the program save to plot against us in the selections of the scenes to be acted, she, like Mr. Jefferson, being able to go back so far in memory that we of this generation, not being familiar with the plays of the last, were kept busy guessing.

Mrs. Drew did not awe us a particle that evening, for she, who was always so stately, so dignified that she was called by all who knew her (even by the employees in her theater in Philadelphia), "the Duchess," unbent upon this occasion and thoroughly enjoyed the fun.

From a photograph by Thomas E. Marr

THE DINING-ROOM AT CROW'S NEST

On the Fourth of July there was always an elaborate celebration held at one of the boat-houses on the estate, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and their friends being among the guests. There would be fireworks, a band of music, dancing, and a supper on the porch. On one of these occasions, a large "set" piece of fireworks, the portrait of Mr. Grover Cleveland, failing to go off as it should, two of the men who were managing the display climbed upon the framework to give the thing a start; but just as they did so, the head decided to "go off" of its own accord, the preliminaries being a volley of firecrackers exploding and shooting in all directions. The two men dropped to the ground and fled for their lives, amid shouts of laughter. The wife of the President afterward remarked that intelligence always told in the end.

Mr. Jefferson's love of home and family was very great; he loved the retirement from public life those summer months afforded him. I remember his speaking of his embarrassment when the medical students in Baltimore, one night after a performance, as the carriage stood waiting for him at the stage-door of the theater, unharnessed the horses, took their places, and with cheers and laughter drew him to his hotel. As Mr. Jefferson stepped out of the open carriage, his arms full of flowers, he said to the students: "Thank you, gentlemen. And believe me when I say it—I have never before felt so like a prima donna."

Another embarrassing occasion was at a large Christmas dinner given to him and Mrs. Jefferson, at the end of which the doors leading into the drawing-room were thrown open, and there in the center of the room stood a large Christmas tree brilliantly illuminated and hung with gifts varying from the beautiful to the ridiculous—and every one of them labeled "For Joseph Jefferson."

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. See "Open Letters"

SPRING WOODS: ROE'S POND, HIGHLAND FALLS. FROM THE PAINTING BY M. EVERGOOD BLASHKI

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

BY JAMES W. LEE

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS was born December 8, 1848, at Eatonton, Putnam County, Georgia, and it was at the village school that he received all the regular educational advantages he ever enjoyed. His mother's home was across the street from that of Mr. M. R. Evans, whose daughter, Augusta Jane, thirteen years older than Joel, was afterward known as Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, and was the author of "Inez," "Beulah," "St. Elmo," and other works of fiction. Young Harris had a thirst for knowledge, and before he was six he was able to read. The first story by which his imagination was stimulated was the "Vicar of Wakefield," read to him by his mother. This opened a new world to him, and enabled him to see that he could travel without leaving home.

At the beginning of 1862, Mr. J. A. Turner, a man of education and literary ambition, began the publication of a weekly paper, called "The Countryman," on his plantation in Putnam County, nine miles from Eatonton, and on March 4th of that year he inserted in his paper an advertisement for an active, intelligent white boy, fourteen or fifteen years of age, to learn the printing business. Harris, then about thirteen, read this advertisement, made his way to the plantation, applied for the position, and was accepted.

"The Countryman" was not a newspaper, but a diminutive literary periodical of the "Spectator" model, filled with essays, poems, sketches, agricultural articles, and miscellany. It was perhaps the only weekly that was ever issued from the heart of the woods, and that started upon its career with only one subscriber. It was upon the Turner plantation that William H. Seward taught school when he was a young man.

"The Countryman" being a small paper, it required only a few hours each day to set the type for it, and Harris was urged by the editor to spend his unoccupied time in the library, in which were the great works of the authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and many by writers of the first half of the nineteenth century. In addition to the remarkable influences which must have played upon the life of the young printer from the character of Mr. Turner and from the books in his library, it is well to take note also of the remarkable woman who was Mr. Turner's wife. She was as well acquainted with all the wild flowers of the surrounding region as her husband was with the birds. She had a large garden specially arranged for the growth of wild flowers, and in it every specimen accustomed to flourish in that climate was planted. There was nothing like it elsewhere in the whole South. Turner's influence upon Harris was formative, well-nigh determinative. Had there been no Turner plantation, there would have been no man known round the world as Joel Chandler Harris, and there would have been no real "Uncle Remus."

Young Harris's mother, being poor, was unable to send him to college. It was necessary that he earn the means of subsistence both for himself and her. Had he entered a store as errand boy or clerk, his time and attention would have been used up in the details of his work, and his associations would have been entirely different. But loving to read from the time he was six years old, and turned loose in a library of old books, in the deep solitude of the woods, far from any settlement, the boy developed intellectually along unusual lines. One can understand how it came about that he was never quite a citizen of his own time.

From a photograph taken about 1900 by Wesley Hirshburg, Atlanta. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AND JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Shut in with nature, with a genial lover of books, and with the old-time negroes, he lived in the family of the editor of "The Countryman," and shared in the love which members of the household cherished for one another. No boy, by his own consent, was ever enisled in a sweeter, friendlier patch of the globe. The few hours' work he performed each day in setting type was more entertaining than laborious, for, under an assumed name, he soon began to send to the editor short sketches and poems, which were accepted and pronounced good. This encouraged the young printer to acknowledge their authorship, after which he was urged to write regularly for the paper. His first published verse was the following, dated September 27, 1864, and was written at fifteen:

NELLY WHITE

(Written for "The Countryman")

BY JOEL C. HARRIS

THE autumn moon rose calm and clear,
And nearly banished night,
While I with trembling footsteps went
To part with Nelly White.

I thought to leave her but awhile,
And, in the golden west,
To seek the fortune that should make
My darling Nelly blest.

For I was of the humble poor,
Who knew that love, though bold,
And strong, and firm, within itself,
Was stronger bound in gold.

And when I knelt at Mammon's shrine,
An angel ever spake
Approvingly—since what I did,
I did for Nelly's sake.

Again I neared the sacred spot,
Where she and I last met,
With merry laugh, does Nelly come
To meet her lover yet?

AGAIN the moon rose in the sky,
And gave a fitful light,
Which shone with dreary gleam upon
The grave of Nelly White.

In this retreat, Harris fell under the two potent influences revealed in his writing—nature and the negro.

Squirrels played hide-and-seek in the trees before the window where he set type. Mocking-birds serenaded him daily with music that ran the entire scale of the ornithological orchestra. Katydids and July flies sang him to sleep in the summer evenings. Along with the breaking light of each new morning, his ears were greeted with melody from a thousand feathered throats, twittering and trilling and screaming in the grove about the old-time mansion where he slept.

Aged negroes, who were not required to do regular field work, remained throughout the working hours in the neighborhood of the big house, and spent the time talking and doing odd jobs. Harris was recognized as a member of the household, and being the foreman of the plantation printing-office, he was treated by the negroes with as much deference as if he had been a full-fledged aristocrat himself. Naturally it became his custom to talk with the old negroes and to listen to their wonderful and picturesque tales. Their favorite hour for story-telling was in the evening, by the blaze of the log fire. In the midst of inclosing darkness, held back from a small circle of space by a central light, they found their tongues more ready to give utterance to their curious lore. Harris was deeply interested in their quaint humor, their homely wisdom, their deep affection for their white folks. He learned their methods of thought, and forms of expression, and through insight and sympathy was able to think his way into their inner lives. He accustomed himself to see the stars as they saw them, to think of the sun and the moon as they thought of them. At this time, the negro was his human text-book, which he studied and mastered. He was able to think and talk and pray and worship on the negro's mental and religious level. He could look through the negro's eyes at fields and horses, at rabbits and foxes, at white folks and black folks, and see just what he saw, and feel the emotions awakened in his heart by what he saw. He knew how to look wise in the negro's dignity, to appear ominous in his resentment, to bow in his reverence, to smile in his humor, and to dance in his merriment. He could sit down and feel at home in the negro's world, he could sing in his devotion, he could inquire after the health of

his neighbor in his language. No other white man was ever able so completely to enter into the domain of the black man's life. He could drive a yoke of oxen and say to either the willing or the lazy steer precisely what the negro, under the same circumstances, would say. He could assume the various characters of any number of negroes, whether met to talk over some remarkable piece of news, or to engage in an hour of general jowering over some matter of dispute, and adopt the very words and tones of voice which the actual persons would use in the same situation.

Through this touch with African life, and with nature, he discovered himself. Among his favorite authors were Sir Thomas Browne, Addison, and Steele, Bishop Butler, Christopher North, Charles Lamb, and other English authors; and translations of Homer, Plato, Vergil, and Cicero, together with Dante. These, with Shakspere and the Bible, were the books that nourished him. The mental food upon which he lived in these years when he was filling out the dimensions of his spiritual manhood came, therefore, from ages of thought prior to the one in which he lived.

To the editor of "The Countryman" and his assistant even the war between the States seemed to be something very far away. But the time came when the realization of what the gigantic struggle between brothers of the same blood and the same country meant, could no longer be postponed. In November, 1864, the city of Atlanta was burned, after which General Sherman and his invading army began their memorable march to the sea. Putnam County was in the direct course of the march. The planters of the county, upon receiving the news of the army's approach, packed their wagons with whatever articles of value they could carry, and, accompanied by their slaves and horses, fled. Mr. Turner determined not to leave his premises. One day the solitude of the place was broken by a larger number of people than had ever managed to find entertainment on the plantation before. General Slocum's corps covered all the region round the big house, and it required the services of all the various members of the family to extend the courtesies of the establishment. While the invaders treated Mr. Turner and the others of his household with complete military respect, they did not depart from their general lines of procedure, which consisted in helping themselves to whatever they wanted. This doubtless was necessary under the circumstances, for the members of one household were totally inadequate to the task of serving the hunger and various tastes of so multitudinous a company. General Slocum and his soldiers were so much pleased with the well-kept appearance and excellent location of the plantation that they concluded to become guests of the family for three or four days. After the invasion had rolled on to the sea, Georgia was in a chaotic condition, and in the course of a few months the war was at an end.

It now occurred to Harris that he was old enough to seek a wider field, and he sought and found employment on the press, successively, in Macon, New Orleans, Forsyth, and Savannah. But when he left the Turner plantation he took away from it in his single soul more than Slocum's entire army had been able to carry away in all their wagons and knapsacks. He was accompanied by all the negroes and rabbits and foxes and birds on the plantation. Trees, grass, days he had walked in, nights he had slept through, the house in which he had been sheltered, the printing press by which he had been trained, the kind old gentleman from whom he had learned wisdom, the members of the household in whose love he had shared, the books through which he had been able to look into the great wide world of past ages—all these were nevermore to be external facts to him. They were now his forever, because housed in his spirit. In reality Harris never left the Turner plantation, any more than Saint Francis ever left Assisi, or than John Henry Newman ever left Oxford.

In 1868, he was engaged by W. T. Thompson, author of "Major Jones's Courtship" and other humorous books, to do editorial work on the Savannah "News," of which his employer was editor and proprietor. There, in 1869 and in 1870, he had for his office boy Frank L. Stanton, who has written a half yard of poetry and humorous philosophy for the Atlanta "Constitution" every day for the

last twenty-five years. It was the work of Harris to read the exchanges and to write paragraphs and comments based on the news. Here he began to study the modern world as he saw it reflected in the daily press. But he considered and wrote his impressions of the activities of his time from the rich experience he had made his own through commerce with the life and thought of other times. He brought to the tremendous movements of the present a mind already furnished and cultivated and established by the wisdom of the past. His balance, tranquillity, and humor soon attracted the attention of writers for the press all over Georgia. His paragraphs were inimitable. It was soon recognized as perilous to draw his fire in the by-play of witticisms which it is the custom of country editors to exchange. He had written a genial but somewhat humorous sentence concerning an article by the editor of a paper in Macon, and the editor retorted by saying: "Joe Harris has been indulging in a little cheap wit at our expense." Copying the paragraph, Harris replied, "Of course it was cheap, if at his expense."

Harris was winning fame and making remarkable progress when the yellow fever scourge struck Savannah in 1876, and almost decimated the population. This dreadful visitation was the cause of his removal to Atlanta, where he became a member of the editorial staff of the "Constitution," in which position he remained for twenty-five years. It was in Atlanta that his real literary career had its beginning. Shortly after his connection with the "Constitution," Mr. Sam W. Small, who had been writing dialect sketches for the paper under the name of "Old Si," resigned, and as the articles had been very popular, the new editor was requested to try his hand at something in that line. He felt doubtful, but thus almost by accident, being called upon to look within himself for material, he found packed securely away inexhaustible memories of the old negroes and rabbits and foxes of the Turner plantation. He was asked to model his stories after the "Old Si" sketches, but he determined to give Uncle Remus a chance, and to report the stories the old man had related to him when he was a boy. It was not long before the "Uncle Remus" sketches attracted attention everywhere, and were widely copied, so that Harris kept working this rich vein. From 1880 to 1897 he wrote the following books, which are given in the order of their publication:

"Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings"; "Nights with Uncle Remus"; "Mingo and Other Sketches in Black and White"; "Free Joe and Other Georgia Sketches"; "Uncle Remus and His Friends"; "On the Plantation"; "Little Mr. Thimblefinger"; "Mr. Rabbit at Home"; "Sister Jane"; "Daddy Jake, the Runaway"; "Baalam and His Master"; "The Story of Aaron, So Named, the Son of Ben Ali"; "Stories of Georgia"; "Aaron in the Wild Woods"; "Tales of the Home-Folks"; "Georgia from the Invasion of De Soto to Recent Times"; "Evening Tales"; "Stories of Home-Folks"; "Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann"; "On the Wings of Occasion"; "The Making of a Statesman"; "Gabriel Toliver"; "Wally Wanderoon"; "A Little Union Scout"; "The Tar Baby and Other Rhymes of Uncle Remus"; "Told by Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit."

This is a striking list of books, enough seemingly to represent the entire output of one mind for a lifetime, but these were only the by-products of Mr. Harris's genius. His real work was that of a journalist. Meanwhile, being closely confined to his editorial desk, he wrote so much and upon such a variety of topics that he hardly had time to criticize and form an estimate of his own stories, and when he saw favorable reviews of them in all the papers, and no adverse criticism anywhere, he was the most astonished man in the world. The success of the English editions amazed him, and the high praise received from the great London reviews was something he could not understand. And yet success did not disturb the equanimity of his every-day life.

He liked simple, human, natural people, but he resented the approaches of those who sought his company because of any fame he had achieved through his writings. He seemed never to have lost sight of the fact that he was only an ordinary, everyday sort of human being. A gentleman, of a religious turn of mind, moved into his neighborhood from a distant city. He had heard much of Mr.

Harris, and was accustomed to take a seat by his side on the horse-car, and at once open conversation with him on some questions he considered important. Harris was very polite and considerate, but he watched for an opportunity to deliver himself from the daily companionship of this newly found admirer. The gentleman boarded the horse-car one day with a number of bundles, one of which consisted of a sack of grits. Seeing Mr. Harris in a corner, sitting by himself on a seat running the long way of the car, he sat down by his side and began to talk. The jostling of the car, or something else, caused a small break in the bottom of the paper sack containing the grits which the gentleman was holding on his knee. Gradually a white pyramid of hominy began to pile up between the man's feet. This growing heap Mr. Harris watched with such concentration of attention that finally the gentleman inquired, "What are you looking at?" "I am looking at the beautiful pyramid of grits grow there before me on the floor."

"Why did n't you tell me?" said the man.

"I thought you were letting the grits make a small mound on the floor for my entertainment," responded Mr. Harris.

"Preposterous! preposterous!" exclaimed the neighbor.

After that Mr. Harris was never molested with the man's company.

A Northern woman, on her way to Florida spent a day in Atlanta. She made her way to the Constitution Building, and rushed into Mr. Harris's small room, where he was accustomed to do his editorial work. "Is this Mr. Harris?" said she.

"It is," responded Mr. Harris.

"Is this Uncle Remus?"

"I am sometimes called by that name," said Mr. Harris. "Will you please be seated," said the editor.

"I will sit down awhile," responded the lady; and then she added: "I cannot stay long."

"That is bad," returned Mr. Harris.

"But before I go you must tell me a story," inquisitively remarked the lady.

In answer to this Mr. Harris replied: "The only respect in which I resemble George Washington is, I can never tell a story."

No man ever maintained his life at a higher level of perpetual good humor. The day before he died, when he was already beginning to pass into the dark valley of death, one of his sons came into the room and inquired: "How are you this morning, Father?"

"Well," responded Mr. Harris, "I am about the extent of a tenth of a gnat's eyebrow better."

It is not within the scope of this sketch to discuss in a critical way the merits of Mr. Harris's books, which have become the common property of the English-speaking peoples. The verdict of the critics has been pronounced, and it coincides with the verdict of the reading public. As for the author, he was so retiring and unpretentious that he was known by few outside his intimate and daily associates. Every one loved him, but as a living proposition he was too subtle and too much outside the general run of mortals for ordinary solution. On the street-car even he always sought a back seat. He walked on the side of the road where the trees were, and sought in their deep shade to keep himself from the public view. Not that he was indifferent to people, for no heart ever sympathized more with human joy and suffering; but he knew himself, and was perfectly aware that he could find himself and be himself more completely hemmed in by the same environing conditions in the midst of which he had grown into the discovery and the realization of himself on the Turner plantation.

With the monthly surprises he found coming to him in the shape of substantial returns from the sale of his books, he determined to reproduce in a small way the old plantation upon which he had learned to love and think and be. Out in West End, a beautiful suburb of Atlanta, he purchased eight or ten acres of ground. There, some distance from the road, he built him a house. The cottage he erected, and the trees and vines he planted about it, were only the objective expressions of his interior life. He would have no curious evergreens, educated by landscape gardeners into fashionable order. He wanted no park-like walks, set on each side with perfectly trimmed shrubbery. This, in his thought, the birds would resent. The very arrangement, or, rather, want of arrangement, in accordance with

which his place was turned into a scene of "deep, tangled wildwood," invited at once all the feathered peoples and the timid little animal folk to take up their abode on his premises. He lived long enough to see the street in front of his house almost completely hidden from view. A stranger, having the home of Uncle Remus pointed out to him as he was passing, asked, as he looked upon a great matted, rank fold of vines, making a high, green barricade parallel with the road, why the man did not put his diminutive plantation into some order. "Order!" was the response, "You could not give him money enough to induce him to change a single bit of green disorder around his home. It is the sort of thing he glories in." From the green bower of disorder without and perfect order within, he sent forth his dialect and other stories to the world. His editorials in the "Constitution" were not signed, but those who knew him well could easily pick them out. No one could read them without getting his point of view, expressed in the simplest English. Besides his clear-cut opinion, too, on the matter in hand, his editorials were encompassed by a subtle atmosphere, which gave to them intimations of the large, genial, beautiful world in which their author lived. One arose from reading them with a sense of satisfaction and hope.

Even theological and biblical questions, which were from time to time editorially considered by him, were looked at from the conservative standpoint of religious thinkers. He did not look with favor upon tangential theological movements. He had no patience with what is known as higher criticism. He was for buttressing principles that had been tested in the experience of the race.

About the time Canon Farrar was speaking and writing on "The Eternal Hope," the newspapers were devoting much space to his views. The average opinion of the press seemed to be that perhaps too much emphasis had been placed upon the heat of hell. Mr. Harris wrote an editorial dealing with Canon Farrar's opinions, and the comments of the papers upon them, on the subject "Let Hell Alone." In his estimation, hell was an institution established as a police regulation and had served to deter many from wrong-doing who were not sufficiently sensitive and refined to appreciate a hell of mere remorse destined to pass away at some period in eternity. His idea was that, under the present conditions of moral development, it was better for the religious leaders to let hell burn on. Jails and penitentiaries were necessary as temporal modes of dealing with lawlessness, and he did not see how lawlessness that was on higher levels than could be reached by temporal jails and penitentiaries could be arrested, if hell were destroyed. He believed, however, that the real method of dealing with lawlessness was for parents to discipline and train their children to complete obedience to law in the home.

In 1887, Atlanta was in the midst of a most exciting prohibition campaign. Being met on the street one day, he remarked that about the only way to secure prohibition in a city was for "each man to organize a prohibition society in his own gizzard." When asked why he did not go on the lecture platform and read his stories, he replied that he could not do it if he were offered one hundred thousand dollars an evening—that in the presence of an audience his tongue refused to act. He was invited, in company with Henry W. Grady, to a public gathering in Eatonton, his boyhood home. Mr. Grady made an address, and after he concluded, the people called for Mr. Harris. It seemed that for once he would be forced to say a few words. He knew that it was impossible, but he could not afford to sit still like a statue while his old neighbors were calling upon him; so he rose and said: "I have never been able to make a speech without taking a drink of water, so you must wait until I can get a little water." With that statement he left the platform, but did not return, as the whole company knew he would not. They laughed and cheered him as he walked down the aisle, thinking that he had escaped from a difficult situation in a characteristic way.

THE SEED OF McCOY

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Sea Wolf," "The Call of the Wild," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY W. J. AYLWARD

THE *Pyrenees,* her iron sides pressed low in the water by her cargo of wheat, rolled sluggishly, and made it easy for the man who was climbing aboard from out a tiny outrigger canoe. As his eyes came level with the rail, so that he could see inboard, it seemed to him that he saw a dim, almost indiscernible haze. It was more like an illusion, like a blurring film that had spread abruptly over his eyes. He felt an inclination to brush it away, and the same instant he thought that he was growing old and that it was time to send to San Francisco for a pair of spectacles.

As he came over the rail he cast a glance aloft at the tall masts, and, next, at the pumps. They were not working. There seemed nothing the matter with the big ship, and he wondered why she had hoisted the signal of distress. He thought of his happy islanders, and hoped it was not disease. Perhaps the ship was short of water or provisions. He shook hands with the captain, whose gaunt face and care-worn eyes made no secret of the trouble, whatever it was. At the same moment the new-comer was aware of a faint, indefinable smell. It seemed like that of burnt bread, but different.

He glanced curiously about him. Twenty feet away a weary-faced sailor was calking the deck. As his eye lingered on the man, he saw suddenly arise from under his hands a faint spiral of haze that curled and twisted and was gone. By now he had reached the deck. His bare feet were pervaded by a dull warmth that quickly penetrated the thick callouses. He knew now the nature of the ship's distress. His eyes roved swiftly forward, where the full crew of weary-faced sailors regarded him eagerly. The glance from his liquid brown eyes swept over them like a benediction, soothing them, wrapping them about as in the mantle of a great peace.

"How long has she been afire, Captain?" he asked in a voice so gentle and unperturbed that it was as the cooing of a dove.

At first the captain felt the peace and content of it stealing in upon him; then the consciousness of all that he had gone through and was going through smote him, and he was resentful. By what right did this ragged beach-comber, in dungaree trousers and a cotton shirt, suggest such a thing as peace and content to him and his overwrought, exhausted soul? The captain did not reason this; it was the unconscious process of emotion that caused his resentment.

"Fifteen days," he answered shortly. "Who are you?"

"My name is McCoy," came the answer in tones that breathed tenderness and compassion.

"I mean, are you the pilot?"

McCoy passed the benediction of his gaze over the tall, heavy-shouldered man with the haggard, unshaven face who had joined the captain.

"I am as much a pilot as anybody," was McCoy's answer. "We are all pilots here, Captain, and I know every inch of these waters."

But the captain was impatient.

"What I want is some of the authorities. I want to talk with them, and blame quick."

"Then I 'll do just as well."

Again that insidious suggestion of peace, and his ship a raging furnace beneath his feet! The captain's eyebrows

lifted impatiently and nervously, and his fist clenched as if he were about to strike a blow with it.

"Who in —— are you?" he demanded.

"I am the chief magistrate," was the reply in a voice that was still the softest and gentlest imaginable.

The tall, heavy-shouldered man broke out in a harsh laugh that was partly amusement, but mostly hysterical. Both he and the captain regarded McCoy with incredulity and amazement. That this barefooted beach-comber should possess such high-sounding dignity was inconceivable. His cotton shirt, unbuttoned, exposed a grizzled chest and the fact that there was no undershirt beneath. A worn straw hat failed to hide the ragged gray hair. Half-way down his chest descended an untrimmed, patriarchial beard. In any slop-shop, two shillings would have outfitted him complete as he stood before them.

"Any relation to the McCoy of the *Bounty?*" the captain asked.

"He was my great-grandfather."

"Oh," the captain said, then bethought himself. "My name is Davenport, and this is my first mate, Mr. Konig."

They shook hands.

"And now to business." The captain spoke quickly, the urgency of a great haste pressing his speech. "We 've been on fire for over two weeks. She 's ready to break all hell loose any moment. That 's why I held for Pitcairn. I want to beach her, or scuttle her, and save the hull."

"Then you made a mistake, Captain," said McCoy. "You should have slacked away for Mangareva. There 's a beautiful beach there, in a lagoon where the water is like a mill-pond."

"But we 're here, ain't we?" the first mate demanded. "That 's the point. We 're here, and we 've got to do something."

McCoy shook his head kindly.

"You can do nothing here. There is no beach. There is n't even anchorage."

"Gammon!" said the mate. "Gammon!" he repeated loudly, as the captain signaled him to be more soft-spoken. "You can't tell me that sort of stuff. Where d 'ye keep your own boats, hey—your schooner, or cutter, or whatever you have? Hey? Answer me that."

McCoy smiled as gently as he spoke. His smile was a caress, an embrace that surrounded the tired mate and sought to draw him in to the quietude and rest of McCoy's tranquil soul.

"We have no schooner or cutter," he replied. "And we carry our canoes to the top of the cliff."

"You 've got to show me," snorted the mate. "How d 'ye get around to the other islands, heh? Tell me that."

"We don't get around. As governor of Pitcairn, I sometimes go. When I was younger, I was away a great deal—sometimes on the trading schooners, but mostly on the missionary brig. But she 's gone now, and we depend on passing vessels. Sometimes we have had as high as six call in one year. At other times, a year, and even longer, has gone by without one passing ship. Yours is the first in seven months."

"And you mean to tell me—" the mate began.

But Captain Davenport interfered.

"Enough of this. We 're losing time. What is to be done, Mr. McCoy?"

The old man turned his brown eyes, sweet as a woman's, shoreward, and both captain and mate followed his gaze around from the lonely rock of Pitcairn to the crew clustering forward and waiting anxiously for the announcement of a decision. McCoy did not hurry. He thought smoothly and slowly, step by step, with the certitude of a mind that was never vexed or outraged by life.

"The wind is light now," he said finally. "There is a heavy current setting to the westward."

"That 's what made us fetch to leeward," the captain interrupted, desiring to vindicate his seamanship.

"Yes, that is what fetched you to leeward," McCoy went on. "Well, you can't work up against this current to-day. And if you did, there is no beach. Your ship will be a total loss."

He paused, and captain and mate looked despair at each other.

"But I will tell you what you can do. The breeze will freshen to-night around midnight—see those tails of clouds and that thickness to windward, beyond the point there? That 's where she 'll come from, out of the southeast, hard. It is three hundred miles to Mangareva.

Square away for it. There is a beautiful bed for your ship there."

The mate shook his head.

"Come in to the cabin, and we 'll look at the chart," said the captain.

McCoy found a stifling, poisonous atmosphere in the pent cabin. Stray waftures of invisible gases bit his eyes and made them sting. The deck was hotter, almost unbearably hot to his bare feet. The sweat poured out of his body. He looked almost with apprehension about him. This malignant, internal heat was astounding. It was a marvel that the cabin did not burst into flames. He had a feeling as if of being in a huge bake-oven where the heat might at any moment increase tremendously and shrivel him up like a blade of grass.

As he lifted one foot and rubbed the hot sole against the leg of his trousers, the mate laughed in a savage, snarling fashion.

"The anteroom of hell," he said. "Hell herself is right down there under your feet. It 's hot!" he cried involuntarily, mopping his face with a bandana handkerchief.

"Here 's Mangareva," the captain said, bending over the table and pointing to a black speck in the midst of the white blankness of the chart. "And here, in between, is another island. Why not run for that?"

McCoy did not look at the chart.

"That 's Crescent Island," he answered. "It is uninhabited, and it is only two or three feet above water. Lagoon, but no entrance. No, Mangareva is the nearest place for your purpose."

"Mangareva it is, then," said Captain Davenport, interrupting the mate's growling objection. "Call the crew aft, Mr. Konig."

The sailors obeyed, shuffling wearily along the deck and painfully endeavoring to make haste. Exhaustion was evident in every movement. The cook came out of his galley to hear, and the cabin-boy hung about near him.

When Captain Davenport had explained the situation and announced his intention of running for Mangareva, an uproar broke out. Against a background of throaty rumbling arose inarticulate cries of rage, with here and there a distinct curse, or word, or phrase. A shrill Cockney voice soared and dominated for a moment, crying: "Lawd! After bein' in 'ell for fifteen days—an' now 'e wants us to sail this floatin' 'ell to sea again!"

The captain could not control them, but McCoy's gentle presence seemed to rebuke and calm them, and the muttering and cursing died away, until the full crew, save here and there an anxious face directed at the captain, yearned dumbly toward the green-clad peaks and beetling coast of Pitcairn.

Soft as a spring zephyr was the voice of McCoy:

"Captain, I thought I heard some of them say they were starving."

"Ay," was the answer, "and so we are. I 've had a sea-biscuit and a spoonful of salmon in the last two days. We 're on whack. You see, when we discovered the fire, we battened down immediately to suffocate the fire. And then we found how little food there was in the pantry. But it was too late. We did n't dare break out the lazarette. Hungry? I 'm just as hungry as they are."

He spoke to the men again, and again the throat-rumbling and cursing arose, their faces convulsed and animal-like with rage. The second and third mates had joined the captain, standing behind him at the break of the poop. Their faces were set and expressionless; they seemed bored, more than anything else, by this mutiny of the crew. Captain Davenport glanced questioningly at his first mate, and that person merely shrugged his shoulders in token of his helplessness.

"You see," the captain said to McCoy, "you can't compel sailors to leave the safe land and go to sea on a burning vessel. She has been their floating coffin for over two weeks now. They are worked out, and starved out, and they 've got enough of her. We 'll beat up for Pitcairn."

But the wind was light, the *Pyrenees'* bottom was foul, and she could not beat up against the strong westerly current. At the end of two hours she had lost three miles. The sailors worked eagerly, as if by main strength they could compel the *Pyrenees* against the adverse elements. But steadily, port tack and starboard tack, she sagged off to the westward. The captain paced restlessly up and down, pausing occasionally to survey the vagrant smoke-

Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"WHEN CAPTAIN DAVENPORT HAD EXPLAINED THE SITUATION . . . AN UPROAR AROSE"

wisps and to trace them back to the portions of the deck from which they sprang. The carpenter was engaged constantly in attempting to locate such places, and, when he succeeded, in calking them tighter and tighter.

"Well, what do you think?" the captain finally asked McCoy, who was watching the carpenter with all a child's interest and curiosity in his eyes.

McCoy looked shoreward, where the land was disappearing in the thickening haze.

"I think it would be better to square away for Mangareva. With that breeze that is coming, you 'll be there to-morrow evening."

"But what if the fire breaks out? It is liable to do it any moment."

"Have your boats ready in the falls. The same breeze will carry your boats to Mangareva if the ship burns out from under."

Captain Davenport debated for a moment, and then McCoy heard the question he had not wanted to hear, but which he knew was surely coming.

"I have no chart of Mangareva. On the general chart it is only a fly-speck. I would not know where to look for the entrance into the lagoon. Will you come along and pilot her in for me?"

McCoy's serenity was unbroken.

"Yes, Captain," he said, with the same quiet unconcern with which he would have accepted an invitation to dinner; "I 'll go with you to Mangareva."

Again the crew was called aft, and the captain spoke to them from the break of the poop.

"We 've tried to work her up, but you see how we 've lost ground. She 's setting off in a two-knot current. This gentleman is the Honorable McCoy, Chief Magistrate and Governor of Pitcairn Island. He will come along with us to Mangareva. So you see the situation is not so dangerous. He would not make such an offer if he thought he was going to lose his life. Besides, whatever risk there is, if he will of his own free will come on board and take it, we can do no less. What do you say for Mangareva?"

This time there was no uproar. McCoy's presence, the surety and calm that seemed to radiate from him, had had its effect. They conferred with one another in low voices. There was little urging. They were virtually unanimous, and they shoved the Cockney out as their spokesman. That worthy was overwhelmed with consciousness of the heroism of himself and his mates, and with flashing eyes he cried:

"By the Lawd! if 'e will, we will!"

The crew mumbled its assent and started forward.

"One moment, Captain," McCoy said, as the other was turning to give orders to the mate. "I must go ashore first."

Mr. Konig was thunderstruck, staring at McCoy as if he were a madman.

"Go ashore!" the captain cried. "What for? It will take you three hours to get there in your canoe."

McCoy measured the distance of the land away, and nodded.

"Yes, it is six now. I won't get ashore till nine. The people cannot be assembled earlier than ten. As the breeze freshens up to-night, you can begin to work up against it, and pick me up at daylight to-morrow morning."

"In the name of reason and common sense," the captain burst forth, "what do you want to assemble the people for? Don't you realize that my ship is burning beneath me?"

McCoy was as placid as a summer sea, and the other's anger produced not the slightest ripple upon it.

"Yes, Captain," he cooed in his dove-like voice, "I do realize that your ship is burning. That is why I am going with you to Mangareva. But I must get permission to go with you. It is our custom. It is an important matter when the governor leaves the island. The people's interests are at stake, and so they have the right to vote their permission or refusal. But they will give it, I know that."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Then if you know they will give it, why bother with getting it? Think of the delay—a whole night."

"It is our custom," was the imperturbable reply. "Also, I am the governor, and I must make arrangements for the conduct of the island during my absence."

"But it is only a twenty-four-hour run to Mangareva," the captain objected. "Suppose it took you six times that long

to return to windward; that would bring you back by the end of a week."

McCoy smiled his large, benevolent smile.

"Very few vessels come to Pitcairn, and when they do, they are usually from San Francisco or from around the Horn. I shall be fortunate if I get back in six months. I may be away a year, and I may have to go to San Francisco in order to find a vessel that will bring me back. My father once left Pitcairn to be gone three months, and two years passed before he could get back. Then, too, you are short of food. If you have to take to the boats, and the weather comes up bad, you may be days in reaching land. I can bring off two canoe-loads of food in the morning. Dried bananas will be best. As the breeze freshens, you beat up against it. The nearer you are, the bigger loads I can bring off. Good-by."

He held out his hand. The captain shook it, and was reluctant to let go. He seemed to cling to it as a drowning sailor clings to a life-buoy.

"How do I know you will come back in the morning?" he asked.

"Yes, that 's it!" cried the mate. "How do we know but what he 's skinning out to save his own hide?"

McCoy did not speak. He looked at them sweetly and benignantly, and it seemed to them that they received a message from his tremendous certitude of soul.

The captain released his hand, and, with a last sweeping glance that embraced the crew in its benediction, McCoy went over the rail and descended into his canoe.

The wind freshened, and the *Pyrenees,* despite the foulness of her bottom, won half a dozen miles away from the westerly current. At daylight, with Pitcairn three miles to windward, Captain Davenport made out two canoes coming off to him. Again McCoy clambered up the side and dropped over the rail to the hot deck. He was followed by many packages of dried bananas, each package wrapped in dry leaves.

"Now, Captain," he said, "swing the yards and drive for dear life. You see, I am no navigator," he explained a few minutes later, as he stood by the captain aft, the latter with gaze wandering from aloft to overside as he estimated the *Pyrenees'* speed. "You must fetch her to Mangareva. When you have picked up the land, then I will pilot her in. What do you think she is making?"

"Eleven," Captain Davenport answered, with a final glance at the water rushing past.

"Eleven. Let me see, if she keeps up that gait, we 'll sight Mangareva between eight and nine o'clock to-morrow morning. I 'll have her on the beach by ten, or by eleven at latest. And then your troubles will be all over."

It almost seemed to the captain that the blissful moment had already arrived, such was the persuasive convincingness of McCoy. Captain Davenport had been under the fearful strain of navigating his burning ship for over two weeks, and he was beginning to feel that he had had enough.

A heavier flaw of wind struck the back of his neck and whistled by his ears. He measured the weight of it, and looked quickly overside.

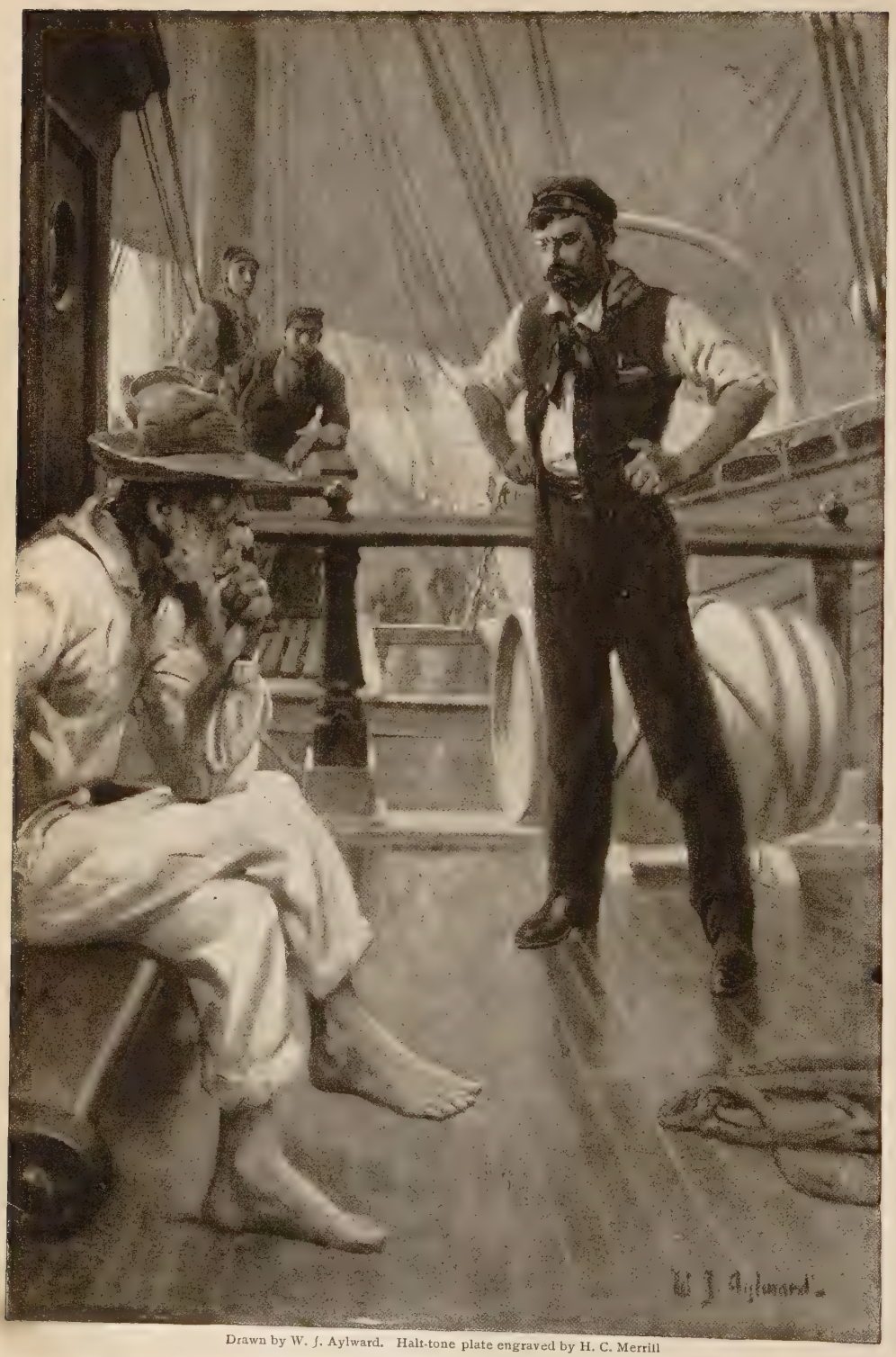
"The wind is making all the time," he announced. "The old girl 's doing nearer twelve than eleven right now. If this keeps up, we 'll be shortening down to-night."

All day the *Pyrenees,* carrying her load of living fire, tore across the foaming sea. By nightfall, royals and topgallantsails were in, and she flew on into the darkness with great, crested seas roaring after her. The auspicious wind had had its effect, and fore and aft a visible brightening was apparent. In the second dog-watch some careless soul started a song, and by eight bells the whole crew was singing.

Captain Davenport had his blankets brought up and spread on top the house.

"I 've forgotten what sleep is," he explained to McCoy. "I 'm all in. But give me a call at any time you think necessary."

At three in the morning he was aroused by a gentle tugging at his arm. He sat up quickly, bracing himself against the skylight, stupid yet from his heavy sleep. The wind was thrumming its war-song in the rigging, and a wild sea was buffeting the *Pyrenees.* Amidships she was wallowing first one rail under and then the other, flooding the waist more often than not. McCoy was shouting something he could not hear. He reached out, clutched the other by the shoulder, and drew him



Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Halt-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'THEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE?'"

close so that his own ear was close to the other's lips.

"It 's three o'clock," came McCoy's voice, still retaining its dove-like quality, but curiously muffled, as if from a long way off. "We 've run two hundred and fifty. Crescent Island is only thirty miles away, somewhere there dead ahead. There 's no lights on it. If we keep running, we 'll pile up, and lose ourselves as well as the ship."

"What d' ye think—heave to?"

"Yes; heave to till daylight. It will only put us back four hours."

So the *Pryenees,* with her cargo of fire, was hove to, bitting the teeth of the gale and fighting and smashing the pounding seas. She was a shell, filled with a conflagration, and on the outside of the shell, clinging precariously, the little motes of men, by pull and haul, helped her in the battle.

"It is most unusual, this gale," McCoy told the captain, in the lee of the cabin. "By rights there should be no gale at this time of the year. But everything about the weather has been unusual. There has been a stoppage of the trades, and now it 's howling right out of the trade-quarter." He waved his hand into the darkness, as if his vision could dimly penetrate it for hundreds of miles. "It is off to the westward. There is something big making off there somewhere—a hurricane or something. We 're lucky to be so far to the eastward. But this is only a little blow," he added. "It can't last. I can tell you that much."

By daylight the gale had eased down to normal. But daylight revealed a new danger. It had come on thick. The sea was covered by a fog, or, rather, by a pearly mist that was fog-like in density, in so far as it obstructed vision, but that was no more than a film on the sea, for the sun shot it through and filled it with a glowing radiance.

The deck of the *Pyrenees* was making more smoke than on the preceding day, and the cheerfulness of officers and crew had vanished. In the lee of the galley the cabin-boy could be heard whimpering. It was his first voyage, and the fear of death was at his heart. The captain wandered about like a lost soul, nervously chewing his mustache, scowling, unable to make up his mind what to do.

"What do you think?" he asked, pausing by the side of McCoy, who was making a breakfast off fried bananas and a mug of water.

McCoy finished the last banana, drained the mug, and looked slowly around. In his eyes was a smile of tenderness as he said:

"Well, Captain, we might as well drive as burn. Your decks are not going to hold out forever. They are hotter this morning. You have n't a pair of shoes I can wear? It is getting uncomfortable for my bare feet."

The *Pyrenees* shipped two heavy seas as she was swung off and put once more before it, and the first mate expressed a desire to have all that water down in the hold, if only it could be introduced without taking off the hatches. McCoy ducked his head into the binnacle and watched the course set.

"I 'd hold her up some more, Captain," he said. "She 's been making drift when hove to."

"I 've set it to a point higher already," was the answer. "Is n't that enough?"

"I 'd make it two points, Captain. This bit of a blow kicked that westerly current ahead faster than you imagine."

Captain Davenport compromised on a point and a half, and then went aloft, accompanied by McCoy and the first mate, to keep a lookout for land. Sail had been made, so that the *Pyrenees* was doing ten knots. The following sea was dying down rapidly. There was no break in the pearly fog, and by ten o'clock Captain Davenport was growing nervous. All hands were at their stations, ready, at the first warning of land ahead, to spring like fiends to the task of bringing the *Pyrenees* up on the wind. That land ahead, a surf-washed outer-reef, would be perilously close when it revealed itself in such a fog.

Another hour passed. The three watchers aloft stared intently into the pearly radiance.

"What if we miss Mangareva?" Captain Davenport asked abruptly.

McCoy, without shifting his gaze, answered softly:

"Why, let her drive, Captain. That is all we can do. All the Paumotus are before us. We can drive for a thousand miles through reefs and atolls. We are bound to fetch up somewhere."

"Then drive it is." Captain Davenport evidenced his intention of descending to the deck. "We 've missed Mangareva. God knows where the next land is. I wish I 'd held her up that other half-point," he confessed a moment later. "This cursed current plays the devil with a navigator."

"The old navigators called the Paumotus the Dangerous Archipelago," McCoy said, when they had regained the poop. "This very current was partly responsible for that name."

"I was talking with a sailor-chap in Sydney, once," said Mr. Konig. "He 'd been trading in the Paumotus. He told me insurance was eighteen per cent. Is that right?"

McCoy smiled and nodded.

"Except that they don't insure," he explained. "They write off twenty per cent. of the cost of their schooners each year."

"My God!" Captain Davenport groaned. "That makes the life of a schooner only five years!" He shook his head sadly, murmuring, "Bad waters! bad waters!"

Again they went into the cabin to consult the big general chart; but the poisonous vapors drove them coughing and gasping on deck.

"Here is Moerenhout Island." Captain Davenport pointed it out on the chart, which he had spread on the house. "It can't be more than a hundred miles to leeward."

"A hundred and ten." McCoy shook his head doubtfully. "It might be done, but it is very difficult. I might beach her, and then again I might put her on the reef. A bad place, a very bad place."

"We 'll take the chance," was Captain Davenport's decision, as he set about working out the course.

Sail was shortened early in the afternoon, to avoid running past in the night; and in the second dog-watch the crew manifested its regained cheerfulness. Land was so very near, and their troubles would be over in the morning.

But morning broke clear, with a blazing tropic sun. The southeast trade had swung around to the eastward, and was driving the *Pyrenees* through the water at an eight-knot clip. Captain Davenport worked up his dead reckoning, allowing generously for drift, and announced Moerenhout Island to be not more than ten miles off. The *Pyrenees* sailed the ten miles; she sailed ten miles more; and the lookouts at the three mastheads saw naught but the naked, sun-washed sea.

"But the land is there, I tell you," Captain Davenport shouted to them from the poop.

McCoy smiled soothingly, but the captain glared about him like a madman, fetched his sextant, and took a chronometer sight.

"I knew I was right," he almost shouted, when he had worked up the observation. "Twenty-one, fifty-five, south; one-thirty-six, two, west. There you are. We 're eight miles to windward yet. What did you make it out, Mr. Konig?"

The first mate glanced at his own figures, and said in a low voice:

"Twenty-one, fifty-five all right; but my longitude 's one-thirty-six, forty-eight. That puts us considerably to leeward—"

But Captain Davenport ignored his figures with so contemptuous a silence as to make Mr. Konig grit his teeth and curse savagely under his breath.

"Keep her off," the captain ordered the man at the wheel. "Three points—steady there, as she goes!"

Then he returned to his figures and worked them over. The sweat poured from his face. He chewed his mustache, his lips, and his pencil, staring at the figures as a man might at a ghost. Suddenly, with a fierce, muscular outburst, he crumpled the scribbled paper in his fist and crushed it under foot. Mr. Konig grinned vindictively and turned away, while Captain Davenport leaned against the cabin and for half an hour spoke no word, contenting himself with gazing to leeward with an expression of musing hopelessness on his face.

"Mr. McCoy," he broke silence abruptly. "The chart indicates a group of islands, but not how many, off there to the north'ard, or nor'-nor'westward, about forty miles—the Acteon Islands. What about them?"

"There are four, all low," McCoy answered. "First to the southeast is Matuerui—no people, no entrance to the lagoon. Then comes Tenarunga. There used to be about a dozen people there, but they may be all gone now. Anyway, there

is no entrance for a ship—only a boat entrance, with a fathom of water. Vehauga and Teua-raro are the other two. No entrances, no people, very low. There is no bed for the *Pyrenees* in that group. She would be a total wreck."

"Listen to that!" Captain Davenport was frantic. "No people! No entrances! What in the devil are islands good for?

"Well, then," he barked suddenly, like an excited terrier, "the chart gives a whole mess of islands off to the nor'west. What about them? What one has an entrance where I can lay my ship?"

McCoy calmly considered. He did not refer to the chart. All these islands, reefs, shoals, lagoons, entrances, and distances were marked on the chart of his memory. He knew them as the city-dweller knows his buildings, streets, and alleys.

"Papakena and Vanavana are off there to the westward, or west-nor'westward a hundred miles and a bit more," he said. "One is uninhabited, and I heard that the people on the other had gone off to Cadmus Island. Anyway, neither lagoon has an entrance. Ahunui is another hundred miles on to the nor'west. No entrance, no people."

"Well, forty miles beyond them are two islands?" Captain Davenport queried, raising his head from the chart.

McCoy shook his head.

"Paros and Manuhungi—no entrances, no people. Nengo-Nengo is forty miles beyond them, in turn, and it has no people and no entrance. But there is Hao Island. It is just the place. The lagoon is thirty miles long and five miles wide. There are plenty of people. You can usually find water. And any ship in the world can go through the entrance."

He ceased and gazed solicitously at Captain Davenport, who, bending over the chart with a pair of dividers in hand, had just emitted a low groan.

"Is there any lagoon with an entrance anywhere nearer than Hao Island?" he asked.

"No, Captain; that is the nearest."

"Well, it 's three hundred and forty miles." Captain Davenport was speaking very slowly, with decision. "I won't risk the responsibility of all these lives. I 'll wreck her on the Acteons. And she 's a good ship, too," he added regretfully, after altering the course, this time making more allowance than ever for the westerly current.

An hour later the sky was overcast. The southeast trade still held, but the ocean was a checkerboard of squalls.

"We 'll be there by one o'clock," Captain Davenport announced confidently. "By two o'clock at the outside. McCoy, you put her ashore on the one where the people are."

The sun did not appear again, nor, at one o'clock, was any land to be seen. Captain Davenport looked astern at the *Pyrenees'* canting wake.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "An easterly current! Look at that!"

Mr. Konig was incredulous. McCoy was non-committal, though he said that in the Paumotus there was no reason why it should not be an easterly current. A few minutes later a squall robbed the *Pyrenees* temporarily of all her wind, and she was left rolling heavily in the trough.

"Where 's that deep lead? Over with it, you there!" Captain Davenport held the lead-line and watched it sag off to the northeast. "There, look at that! Take hold of it for yourself."

McCoy and the mate tried it, and felt the line thrumming and vibrating savagely to the grip of the tidal stream.

"A four-knot current," said Mr. Konig.

"An easterly current instead of a westerly," said Captain Davenport, glaring accusingly at McCoy, as if to cast the blame for it upon him.

"That is one of the reasons, Captain, for insurance being eighteen per cent. in these waters," McCoy answered cheerfully. "You never can tell. The currents are always changing. There was a man who wrote books, I forget his name, in the yacht *Casco*. He missed Takaroa by thirty miles and fetched Tikei, all because of the shifting currents. You are up to windward now, and you 'd better keep off a few points."

"But how much has this current set me?" the captain demanded irately. "How am I to know how much to keep off?"

"I don't know, Captain," McCoy said with great gentleness.

The wind returned, and the *Pyrenees*, her deck smoking and shimmering in the

bright gray light, ran off dead to leeward. Then she worked back, port tack and starboard tack, crisscrossing her track, combing the sea for the Acteon Islands, which the masthead lookouts failed to sight.

Captain Davenport was beside himself. His rage took the form of sullen silence, and he spent the afternoon in pacing the poop or leaning against the weather-shrouds. At nightfall, without even consulting McCoy, he squared away and headed into the northwest. Mr. Konig, surreptitiously consulting chart and binnacle, and McCoy, openly and innocently consulting the binnacle, knew that they were running for Hao Island. By midnight the squalls ceased, and the stars came out. Captain Davenport was cheered by the promise of a clear day.

"I 'll get an observation in the morning," he told McCoy, "though what my latitude is, is a puzzler. But I 'll use the Sumner method, and settle that. Do you know the Sumner line?"

And thereupon he explained it in detail to McCoy.

The day proved clear, the trade blew steadily out of the east, and the *Pyrenees* just as steadily logged her nine knots. Both the captain and mate worked out the position on a Sumner line, and agreed, and at noon agreed again, and verified the morning sights by the noon sights.

"Another twenty-four hours and we 'll be there," Captain Davenport assured McCoy. "It 's a miracle the way the old girl's decks hold out. But they can't last. They can't last. Look at them smoke, more and more every day. Yet it was a tight deck to begin with, fresh-calked in 'Frisco. I was surprised when the fire first broke out and we battened down. Look at that!"

He broke off to gaze with dropped jaw at a spiral of smoke that coiled and twisted in the lee of the mizzenmast twenty feet above the deck.

"Now, how did that get there?" he demanded indignantly.

Beneath it there was no smoke. Crawling up from the deck, sheltered from the wind by the mast, by some freak it took form and visibility at that height. It writhed away from the mast, and for a moment overhung the captain like some threatening portent. The next moment the wind whisked it away, and the captain's jaw returned to place.

"As I was saying, when we first battened down, I was surprised. It was a tight deck, yet it leaked smoke like a sieve. And we 've calked and calked ever since. There must be tremendous pressure underneath to drive so much smoke through."

That afternoon the sky became overcast again, and squally, drizzly weather set in. The wind shifted back and forth between southeast and northeast, and at midnight the *Pyrenees* was caught aback by a sharp squall from the southwest, from which point the wind continued to blow intermittently.

"We won't make Hao until ten or eleven," Captain Davenport complained at seven in the morning, when the fleeting promise of the sun had been erased by hazy cloud-masses in the eastern sky. And the next moment he was plaintively demanding, "And what are the currents doing?"

Lookouts at the mastheads could report no land, and the day passed in drizzling calms and violent squalls. By nightfall a heavy sea began to make from the west. The barometer had fallen to 29.50. There was no wind, and still the ominous sea continued to increase. Soon the *Pyrenees* was rolling madly in the huge waves that marched in an unending procession from out of the darkness of the west. Sail was shortened as fast as both watches could work, and, when the tired crew had finished, its grumbling and complaining voices, peculiarly animal-like and menacing, could be heard in the darkness. Once the starboard watch was called aft to lash down and make secure, and the men openly advertised their sullenness and unwillingness. Every slow movement was a protest and a threat. The atmosphere was moist and sticky like mucilage, and in the absence of wind all hands seemed to pant and gasp for air. The sweat stood out on faces and bare arms, and Captain Davenport for one, his face more gaunt and care-worn than ever, and his eyes troubled and staring, was oppressed by a feeling of impending calamity.

"It 's off to the westward," McCoy said encouragingly. "At the worst, we 'll be only on the edge of it."

But Captain Davenport refused to be

comforted, and by the light of a lantern read up the chapter in his "Epitome" that related to the strategy of shipmasters in cyclonic storms. From somewhere amidships the silence was broken by a low whimpering from the cabin-boy.

"Oh, shut up!" Captain Davenport yelled suddenly and with such force as to startle every man on board and to frighten the offender into a wild wail of terror.

"Mr. Konig," the captain said in a voice that trembled with rage and nerves, "will you kindly step for'ard and stop that brat's mouth with a deck-mop?"

But it was McCoy who went forward, and in a few minutes had the boy comforted and asleep.

Shortly before daybreak the first breath of air began to move from out the southeast, increasing swiftly to a stiff and stiffer breeze. All hands were on deck waiting for what might be behind it.

"We 're all right now, Captain," said McCoy, standing close to his shoulder. "The hurricane is to the west'ard, and we are south of it. This breeze is the in-suck. It won't blow any harder. You can begin to put sail on her."

"But what 's the good? Where shall I sail? This is the second day without observations, and we should have sighted Hao Island yesterday morning. Which way does it bear, north, south, east, or what? Tell me that, and I 'll make sail in a jiffy."

"I am no navigator, Captain," McCoy said in his mild way.

"I used to think I was one," was the retort, "before I got into these Paumotus."

At midday the cry of "Breakers ahead!" was heard from the lookout. The *Pyrenees* was kept off, and sail after sail was loosed and sheeted home. The *Pyrenees* was sliding through the water and fighting a current that threatened to set her down upon the breakers. Officers and men were working like mad, cook and cabin-boy, Captain Davenport himself, and McCoy all lending a hand. It was a close shave. It was a low shoal, a bleak and perilous place over which the seas broke unceasingly, where no man could live, and on which not even sea-birds could rest. The *Pyrenees* was swept within a hundred yards of it before the wind carried her clear, and at this moment the panting crew, its work done, burst out in a torrent of curses upon the head of McCoy—of McCoy who had come on board, and proposed the run to Mangareva, and lured them all away from the safety of Pitcairn Island to certain destruction in this baffling and terrible stretch of sea. But McCoy's tranquil soul was undisturbed. He smiled at them with simple and gracious benevolence, and, somehow, the exalted goodness of him seemed to penetrate to their dark and somber souls, shaming them, and from very shame stilling the curses vibrating in their throats.

"Bad waters! bad waters!" Captain Davenport was murmuring as his ship forged clear; but he broke off abruptly to gaze at the shoal which should have been dead astern, but which was already on the *Pyrenees'* weather-quarter and working up rapidly to windward.

He sat down and buried his face in his hands. And the first mate saw, and McCoy saw, and the crew saw, what he had seen. South of the shoal an easterly current had set them down upon it; north of the shoal an equally swift westerly current had clutched the ship and was sweeping her away.

"I 've heard of these Paumotus before," the captain groaned, lifting his blanched face from his hands. "Captain Moyendale told me about them after losing his ship on them. And I laughed at him behind his back. God forgive me, I laughed at him. What shoal is that?" he broke off, to ask McCoy.

"I don't know, Captain."

"Why don't you know?"

"Because I never saw it before, and because I have never heard of it. I do know that it is not charted. These waters have never been thoroughly surveyed."

"Then you don't know where we are?"

"No more than you do," McCoy said gently.

At four in the afternoon cocoanut-trees were sighted, apparently growing out of the water. A little later the low land of an atoll was raised above the sea.

"I know where we are now, Captain." McCoy lowered the glasses from his eyes. "That 's Resolution Island. We are forty miles beyond Hao Island, and the wind is in our teeth."

"Get ready to beach her then. Where 's the entrance?"

"There 's only a canoe passage. But now that we know where we are, we can run for Barclay de Tolley. It is only one hundred and twenty miles from here, due nor'nor'west. With this breeze we can be there by nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

Captain Davenport consulted the chart and debated with himself.

"If we wreck her here," McCoy added, "we 'd have to make the run to Barclay de Tolley in the boats just the same."

The captain gave his orders, and once more the *Pyrenees* swung off for another run across the inhospitable sea.

And the middle of the next afternoon saw despair and mutiny on her smoking deck. The current had accelerated, the wind had slackened, and the *Pyrenees* had sagged off to the west. The lookout sighted Barclay de Tolley to the eastward, barely visible from the masthead, and vainly and for hours the *Pyrenees* tried to beat up to it. Ever, like a mirage, the cocoanut-trees hovered on the horizon, visible only from the masthead. From the deck they were hidden by the bulge of the world.

Again Captain Davenport consulted McCoy and the chart. Makemo lay seventy-five miles to the southwest. Its lagoon was thirty miles long, and its entrance was excellent. When Captain Davenport gave his orders, the crew refused duty. They announced that they had had enough of hell-fire under their feet. There was the land. What if the ship could not make it? They could make it in the boats. Let her burn, then. Their lives amounted to something to them. They had served faithfully the ship, now they were going to serve themselves.

They sprang to the boats, brushing the second and third mates out of the way, and proceeded to swing the boats out and to prepare to lower away. Captain Davenport and the first mate, revolvers in hand, were advancing to the break of the poop, when McCoy, who had climbed on top of the cabin, began to speak.

He spoke to the sailors, and at the first sound of his dove-like, cooing voice they paused to hear. He extended to them his own ineffable serenity and peace. His soft voice and simple thoughts flowed out to them in a magic stream, soothing them against their wills. Long forgotten things came back to them, and some remembered lullaby songs of childhood and the content and rest of the mother's arm at the end of the day. There was no more trouble, no more danger, no more irk, in all the world. Everything was as it should be, and it was only a matter of course that they should turn their backs upon the land and put to sea once more with hell-fire hot beneath their feet.

McCoy spoke simply; but it was not what he spoke. It was his personality that spoke more eloquently than any word he could utter. It was an alchemy of soul occultly subtile and profoundly deep—a mysterious emanation of the spirit, seductive, sweetly humble, and terribly imperious. It was illumination in the dark crypts of their souls, a compulsion of purity and gentleness vastly greater than that which resided in the shining, death-spitting revolvers of the officers.

The men wavered reluctantly where they stood, and those who had loosed the turns made them fast again. Then one, and then another, and then all of them, began to sidle awkwardly away.

McCoy's face was beaming with child-like pleasure as he descended from the top of the cabin. There was no trouble. For that matter there had been no trouble averted. There never had been any trouble, for there was no place for such in the blissful world in which he lived.

"You hypnotized 'em," Mr. Konig grinned at him, speaking in a low voice.

"Those boys are good," was the answer. "Their hearts are good. They have had a hard time, and they have worked hard, and they will work hard to the end."

Mr. Konig had no time to reply. His voice was ringing out orders, the sailors were springing to obey, and the *Pyrenees* was paying slowly off from the wind until her bow should point in the direction of Makemo.

The wind was very light, and after sundown almost ceased. It was insufferably warm, and fore and aft men sought vainly to sleep. The deck was too hot to lie upon, and poisonous vapors, oozing through the seams, crept like evil spirits over the ship, stealing into the nostrils and windpipes of the unwary and causing

fits of sneezing and coughing. The stars blinked lazily in the dim vault overhead; and the full moon, rising in the east, touched with its light the myriads of wisps and threads and spidery films of smoke that intertwined and writhed and twisted along the deck, over the rails, and up the masts and shrouds.

"Tell me," Captain Davenport said, rubbing his smarting eyes, "what happened with that *Bounty* crowd after they reached Pitcairn? The account I read said they burnt the *Bounty*, and that they were not discovered until many years later. But what happened in the meantime? I 've always been curious to know. They were men with their necks in the rope. There were some native men, too. And then there were women. That made it look like trouble right from the jump."

"There was trouble," McCoy answered. "They were bad men. They quarreled about the women right away. One of the mutineers, Williams, lost his wife. All the women were Tahitian women. His wife fell from the cliffs when hunting sea-birds. Then he took the wife of one of the native men away from him. All the native men were made very angry by this, and they killed off nearly all the mutineers. Then the mutineers that escaped killed off all the native men. The women helped. And the natives killed each other. Everybody killed everybody. They were terrible men.

"Timiti was killed by two other natives while they were combing his hair in friendship. The white men had sent them to do it. Then the white men killed them. The wife of Tullaloo killed him in a cave because she wanted a white man for husband. They were very wicked. God had hidden His face from them. At the end of two years all the native men were murdered, and all the white men except four. They were Young, John Adams, McCoy, who was my great-grandfather, and Quintal. He was a very bad man, too. Once, just because his wife did not catch enough fish for him, he bit off her ear."

"They were a bad lot!" Mr. Konig exclaimed.

"Yes, they were very bad," McCoy agreed, and went on serenely cooing of the blood and lust of his iniquitous ancestry. "My great-grandfather escaped murder in order to die by his own hand. He made a still and manufactured alcohol from the roots of the *ti*-plant. Quintal was his chum, and they got drunk together all the time. At last McCoy got delirium tremens, tied a rock to his neck, and jumped into the sea.

"Quintal's wife, the one whose ear he bit off, also got killed by falling from the cliffs. Then Quintal went to Young and demanded his wife, and went to Adams and demanded his wife. Adams and Young were afraid of Quintal. They knew he would kill them. So they killed him, the two of them together, with a hatchet. Then Young died. And that was about all the trouble they had."

"I should say so," Captain Davenport snorted. "There was nobody left to kill."

"You see, God had hidden His face," McCoy said.

By morning no more than a faint air was blowing from the eastward, and, unable to make appreciable southing by it, Captain Davenport hauled up full-and-by on the port tack. He was afraid of that terrible westerly current which had cheated him out of so many ports of refuge. All day the calm continued, and all night, while the sailors, on a short ration of dried banana, were grumbling. Also, they were growing weak and complaining of stomach pains caused by the straight banana diet. All day the current swept the *Pyrenees* to the westward, while there was no wind to bear her south. In the middle of the first dog-watch, cocoanut-trees were sighted due south, their tufted heads rising above the water and marking the low-lying atoll beneath.

"That is Taenga Island," McCoy said. "We need a breeze to-night, or else we 'll miss Makemo."

"What 's become of the southeast trade," the captain demanded. "Why don't it blow? What 's the matter?"

"It is the evaporation from the big lagoons—there are so many of them," McCoy explained. "The evaporation upsets the whole system of the trades. It even causes the wind to back up and blow gales from the southwest. This is the Dangerous Archipelago, Captain."

Captain Davenport faced the old man, opened his mouth, and was about to curse, but paused and refrained. McCoy's presence was a rebuke to the blasphemies that stirred in his brain and

trembled in his larynx. McCoy's influence had been growing during the many days they had been together. Captain Davenport was an autocrat of the sea, fearing no man, never bridling his tongue, and now he found himself unable to curse in the presence of this old man with the feminine brown eyes and the voice of a dove. When he realized this, Captain Davenport experienced a distinct shock. This old man was merely the seed of McCoy, of McCoy of the *Bounty,* the mutineer fleeing from the hemp that waited him in England, the McCoy who was a power for evil in the early days of blood and lust and violent death on Pitcairn Island.

Captain Davenport was not religious, yet in that moment he felt a mad impulse to cast himself at the other's feet—and to say he knew not what. It was an emotion that so deeply stirred him, rather than a coherent thought, and he was aware in some vague way of his own unworthiness and smallness in the presence of this other man who possessed the simplicity of a child and the gentleness of a woman.

Of course he could not so humble himself before the eyes of his officers and men. And yet the anger that had prompted the blasphemy still raged in him. He suddenly smote the cabin with his clenched hand and cried:

"Look here, old man, I won't be beaten. These Paumotus have cheated and tricked me and made a fool of me. I refuse to be beaten. I am going to drive this ship, and drive and drive and drive clear through the Paumotus to China but what I find a bed for her. If every man deserts, I 'll stay by her. I 'll show the Paumotus. They can't fool me. She 's a good girl, and I 'll stick by her as long as there 's a plank to stand on. You hear me?"

"And I 'll stay with you, Captain," McCoy said.

During the night, light, baffling airs blew out of the south, and the frantic captain, with his cargo of fire, watched and measured his westward drift and went off by himself at times to curse softly so that McCoy should not hear.

Daylight showed more palms growing out of the water to the south.

"That 's the leeward point of Makemo," McCoy said. "Katiu is only a few miles to the west. We may make that."

But the current, sucking between the two islands, swept them to the northwest, and at one in the afternoon they saw the palms of Katiu rise above the sea and sink back into the sea again.

A few minutes later, just as the captain had discovered that a new current from the northeast had gripped the *Pyrenees,* the masthead lookouts raised cocoanut palms in the northwest.

"It is Raraka," said McCoy. "We won't make it without wind. The current is drawing us down to the southwest. But we must watch out. A few miles farther on a current flows north and turns in a circle to the northwest. This will sweep us away from Fakarava, and Fakarava is the place for the *Pyrenees* to find her bed."

"They can sweep all they da— all they well please," Captain Davenport remarked with heat. "We 'll find a bed for her somewhere just the same."

But the situation on the *Pyrenees* was reaching a culmination. The deck was so hot that it seemed an increase of a few degrees would cause it to burst into flames. In many places even the heavy-soled shoes of the men were no protection, and they were compelled to step lively to avoid scorching their feet. The smoke had increased and grown more acrid. Every man on board was suffering from inflamed eyes, and they coughed and strangled like a crew of tuberculosis patients. In the afternoon the boats were swung out and equipped. The last several packages of dried bananas were stored in them, as well as the instruments of the officers. Captain Davenport even put the chronometer into the long-boat, fearing the blowing up of the deck at any moment.

All night this apprehension weighed heavily on all, and in the first morning light, with hollow eyes and ghastly faces, they stared at one another as if in surprise that the *Pyrenees* still held together and that they still were alive.

Walking rapidly at times, and even occasionally breaking into an undignified hop-skip-and-run, Captain Davenport inspected his ship's deck.

"It is a matter of hours now, if not of minutes," he announced on his return to the poop.

The cry of land came down from the masthead. From the deck the land was invisible, and McCoy went aloft, while the captain took advantage of the opportunity to curse some of the bitterness out of his heart. But the cursing was suddenly stopped by a dark line on the water which he sighted to the northeast. It was not a squall, but a regular breeze—the disrupted tradewind, eight points out of its direction but resuming business once more.

"Hold her up, Captain," McCoy said as soon as he reached the poop. "That 's the easterly point of Fakarava, and we 'll go in through the passage full-tilt, the wind abeam, and every sail drawing."

At the end of an hour, the cocoanut-trees and the low-lying land were visible from the deck. The feeling that the end of the *Pyrenees'* resistance was imminent weighed heavily on everybody. Captain Davenport had the three boats lowered and dropped short astern, a man in each to keep them apart. The *Pyrenees* closely skirted the shore, the surf-whitened atoll a bare two cable-lengths away.

"Get ready to wear her, Captain," McCoy warned.

And a minute later the land parted, exposing a narrow passage and the lagoon beyond, a great mirror, thirty miles in length and a third as broad.

"Now, Captain."

For the last time the yards of the *Pyrenees* swung around as she obeyed the wheel and headed into the passage. The turns had scarcely been made, and nothing had been coiled down, when the men and mates swept back to the poop in panic terror. Nothing had happened, yet they averred that something was going to happen. They could not tell why. They merely knew that it was about to happen. McCoy started forward to take up his position on the bow in order to con the vessel in; but the captain gripped his arm and whirled him around.

"Do it from here," he said. "That deck 's not safe. What 's the matter?" he demanded the next instant. "We 're standing still."

McCoy smiled.

"You are bucking a seven-knot current, Captain," he said. "That is the way the full ebb runs out of this passage."

At the end of another hour the *Pyrenees* had scarcely gained her length, but the wind freshened and she began to forge ahead.

"Better get into the boats, some of you," Captain Davenport commanded.

His voice was still ringing, and the men were just beginning to move in obedience, when the amidship deck of the *Pyrenees,* in a mass of flame and smoke, was flung upward into the sails and rigging, part of it remaining there and the rest falling into the sea. The wind being abeam, was what had saved the men crowded aft. They made a blind rush to gain the boats, but McCoy's voice, carrying its convincing message of vast calm and endless time, stopped them.

"Take it easy," he was saying. "Everything is all right. Pass that boy down somebody, please."

The man at the wheel had forsaken it in a funk, and Captain Davenport had leaped and caught the spokes in time to prevent the ship from yawing in the current and going ashore.

"Better take charge of the boats," he said to Mr. Konig. "Tow one of them short, right under the quarter. . . . When I go over it 'll be on the jump."

Mr. Konig hesitated, then went over the rail and lowered himself into the boat.

"Keep her off half a point, Captain."

Captain Davenport gave a start. He had thought he had the ship to himself.

"Ay, ay; half a point it is," he answered.

Amidships the *Pyrenees* was an open, flaming furnace, out of which poured an immense volume of smoke which rose high above the masts and completely hid the forward part of the ship. McCoy, in the shelter of the mizzen-shrouds, continued his difficult task of conning the ship through the intricate channel. The fire was working aft along the deck from the seat of explosion, while the soaring tower of canvas on the mainmast went up and vanished in a vast sheet of flame. Forward, though they could not see them, they knew that the head-sails were still drawing.

"If only she don't burn all her canvas off before she makes inside," the captain groaned.

"She 'll make it," McCoy assured him with supreme confidence. "There is plenty of time. She is bound to make it.

And once inside, we 'll put her before it; that will keep the smoke away from us and hold back the fire from working aft."

A tongue of flame sprang up the mizzen, reached hungrily for the lowest tier of canvas, missed it, and vanished. From aloft a burning shred of rope-stuff fell square on the back of Captain Davenport's neck. He acted with the celerity of one stung by a bee as he reached up and brushed the offending fire from his skin.

"How is she heading, Captain?"

"Nor'west by west."

"Keep her west-nor'west."

Captain Davenport put the wheel up and steadied her.

"West by north, Captain."

"West by north she is."

"And now west."

Slowly, point by point, as she entered the lagoon, the *Pyrenees* described the circle that put her before the wind; and point by point, with all the calm certitude of a thousand years of time to spare, McCoy chanted the changing course.

"Another point, Captain."

"A point it is."

Captain Davenport whirled several spokes over, suddenly reversing and coming back one to check her.

"Steady."

"Steady she is—right on it."

Despite the fact that the wind was now astern, the heat was so intense that Captain Davenport was compelled to steal sidelong glances into the binnacle, letting go the wheel, now with one hand, now with the other, to rub or shield his blistering cheeks. McCoy's beard was crinkling and shriveling, and the smell of it, strong in the other's nostrils, compelled him to look toward McCoy with sudden solicitude. Captain Davenport was letting go the spokes alternately with his hands in order to rub their blistering backs against his trousers. Every sail on the mizzen-mast vanished in a rush of flame, compelling the two men to crouch and shield their faces.

"Now," said McCoy, stealing a glance ahead at the low shore, "four points up, Captain, and let her drive."

Shreds and patches of burning rope and canvas were falling about them and upon them. The tarry smoke from a smoldering piece of rope at the captain's feet set him off into a violent coughing fit, during which he still clung to the spokes.

The *Pyrenees* struck, her bow lifted, and she ground ahead gently to a stop. A shower of burning fragments, dislodged by the shock, fell about them. The ship moved ahead again and struck a second time. She crushed the fragile coral under her keel, drove on, and struck a third time.

"Hard over," said McCoy. "Hard over?" he questioned gently, a minute later.

"She won't answer," was the reply.

"All right. She is swinging around." McCoy peered over the side. "Soft, white sand. Could n't ask better. A beautiful bed."

As the *Pyrenees* swung around, her stern away from the wind, a fearful blast of smoke and flame poured aft. Captain Davenport deserted the wheel in blistering agony. He reached the painter of the boat that lay under the quarter, then looked for McCoy, who was standing aside to let him go down.

"You first," the captain cried, gripping him by the shoulder and almost throwing him over the rail. But the flame and smoke were too terrible, and he followed hard after McCoy, both men wriggling on the rope and sliding down into the boat together. A sailor in the bow, without waiting for orders, slashed the painter through with his sheath-knife. The oars, poised in readiness, bit into the water, and the boat shot away.

"A beautiful bed, Captain," McCoy murmured, looking back.

"Ay, a beautiful bed, and all thanks to you," was the answer.

The three boats pulled away for the white beach of pounded coral, beyond which, on the edge of a cocoanut grove, could be seen a half-dozen grass houses and a score or more of excited natives, gazing wide-eyed at the conflagration that had come to land.

The boats grounded, and they stepped out on the white beach.

"And now," said McCoy, "I must see about getting back to Pitcairn."

AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE

CRAYON DRAWING FOR THE CENTURY BY ELIZABETH HOWELL INGHAM

ART INSTITUTE.
RYERSON LIBRARY.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

TOLD BY AN EYE-WITNESS

THE letter which follows was written on the date given, by Miss Julia Adelaide Shepard, now living in Ogdensburg, New York. Miss Shepard is an aunt of the artist, Mr. Charles S. Chapman, through whose good offices we are enabled to make it public for the first time.—THE EDITOR.

"Hopeton" near Washington,
April 16th, 1865.

DEAR FATHER:—It is Friday night and we are at the theatre. Cousin Julia has just told me that the President is in yonder upper right hand private box so handsomely decked with silken flags festooned over a picture of Washington. The young and lovely daughter of Senator Harris is the only one of the party we can see, as the flags hide the rest. But we know that "Father Abraham" is there; like a father watching what interests his children, for their pleasure rather than his own. It has been announced in the papers he would be there. How sociable it seems, like one family sitting around their parlor fire. How different this from the pomp and show of monarchial Europe. Every one has been so jubilant for days, since the surrender of Lee, that they laugh and shout at every clownish witticism. One of the actresses, whose part is that of a very delicate young lady, talks of wishing to avoid the draft, when her lover tells her "not to be alarmed for there is no more draft," at which the applause is long and loud. The American cousin has just been making love to a young lady, who says she will never marry but for love, yet when her mother and herself find he has lost his property they retreat in disgust at the left of the stage, while the American cousin goes out at the right. We are waiting for the next scene.

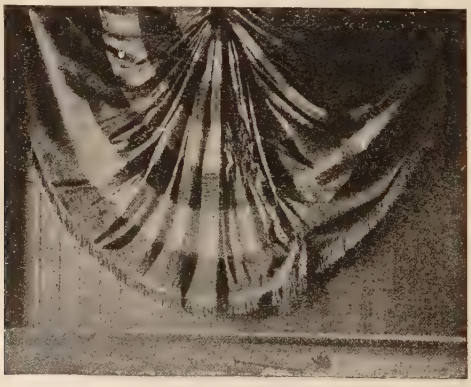
The report of a pistol is heard. . . . Is it all in the play? A man leaps from the President's box, some ten feet, on to the stage. The truth flashes upon me. Brandishing a dagger he shrieks out "The South is avenged," and rushes through the scenery. No one stirs. "Did you hear what he said, Julia? I believe he has killed the President." Miss Harris is wringing her hands and calling for water. Another instant and the stage is crowded—officers, policemen, actors and citizens. "Is there a surgeon in the house?" they say. Several rush forward and with superhuman efforts climb up to the box. Minutes are hours, but see! they are bringing him out. A score of strong arms bear Lincoln's loved form along. A glimpse of a ghastly face is all as they pass along. . . . Major Rathbone, who was of their party, springs forward to support [Mrs. Lincoln], but cannot. What is it? Yes, he too has been stabbed. Somebody says "Clear the house," so every one else repeats "Yes, clear the house." So slowly one party after another steals out. There is no need to hurry. On the stairs we stop aghast and with shuddering lips—"Yes, see, it is our President's blood" all down the stairs and out upon the pavement. It seemed sacrilege to step near. We are in the street now. They have taken the President into the house opposite. He is alive, but mortally wounded. What are those people saying. "Secretary Séward and his son have had their throats cut in their own house." Is it so? Yes, and the murderer of our President has escaped through a back alley where a swift horse stood awaiting him. Cavalry come dashing up the street and stand with drawn swords before yon house. Too late! too late! What mockery armed men are now. Weary with the weight of woe the moments drag along and for hours delicate women stand clinging to the arms of their protectors, and strong men throw their arms around each

other's necks and cry like children, and passing up and down enquire in low agonized voices "Can he live? Is there no hope?" They are putting out the street lamps now. "What a shame! not now! not to-night!" There they are lit again. Now the guard with drawn swords forces the crowd backward. Great, strong Cousin Ed says "This unnerves me; let 's go up to Cousin Joe's." We leave Julia and her escort there and at brother Joe's gather together in an upper room and talk and talk with Dr. Webb and his wife who were at the theatre. Dr. W. was one of the surgeons who answered the call. He says "I asked Dr. —— when I went in what it was, and putting his hand on mine he said, 'There!' I looked and it was 'brains.' "

After a while Julia and Mr. W. came in and still we talked and listened to the cavalry rushing through the echoing street. Joe was determined to go out, but his wife could n't endure the thought of any one going out of the house. It was only in the early hours of the dawn that the gentlemen went to lie down, but Julia sat up in a rocking chair and I lay down on the outside of the bed beside Cousin Ginny for the rest of the night, while Cousin Joe and his wife's young brother sat nodding in their chairs opposite. There were rooms waiting for us but it seemed safer to be together. He was still living when we came out to Hopeton, but we had scarcely choked down our breakfast next morning when the tolling bells announced the terrible truth.

Last Thursday evening we drove to the city, and all along our route the city was one blaze of glorious light. From the humble cabin of the contraband to the brilliant White House light answered light down the broad avenue. The sky was ablaze with bursting rockets. Calcium lights shone from afar on the public buildings. Bonfires blazed in the streets and every device that human Yankee ingenuity could suggest in the way of mottoes and decoration made noon of midnight. Then as the candles burned low and the rockets ceased, we drove home through the balmy air and it seemed as though Heaven smiled upon the rejoicings, and Nature took up the illumination with a glory of moonlight that transcended all art.

To-day I have been to church through the same streets and the suburbs with the humble cottages that were so bright that night shone through the murky morning, heavy with black hangings, and on and on, down the streets only the blackness of darkness. The show of mourning was as universal as the glorying had been, and when we were surrounded by the solemn and awe-stricken congregation in the church, it seemed as though my heart had stopped beating. I feel like a frightened child. I wish I could go home and have a good cry. I can't bear to be alone. You will hear all this from the papers, but I can't help writing it for things seen are mightier than things heard. It seems hard to write now. I dare not speak of our great loss. Sleeping or waking, that terrible scene is before me.



THE FLAG THAT WAS DRAPED IN FRONT OF THE THEATER BOX IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS SHOT

The rent in the flag was made by the spurs on the riding-boots of the assassin, which caught in this flag as he jumped from the box to the stage.

EDWIN BOOTH AND LINCOLN

WITH AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY EDWIN BOOTH

AT the time of the assassination of Lincoln, Edwin Booth was in Boston. The writer had it from Joseph Jefferson that Edwin Booth told him that when his servant came into his room in the morning, before he was up, and told him his brother had shot the President, his mind accepted the fact at once; for he thought to himself that his brother was capable of just such a wild and foolish action. Booth added: "It was just as if I was struck on the forehead by a hammer."

As is well known, the great actor was nearly crushed by this experience; but the affection of his friends sustained him, and after nearly a year he was compelled by public appeal to return to the stage.

We are permitted to print below, with slight omissions, a letter of Edwin Booth's, written immediately upon the death of Lincoln, to General Adam Badeau, his close friend, who was one of the witnesses at Edwin's first marriage. Badeau was wounded in May, 1863, and in July, just before the riot, was taken to New York and carried to Booth's house, being borne to his bed by the brothers, Edwin and John Wilkes. Early in 1865, Badeau was taken to New York after an attack of camp fever, and John Wilkes was again at his brother's house. But, as a matter of fact, John Wilkes and Edwin were not very intimate, and did not see a great deal of each other. It was well understood between them, and in the family, that they held widely different views concerning the war. (See "Edwin Booth," page 227, edited by Edwina Booth Grossman.)

Edwin Booth's regard for the Southern people was most sincere, but he was a strong Unionist and was a great admirer of Lincoln. No one can read this letter without the deepest sympathy with, and renewed admiration for, the great actor and large-hearted man, who rose up after a staggering blow to continue bravely his career as the leading tragedian of his time. This tragic letter seems to us one of the most important personal documents in our history:

Letter of Edwin Booth to Col. Adam Badeau. Written in Boston, Sunday, April 16 (1865), mailed in New York, April 17 (1865).

Envelop addressed: "Col. A Badeau Lieut Genl Grants Hdqrs Washington D C"

Lead pencil indorsement, not in Booth's writing, "Care Gen Ord Richmond Va"

The original letter is now owned by William H. Lambert, Philadelphia.

Sunday April 16th

MY DEAR AD

For the first time since the damnable intelligence stunned me * * * * * * * * * am I able to write and hasten to acquaint you of my existence as it has been so long a time since I last wrote you, making me afraid [*sic*] my silence. You know Ad, how I have labored since dear Mary was called from me to establish a name that my child and all my friends wd be proud of; you know how I have always toiled for the comfort & welfare of my family—though in vain, as well you know how loyal I have been from the first moment of this damned rebellion, and you must feel deeply the agony I bear in being thus blasted in all my hopes * * * * * * * * *

Alas! how frightful is the spectacle, what shall become of me * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Poor Mother! I go to New York to day—expecting to find her either dead or dying. I 've remained here

thus long at the advice of friends who thought it necessary that I shd be set right before the public of Boston to whom I owe so much of all that is dear to me— You know our friends who loved & appreciated my Mary so well and as many who have ever been—even in this most awful hour my firm and staunch friends. Abraham Lincoln was my President for in pure admiration of his noble career & Christian principles I did what I never did before—I *voted* & FOR HIM! I was two days ago one of the happiest men alive—Grant's magnificent work accomplished, * * * & sweet Peace turning her radiant face again upon our country— Now what am I? Oh! how little did I dream my boy, when on Friday night I was as Sir Edward Mortimer exclaiming "Where is my honor now?" "Mountains of shame are piled upon me!" that I was not acting but uttering the fearful truth. I have a great deal to tell you of myself & the beautiful plans I had for the future—all blasted now, but must wait until my mind is more settled. I am half crazy now— You will be pleased to know that the deepest sympathy is expressed for me here—and by none more sincerely than dear old Gov. Andrew.

God bless you,

Ned—

In the charming volume of recollections and letters of her father, published by Edwina Booth Grossman, there is a letter of Edwin's of November 11, 1860, in which he cheerfully remarks: "I voted (for Lincoln) t' other day—the first vote I ever cast; and I suppose I am now an American citizen all over, as I have ever been in heart." And, writing in 1881, he refers to having also "voted for Lincoln's reëlection."

Mr. William Bispham, writing in THE CENTURY for November, 1893, tells the story, which Edwin Booth himself told him, of his saving the life of President Lincoln's eldest son early in the war: "He had started for Philadelphia from New York, and while he was standing on the platform of a car, still in the Pennsylvania railroad station at Jersey City, and just as the train was about to move, a young lad, going from one car to another, stumbled, and would have fallen between them, had not Edwin caught him by the collar of the coat and landed him in safety by his side. The boy, whom Edwin had never seen before, evidently recognized him, and holding out his hand said to him, 'That was a narrow escape, Mr. Booth,' and thanked him warmly. Two weeks later Edwin received a letter from General Adam Badeau in which the latter mentioned that Robert Lincoln had told him that it was his life that had thus been saved."

Asked recently if he recollected the incident, Mr. Robert T. Lincoln replied:

"The account is essentially correct, but it is not accurate in its details. . . . The incident occurred while a group of passengers were late at night purchasing their sleeping-car places from the conductor, who stood on the station platform at the entrance of the car. The platform was about the height of the car floor, and there was of course a narrow space between the platform and the car body. There was some crowding, and I happened to be pressed by it against the car body while waiting my turn. In this situation the train began to move, and by the motion I was twisted off my feet, and had dropped somewhat, with feet downward, into the open space, and was personally helpless, when my coat collar was vigorously seized, and I was quickly pulled up and out to a secure footing on the platform. Upon turning to thank my rescuer, I saw it was Edwin Booth, whose face was of course well known to me, and I expressed my gratitude to him, and, in doing so, called him by name."

WE are authorized to correct the statement, recently made in print, that Edwin Booth went to Washington to identify the body of his brother John Wilkes when it was delivered to the family. For the sake of privacy, his own face being so familiar to the public, Edwin sent his brother Joseph, a physician, on that sad errand. After the tragedy, Edwin Booth never set foot in Washington except on the one occasion when he was summoned, and testified as to his absolute lack of knowledge of the crime. He was treated with great courtesy and detained only a short time.—THE EDITOR.

THE MESSINA EARTHQUAKE

BY FRANK A. PERRET

Formerly Honorary Assistant at Royal Vesuvian Observatory

IT was December 28, 1908, and the fateful hour which precedes the dawn. All but those whose calling woke them up betimes were sleeping quietly when up from the sea itself, out of the very jaws of the fabled monsters Scylla and Charybdis, came the dread demon of the earthquake—came with a curious singing sound as of a far-off wind-storm, till with a rumble and a roar it reached the cities of the strait, throwing the solid ground into a series of stony waves, lifting the houses bodily, then tossing them to and fro, almost as a terrier shakes a rat, and ending in some places with a rotary twist more terrifying than all the rest. The buildings, fair to look upon, but built of rubble and weakened by the strains of previous earthquakes, collapsed amid suffocating clouds of dust into a hideous conglomeration of beams, girders, mortar, and stone, crushing or imprisoning the inmates, and falling into the streets and wounding many of those who had escaped. Whatever had been a village or a city was now a ruin and a hecatomb—in half a minute forty towns destroyed and over a hundred thousand dead!

The sea retired a little from the shore, boiled up in a foamy mass, then rose, and flowed upon the land as a tidal wave seven feet in height at Messina, and nearly double that upon the Calabrian shore, overturning the railway-cars along the beach, lifting ships from their anchorage, and crushing down embankments, then receding and carrying away the boxes, boats, and casks of lemon rind, till all the waters of the strait were filled with wreckage.

"No news," they say, "is good news," and "Bad news travels quickly." But in this case it was not so; the very completeness of the disaster prevented its being quickly known. The commandant of the torpedo squadron at Messina was killed, and the unwillingness on the part of subordinate officers to assume responsibility resulted in a delay of many hours before a torpedo-boat left the harbor to find a station along the coast from which to telegraph. The occurrence was scarcely known at Naples until a late hour, and the North German Lloyd steamer *Therapia,* starting at 5 P.M. for the Piræus, entered the strait at daybreak of the 29th, and found Messina, Reggio, and Villa S. Giovanni in ruins. Russian, British, and Italian men-of-war arriving, martial law was declared, and active, though sporadic, rescue-work begun.

The *Therapia* and the Russian war-ship *Makaroff,* laden with injured and refugees, set out for Naples, where they arrived the next morning. Knowing Messina well, and realizing the danger to the American Consul, my good friend Dr. Cheney, I applied to our consulate in Naples, was made its special representative, and sailed on the *Therapia.*

The stoppage of the engines awakened me while it was yet dark. We were off the entrance to the strait, but as the lighthouses were out of commission, the captain would not venture in before daylight. As the dawn came on, and we slowly advanced, I was surprised to see that the Faro of Messina, a tall, slender lighthouse on a sandy spit, although evidently damaged, was still standing. This first intimation that the earthquake might not have been so severe as had been supposed was strengthened by the appearance of the city from a distance, which showed the greater part of the famous *palazzata,* a row of handsome buildings along the quay, apparently intact. My glasses, however, showed that there was virtually nothing back of the façade, which had remained in

place; this was partly because of its greater solidity, but also, as my later studies showed, because it lay in line with the general direction of the earthquake movement, and not across it. The city was burning at several points, but the fires were not of great importance. As we entered the harbor, the ruin of the city was more evident, and once on shore it was seen to be virtually complete.

DEATH OF DR. AND MRS. CHENEY

I WENT at once to the site of the American consulate. This was difficult to locate, on account of the completeness of its ruin, perhaps the most absolute in all the town. The French consulate was found, then the Turkish, and the general location of the American was established, and later localized by the flagstaff and by the odor of essence of bergamot, sample bottles of which were known to have been in the office. There was no doubt of the death of Dr. and Mrs. Cheney, nor that it would require a force of men working for many days to recover the bodies. A temporary telegraph station had been set up in a freight-car, where official telegrams were received, and I despatched the sad news to our consul at Naples. Vice-Consul Stuart Lupton had a thrilling escape from the Hotel Victoria. Former Vice-Consul Peirce died with all his family; I visited the ruin said to have been his house, and found there a torn fragment of an American flag.

EXTENT OF THE DISASTER

How shall I describe the awful condition of the city on this day, the last of the fateful year? There was not even a semblance of systematic organized work. Bodies were lying about everywhere, contorted and disfigured by an agonized death; the air was unbreathable. Cats and dogs were being shot at sight, as they were mad with hunger. Looting met with the sternest measures, the offenders being shot on the spot. Now and then a squad of Russian sailors passed by, bearing some injured person rescued from the ruins. Trains crowded with wounded and refugees were running out at long intervals to Catania, and the station and all its platforms were literally filled with patient wounded folk. The Norman cathedral, which was damaged by the great earthquake of 1783, is now a ruin. The Corso Cavour, one of the principal streets, shows perhaps the most complete general destruction in the city, being completely filled with wreckage and almost impassable. Portions of other streets were in the same condition, and along the water-front the embankment had collapsed from six to seven feet, and parts of it were under water. In some cases the fronts of a row of houses had fallen, leaving the floors intact, with all the furniture in place, even pianos on upper stories; in others the balconies had remained, and sheets knotted together and depending from these showed how the fortunate inmates had escaped. At Reggio I saw the front of a four-story building intact, and a knotted sheet hanging from each balcony to the next below, after the manner of an American tenement fire-escape. But these were exceptions; most of the buildings were down, and their inmates buried in the ruins or imprisoned in some nook beneath the mass of debris.

An officer who pointed out to me where some well-known houses had stood, broke down and said that all his relatives, eighteen in all, were dead. The greatest heroism was shown by some of these men, whose duties required their presence at certain places while they were still ignorant of the fate of their own families. The sights I witnessed on this and the succeeding days were heartrending beyond description—scenes I had not the heart to photograph, pictures no magazine would wish to print. Some of the excavations were pitiful in the extreme—a young girl lying as naturally as though asleep, her head resting on one arm, and glorious brown hair streaming in all directions, while her aged grandparents, who had escaped, sat gazing at the white face; a little child who had been awakened by the shock, and was just sitting up in bed when the roof came down slowly, but with force enough to end its life.

And all this day there fell the drenching rain, and over all arose the awful stench. My poor Messina, once so bright a jewel in the crown of Sicily! Surely of all its many vicissitudes this last has been the worst. It has had constantly recurring wars, with earthquakes interspersed, through more than two thousand years, lost forty thousand by plague in 1740, was nearly destroyed by earthquake in

From a photograph by Giovanni Crupi

RUINS ABOUT THE MIDDLE PORTAL OF THE CATHEDRAL, MESSINA

1783, was bombarded in 1848, lost 16,000 by cholera in 1854, and was visited by earthquakes in 1894, 1896, and 1905 which weakened the buildings and paved the way for the complete destruction of this last catastrophe—in short it was "born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."

Out there on the flagship the Queen was doing noble work in nursing the injured, and the King was holding a council with

From a photograph by Giovanni Crupi

RUINS OF THE MAIN FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL, MESSINA

The fountain was executed in 1547-51, by Montorsoli, a pupil of Michelangelo.

on the morrow, but in the meantime night came on, the troops marched off to their camps, officialdom betook itself to comfortable quarters on the ships, and with Mr. Kellogg Durland, whom I had the good fortune to meet on the *Therapia,* I was left upon the streets of this city of the dead. It was a romantic scene. The ruins were thrown into strong relief by search-lights from the men-of-war, and along their bright tapering beams the smoke of the burning city came floating seaward in wavering, ghostly shapes, the wraiths of departing souls. The silence was intense, but now and then could be heard the cricket-like notes of the wireless outfits on the ships. A solitary soldier on guard was tending a smoky fire, and we lay ourselves down on boards upon the ground under a little shelter and tried to sleep. Our clothes were wet, and we had no covering; the rain splashed monotonously a few inches away, and there was nothing to eat but a little chocolate which Mr. Durland had with him. Eight bells struck on the war-ships, and so I wished the New Year in. Why should I complain among those thousands of dead and dying, of wounded and imprisoned in the ruins all around? The only regret was that one could do nothing, and the sense of helplessness was appalling.

BRIGHTER DAYS—ORGANIZED WORK

THEN followed brighter days, the doings of which I must condense. The result of the conference on the flagship was soon apparent; relief-work was systematized and, with the arrival of more troops and efficient medical aid, became quite satisfactory. The dead were decently buried in trenches, covered with quicklime, and a corresponding number of mounds raised over them, with a little iron cross at the head of each. Sailors of other nations arrived, and worked far into the night; and all this time our flag was not there. There were numerous earthquakes, the so-called after-shocks, which it was a privilege to study, and during these days I made a number of interesting and, it is to be hoped, important scientific observations which cannot be considered here.

1 As a matter of record we may state that the bodies of Consul Cheney and his wife were recovered by American sailors, and that on the way to interment at New Haven, they were received at the New York pier by large delegations of Italian Societies, who formed an escort of honor to the Grand Central railway station.—THE EDITOR.

military attaché of our embassy, Major Landis, together with Messrs. Cutting and Chanler, the consulate was reëstablished, with Mr. Lupton in charge—the first of the foreign consulates to resume. Active work was begun in the excavation of the old consulate to recover the bodies of Dr. and Mrs. Cheney, and on the following day the little gunboat *Scorpion* anchored off the city, on board of which I was made royally welcome by her courteous commander and officers.

From the outlying districts hundreds of survivors came filing into the city in a steady procession. Living persons were still being rescued from the ruins, and this continued to be the case until the eighteenth, and even the twenty-second, day after the catastrophe. Little by little, and in an almost incredible manner, the stricken city began to resume its civilized character: a post-office was set up, electric lights shone out, and carriages rolled along the quay. Then I realized that this was no place for me, and that I must go back to Naples to collate observations, develop photographs, and write.

The remains of the late consul and his wife were finally recovered and taken on board the U. S. S. *Culgoa* en route for Naples and America.[1]

FROM A SCIENTIFIC POINT OF VIEW

LET us now set aside all sentiment, and try to differentiate between the disaster as such and the earthquake itself. Let us realize the fact that if the population of these cities had been ten times as large, the disaster would have been correspondingly greater, while the earthquake would have remained the same; and the still more interesting fact that if, instead of these rubble-built cities, a large army had been *encamped* on the spot, there would have been no disaster whatever, the earthquake still remaining the same. Years ago laws were passed prohibiting the erection of houses having more than two stories, but avarice led to the building of tall, flimsy structures which would accommodate many families, and bring the owners a goodly rental. And yet this was in a

From a photograph by Giovanni Crupi

RUINS IN THE CORSO CAVOUR, A PRINCIPAL STREET IN MESSINA

well-known seismic area, where quakes were of frequent occurrence, and a great one might be expected at any time.

An earthquake is an undulating vibration of the ground resulting from some sudden movement of the underlying strata. This may be produced by a volcanic explosion, the breaking of a stratum of rock under strain, or the sudden intrusion of lava between the strata or into a fracture, the types respectively known as volcanic, tectonic, and inter-volcanic. My own impression in experiencing these shocks was that of a rubbing together of masses under pressure, which throws the adjoining material into vibration. If you put a little water into a thin, wide-mouthed crystal goblet, wet the finger-tip, and rub it around the rim, a sound will be produced, and the water will be set in vibration, like the ground waves of an earthquake.

In the catastrophe of December 28, the destructive area was very limited, extending in an elliptical form for about fifteen miles north and south of Messina. From this it follows that the focus of the disturbance was at no great depth—probably not more than twelve miles, and possibly much less. Until careful soundings have been made in the strait, nothing definite can be said as to possible changes at the bottom of the sea. Slight alterations in the line of the shore have been produced by down-slips; but the visitor will look in vain for evidences of a great cataclysm such as the reported sinking of the Lipari Islands or the disappearance of the famous rock of Scylla. It was a great earthquake, but not the greatest that man has known.

It will, I suppose, be generally considered that this event demonstrates the entire unexpectedness of earthquake phenomena and the impossibility of foretelling their occurrence. In reality it proves directly the opposite of this, and shows that a certain advance has recently been made along the line of definite, scientific prediction. The subject is beyond the scope of the present article, but the interested reader is referred to a paper entitled "Some Conditions Affecting Volcanic Eruptions," published in "Science," August 28, 1908.[1]

[1] See also "The Italian Calamity," THE CENTURY for March, 1909, p. 798.—THE EDITOR.

From a photograph by Giovanni Crupi

ANOTHER VIEW OF RUINS IN THE CORSO CAVOUR

On the curve for that year, therein reproduced, he will note three strong maxima in succession during the month of December, followed by a fourth maximum on the date of the 28th. The significance of these unusual lunisolar conditions in December so impressed the writer that he decided to forego the joys of a Christmas in New York in order to be in Italy before the end of the month. Too much importance should not be given to this fulfilment of a probability. The only reasons I had for locating the event in Sicily were the ever-ready condition of Stromboli, the extreme sensitiveness of the Calabrian coast to seismic disturbance, and the potentially active condition of Etna, which I had studied during the last summer. Before we can definitely predict earthquakes, a great amount of work must be done and instruments must be devised for special research work; but, just as earthquake areas have been marked out on the map of the world, so we are beginning to map out the year into times of danger. It is only a step, but it is a step in the right direction.

THE LESSON OF THE EARTHQUAKE

THIS, as I read it, is a twofold one. Those who live in earthquake districts should build their houses to withstand these vibrations of the ground. This is feasible, and it is to be hoped that all ruined towns will be rebuilt accordingly. But it is manifestly too much to expect that existing cities in earthquake districts will be torn down and rebuilt, and therefore those who favor the spending of large sums of money for astronomical and other research work should also favor its expenditure for the proper study of the world on which we live, in order that we may learn its secrets and foretell its movements, and thus prevent a great earthquake from being also a great disaster. This, too, is feasible, and it is a matter of vital importance to humanity.

May it not be hoped that this last great catastrophe, with its hideous loss of human life and its enormous total cost, will cause the lesson to be taken to heart?

From photographs owned by the Society of Italian Immigrants, New York

THE QUEEN AND KING OF ITALY

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "The Call of the Blood," etc.

WHEN the terrible earthquake occurred in Calabria and Sicily I was in Naples, on my way to Taormina via Messina. The catastrophe took place on the morning of Monday, December 28, and that there had been a catastrophe became generally known in Naples on the morning of Tuesday, December 29. But I believe no one realized its extent or its terror. Certainly no one seemed to that day. After telegraphing to Taormina to learn if anything had happened there, I walked for some hours in the principal streets of the city, in the Galleria, and in the public gardens. And all seemed just as usual, as full of life and volubility and gaiety. We had none of us mentally grasped what had happened.

I left Naples for Taormina via Palermo on the night of January 1. Between the Tuesday morning when Naples learnt the news and the Friday night when I took ship for Sicily, the state of mind of the Neapolitans had changed—well, I am inclined to say almost as much as Messina changed in the fatal thirty seconds that wrought her ruin. A storm of pity surged up in the people, a wave of generosity rose in them. Impulsively they began to give, impulsively they began to tend, to soothe, to comfort, and, most difficult task of all, to work.

Foreigners, travelers who come to "see Naples and die," as Neapolitans sometimes rather contemptuously say of those who give a couple of days to their adored city, often abuse Naples and abuse the Neapolitans. They speak of dirt and extortion, and shut their mouths with a snap as who should say, "That settles it!" We must not be angry with them: they simply do not understand. Neapolitan faults are on the surface. But Neapolitans have many virtues; so many that most people—even foreigners!—who live much among them grow to be very fond of them. To mention only one: Charles Grant, who wrote that remarkable book, "Stories of Naples and the Camorra," and who had minutely studied the people not only of Naples, but of other cities in other lands, said once to Mr. Capper, after

a conversation about racial characteristics, "But I love no people like the Neapolitans."

Neapolitans live from day to day, carelessly, cheerily, thoughtlessly. They are laughing philosophers. What appeals to the eye impresses them. What you tell them impresses them strangely little. At least that is my experience.

After the earthquake,—to give an instance,—when details began to be known, I told a Neapolitan of my acquaintance that Messina had been destroyed, and that at least forty thousand people had been killed. He threw up his hands, shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows, exclaimed, *"Accidente!"* and began to talk of something else, quite possibly of macaroni. But on the evening of that day I met him again. He looked as if he had lost a near relative. His eyes, wide open, were full of horror and pity. He came up to me and grasped my arm. "What is the matter?" I said. After a minute he told me that he had been to the Arsenal Gate and had seen the arrival of the wounded. *"Fa impressione!"* he concluded, with a shudder. He had seen and he had realized. I had told him of forty thousand dead. He had seen perhaps forty wounded. From that moment he was full of sympathy, ready to do and to give.

It was when the first wounded arrived in Naples, brought by the first war-ship, and were carried, as I saw them carried on Wednesday, December 30, on ambulances across the tram-lines, and up the paved slope by the narrow garden which stretches in front of the Hôtel de Londres, that Naples understood. The very first to be borne through the tall gateway was a large man, lying flat, with his head only slightly raised, and enveloped in loosely flapping linen stained with blood. His face was as white as white linen, what could be seen of it, but much of it was splashed with mud which had dried, and was coated with gray dust. And there was blood upon it, too. His eyes were wide open, but they never glanced at the crowd. Upon his face was stamped an expression of horror that seemed to me frantic and yet dull, if such a thing could be. The crowd made a rush, closed round him, began to try to accompany him on his journey toward one of the hospitals. It seemed as if they thought he was the only one! But, in half a minute, through the Arsenal Gate came another ambulance, and on this there was a woman with streaming black hair. And she was huddled up, and her face, too, was as white as linen and stamped with a look of horror.

"Che bella donna! che bella bambola! Madonna! Ma sta per morire!" and the crowd closed round her, but she never gave it a look.

And another ambulance came out at the Arsenal Gate.

Then Naples began to realize that there would be a long procession. And the crowd stood still, grave, pitiful, horrified—stood still for days to see just a little of what the earthquake had done.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—for three days I was in Naples while the wounded were being carried through the crowds, and the dead were being put into the hearses surmounted with wooden crosses. And I shall not forget the warm pity, the hot generosity, of the Neapolitans. They gave in feeling, they gave in work, they gave in money, they gave in kind. It was good to see the students collecting, and it was good to see the young aristocrats ministering to the wounded in the motor-cars which made so many quick journeys between the ships and the hospitals. The students formed themselves into bands, each band wearing caps of a different color, and they swarmed through the swarming city. They poured out from somewhere, at a given signal, I suppose, like bees from a hive, and suddenly they were everywhere. Under every nose there was a money-box, at every elbow an eager, polite young man, in every ear a voice murmuring: *"Per i feriti, Signora!" "Per i feriti, Signore!"*

And Naples gave with a ready hand.

Then came the moment for giving in kind. That was a scene full of Southern impulse and full of the strange infection that runs through hot-natured crowds. Thousands of wounded were pouring into Naples with nothing, with no possessions at all. Not merely had they no money—*"nè manco un soldo"*; they had no stockings, no shoes, no boots, no hats, no collars, no shirts, no petticoats, no coats. As one of them, a woman, said to the crowds, "We have not even handkerchiefs to dry our tears!" She wore a soldier's

From a photograph by Giovanni Crupi

RUINS OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, MESSINA

tunic to conceal her nudity, and she had lost her husband and children.

So again the students went round. But this time no money-boxes were put under Naples's nose. Instead, wagons were brought under Naples's window, Naples's terrace, Naples's balcony. And down came the strangest shower surely that ever fell in a city.

A woman threw a pair of boots. Another woman saw, and threw a skirt. A man threw a hat, a pair of braces, a shirt. And then the infection ran from house to house, from balcony to balcony. The contents of the wardrobe and the linen cupboard fluttered through the air, and there was a white rain of handkerchiefs, which, let us hope, dried at least some tears shed by Sicilian eyes. Many passers-by, too, took off the overcoats they were wearing and gave them to the students to give to the refugees.

Hats off to the Neapolitans!

Already they had taken off their hats to the Russian sailors, with whose almost miraculous doings in Messina rumors had been busy. As the big, quiet, simple-looking men walked loose-limbed through the streets they were cheered to the echo, and heads were bared before them. And they stared at the ardent Southerners almost like children who wondered why they should be acclaimed—children from the North who had done great deeds in the South. They will always be honored in Italy.

And so adieu to Naples and the wounded there, and away to the heart of the terror, to Sicily, that enchanted isle, become in one moment the mother of anguish, the stricken mother of tears.

In Naples I had been with the crowds who watched and who worked for those who had been overwhelmed by this stupendous disaster; in Sicily I found myself at once in the very midst of those who, five days before, had been in it—with those who had been awakened by the roaring voice of the earth, who had heard in the blackness their tall houses and mighty palaces crashing about them, who had been carried from *piano* to *piano*, who had leaped from balconies, who had crawled through tunnels, who had been buried for days and nights.

On the morning of my arrival in Palermo four thousand fugitives were brought there from Messina, and were disembarked in the rain, and carried—for most of them were wounded—to the hospitals, the private houses, and the hotels. The confusion in the port was terrible. For a long while we could not disembark. The great ships full of wounded were before us. We anchored, and the procession I had watched in Naples was repeated before my eyes under the shadow of Monte Pellegrino. When at length we got ashore, I had missed the train to Catania, and was obliged to stay the night in Palermo.

The proprietor of the Excelsior Palace Hotel, where I slept, had received into his house one hundred and twenty fugitives. Everybody, I believe, who was in southern Italy and Sicily during this time felt as if in the midst of some great war; wherever one went, one seemed to be close to battle-fields from which the maimed were being carried. But this illusion was disturbed by the fact that among the maimed were such multitudes of women and little children.

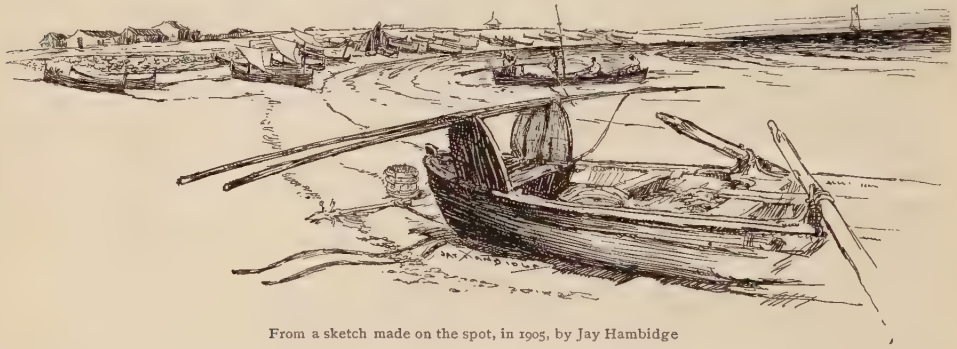
On Sunday night, January 3, I arrived in Taormina. A few days later,—to be exact, on the following Saturday, the 9th of January,—I paid my first visit to Messina since the earthquake.

Before describing what I saw in Messina I should like to say something about those whom I personally met—and they were many—who had escaped from the earthquake. All of them had been dwellers in Messina, or close to Messina. Remember that I began to meet these unfortunates on the Saturday after the Monday on which the disaster occurred, and that most, if not all, of them had been obliged to remain among the ruins for many hours, or for days, before any help reached them. I talked to people who had been wounded, to people who had been buried, to people who had been starving, naked, homeless in the midst of a combination of horrors such as the world, till this earthquake, had scarcely ever, if ever, known. I talked to people who had lost their nearest and dearest in the most cruel way the imagination can conceive of, to people who had been utterly ruined, who had lost all. I was amazed by their simplicity, I was astounded at the quiet way in which they accepted this terrific blow of fate. Some of these people were Sicilians, but some

were not; yet in all, or nearly all, I found this great simplicity.

One woman, a Sicilian, on the fatal night had put her four children to bed. When she was going to bed herself they complained of the cold. For warmth's sake, the mother and the four children slept all together, two of the children with the mother at the head, the other two children at the foot. Those at the head of the bed escaped, those at the foot were killed. When I saw this mother she was in Taormina, seated at a sewing-machine, making clothes for the wounded in the village. I knew her story, and had known her husband—who was not in the catastrophe—for years. I went in to shake her hand, to sit down for a minute with her; but of course I did not dare to speak of her tragedy. Almost immediately, however, in a low voice she told me about it herself. She called in a little boy dressed in new black clothes. "He was at the head of the bed," she murmured. The child looked at me gravely and nodded. "And where were you during the days and nights before you were rescued?" I asked. She stared at me, then made a vague circular movement of her hand. *"Fuori!"* she replied. And she bent again over her sewing-machine. That last word, "Outside!"—the way she said it, her gesture,—brought a lump into my throat. I realized for the first time the appalling desolation of the homeless after the earthquake.

Most of the refugees with whom I have talked have told me that they felt no sense of fear when the shock came. One lady, who was buried up to her neck in debris, whose only child was killed at her side by falling masonry, and who was slightly wounded, said to me, "I felt no fear, only a feeling of impotent rage that I could not get to my child." This lady was dragged out of the ruins by her younger sister after prolonged and almost superhuman efforts. Many people have told me that there were three separate and quite different movements of the earth in that awful minute. The first was backward and forward, the second upward, the third seemed to be circular. It was the second that destroyed Messina. Its violence, the fugitives say, was appalling. The noise, one man told me, was exactly like that made by a fast train in a tunnel. Another man said: "Before the first shock from the bowels of the earth there seemed to issue a roaring voice of menace. It made me clap my hands to my ears. Then came the shocks."



From a sketch made on the spot, in 1905, by Jay Hambidge

THE STRAIT OF MESSINA, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE SUBURB OF THE CITY—CHARYBDIS

This roaring voice of the earth was succeeded by a strange and horrible silence after Messina had fallen in ruins, after the houses had toppled, the barracks and churches had crashed to the ground, the hotels had buried their inmates. There was a silence, and then all over what had been a sleeping city broke forth the shrieks of the wounded, the yells of those who had suddenly gone mad, the frantic prayers of women, curses from many men, the fierce howling of dogs.

A girl to whom I have talked was with her mother in their house. After the shocks, being uninjured, they rushed toward the staircase and came to an abyss. The staircase was gone. They were imprisoned, and were threatened every moment with death, as the ceiling was coming down upon them. Just as they gave themselves up for lost, the wall between their

house and the next collapsed, falling inward toward them. They scrambled over the remains of it, got into the other house, found the staircase of it intact, hurried down it, and arrived in the street without a scratch.

The extraordinary power of resistance many human beings possess was shown in multitudes of cases after the tragedy. A boy was buried quite alone and in darkness for three days and three nights, and was without food and water. When he was at length dug out and came into the light of day he seemed quite unconcerned. Some one said to him, "How could you endure it for so long?" "How long?" he asked. They told him it was Thursday, that he had been lying hidden three days and nights. "Truly!" he said, in Italian. "It seemed to me three hours."

Numbers of people I have encountered have taken their bereavements and their dreadful bodily sufferings so quietly, and I have heard of so many others who have shown more than stoicism, almost a sort of still indifference, that I am inclined to believe that the tremendous force of the shock must have affected multitudes physically, must have partly deprived them of the power to feel, have rendered them for the time insensitive. Swarms of children lost their parents in the earthquake. In Palermo some two hundred orphans were received into a house provided for them by Signor Florio and Donna Franco Florio. An English friend of mine who went several times to this home, and who talked not only to the orphans, but also to those in charge of them, told me that not one of the children had asked after its parents, or cried for them. Only a little girl said one night, when it was cold: "I am cold. I want to go into bed with my mama."

And yet upon nearly every face of a wounded person which I saw in Naples, and I must have seen at least two or three hundreds of such faces, there was stamped an expression of intense horror that was like a silent scream.

The shock in many cases drove sane people mad. In two cases it had the contrary effect and made mad people suddenly sane. One man in Messina who was furiously mad, and who had been put in a strait-waistcoat, has been perfectly sane ever since the earthquake, from which he escaped uninjured.

THE STRAIT OF MESSINA—SCYLLA

Scylla is the town on the rock at the right of the picture above. The Calabrian hills are in the background. Charybdis, on the left-hand page, is the rip-tide which flows past the Sicilian shore. The boats and huts are those of fishermen who catch swordfish in the strait.

Quantities of people belonging to the poorer classes seemed quite apathetic after losing all their possessions. On the long journey from Palermo to Giardini, the station for Taormina, I was able to visit several trains coming from Messina loaded with dying, with wounded, with starving, or almost starving, and nearly naked fugitives, all of whom must have been in the blazing ruins for six days and nights. I spoke to some of them. They did not complain. Many were traveling in open trucks, many were huddled together, like beasts, in vans constructed to carry goods. The passengers in my train distributed some food. The poor creatures took it quietly. They stared upon us gravely with their dark, Sicilian eyes. Here and there people were wringing their hands and crying. An old woman went mad, escaped from a van, and had to be captured and carried back, struggling furiously and shrieking. But the general impression was one of almost dull and heavy calm. Fate had risen up and dealt such a mighty blow that humanity was stunned. This impression came to me as the trains went by,

bearing the multitudes who had no homes, and many of them few or no relatives. But whither? To what future? What will they do? How will they start again?

The Sicilian whom I have known for many years and who lived in Messina was reported to me as dead. When I got to Taormina I found him living. He was buried from Monday till Wednesday, with his dead wife, his dead daughter, and his living son. During the whole of that time he believed that his son, too, was dead, and the son thought the father was dead. But during those two days and nights he held another and strange belief. Having been buried at once in the ruins of his house in the darkness before dawn, he had seen nothing of the destruction of his native city, and he thought that only his own house had fallen. When the rescuers came, but before they had dug him out, he was heard faintly crying: "What have I done to be punished? Why should God castigate me and take care of every one else?" Even when his head came at last above the debris the first thing he said was: "Why should I only be punished? What have I done worse than my neighbors?" Then they told him that the whole city had been destroyed. Pages have been written about the horrors in Messina during the days that followed the tragedy, but the survivors have told me that many horrors have never been touched upon. A priest whom I know, and who lost his father, his mother, and the whole of his family except a brother who lives at Catania, was buried in his bed up to his chin. His face and head were above the debris. A great cat was imprisoned by masonry with him. It could move about, but could not escape. A day and a night went by, another day and another night. The third day came. The cat was starving. It attacked one of the priest's ears. At the critical moment help came. The priest, streaming with blood, was rescued. He said to me very simply, "It was a beautiful cat, and when we were saved it wanted to stay with me; it did not want to leave me." He told me that till the cat attacked him he did not feel any particular agitation. He could see light through various crevices. "But," he added, "the nights seemed very long."

EASTERN COAST OF SICILY

From a sketch made on the spot, in 1905, by Jay Hambidge.

Three people were rescued after being buried for twenty days, during which time they lived on a few onions, some oil, and some water.

Sister Mary of the Sanctuary, Franciscan Missionary of Mary, attached to the Convent of Sant' Orsola, Fornaci, Messina, but who has lived and worked for long in Taormina and is known to all who go there, told me several strange and interesting incidents connected with the earthquake which I have not seen in print.

The first is the story of the man with the bell. About three months before the earthquake, one of the sisters of the convent was passing along a busy street of Messina at evening when above the many noises of the city she heard the loud sound of a bell. It came nearer, and presently, at a corner, she saw an old man. He had a big bell in his hand, and was crying out something in Italian. When he was close to the sister she heard the words: "The people of Messina must repent and lead better lives, for a great disaster is coming upon the city. Repent! Repent! A

BETWEEN TAORMINA AND CATANIA

Giardini, site of the ancient Naxos is shown near the coast-line. Etna is seen in the background. Taormina is to the right of the dark hill. The observer has his back toward Messina which is an hour distant by rail.

great disaster is coming!" Round about the old man were people laughing at him and saying he was an old madman. Two or three, thinking that he was a crazy mendicant, offered him money. But he refused to take it, and disappeared, still ringing his bell and crying his dismal prophecy. At intervals before the earthquake this man reappeared. Many people in Messina heard and saw him. Never would he receive alms. He was there, he said, not to gain money, but to warn the Messinese of disaster and to urge them to prepare by leading good lives and avoiding evil ways. No one seemed to know who the old man was or whence he came. A little while before the earthquake he vanished.

The second story is even stranger. A woman, after the shock, was buried alone in her room. The door was blocked by fallen masonry. There was no means of ingress or egress, and the rest of the house had fallen in ruins. She was uninjured, but she was imprisoned. In this room she remained for eight days. It was a bedroom and contained no food. During the eight days she gave birth to twins. When searchers with picks and spades dug down to where she was, they found her and the twins strong and well. They took them out, and questioned her as to how she had managed to live, why she had not starved.

"Every day a woman came and brought me food," she answered.

They pointed out that this was impossible, as there was no means of getting into or out of the room, and the rest of the house had fallen.

"I know," she said. "Nevertheless, it is true. I do not know how she came or went. She never spoke to me or looked at me. She was there each day, put food for me on the table, and disappeared. I had never seen her before and do not know who she was."

They asked for some description of the visitor, but could obtain no details.

This woman was not raving. She was in good health, well nourished, and had nursed the twins, who are thriving. She persists in her story.

I told it to a Sicilian.

"It was the Madonna who brought her food," he said. "She often does such things."

A college for boys in Messina was wrecked by the earthquake, and of two boys who slept side by side one was killed on the spot, the other was only buried to the neck. The father of the dead boy came to search for his son. He was nearly distracted, and began trying to dig with his bare hands in the ruins close to the living boy. "Where is Giovanni?" he cried. "Where is my son?" "He is dead," replied Giovanni's schoolmate. "He was in the next bed to me, and was killed by the

falling of the ceiling." The father sprang up and was about to hurry away when the boy cried: "Don't leave me to die, too! Don't leave me! Help me to get out!" The man turned brutally on him. "My son is dead," he exclaimed, "and you can die, too. I won't help you." And he left the child to his fate. A woman of eighty was got out alive and fairly well after being buried for nineteen days.

Two sisters of eighty and eighty-five, Domenica and Gaetana Pesce, lived together. One was paralyzed, and for two years had not been able to move. The shock restored the power to her limbs. She and her sister unaided got out of their house, and without assistance made their way over the mountains of ruins and the bodies of the dead till, after nearly six hours' exertion, they reached the railway-station. As I write, they are here in Taormina.

One of the canons of Messina was buried up to the throat in a house the walls of which stood firm. A bit of one of his hands was free. As he looked upward he could see through a round hole in the roof a section of the sky. Much of the roof was wrecked, and a quantity of long canes were hanging down, one very near to his hand. For two days and nights he persistently tried to work his hand free enough to reach this cane. At last he succeeded. Then he pushed the end of the cane up through the hole in the roof, and for two more days and nights he moved it feebly to and fro in the hope of attracting some searcher's attention. On the fifth day a wanderer among the ruins saw a cane protruding through a hole at his feet, and moving. He stopped and looked down and the canon of Messina is among the saved.

To the convent school kept by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary came daily eighty children. About seventy of these were killed in their respective homes. All the sisters in the convent were eventually saved. On Tuesday morning when she heard of the earthquake, Sister Mary left Taormina by the first train. She reached Messina at four in the afternoon. A French nurse was with her. They made straight for the convent. She told me that their walk thither was the most frightful experience of her life. They had to tread over piles of corpses. From every side came the shrieks of the imprisoned, the wounded, the dying. "Give me a drop of water!" "My legs are broken; help me!" "I am being crushed; try to get me out!" Wherever she looked she saw hands protruding, the fingers clenching and unclenching, arms, legs, corpses lying on ledges, violet faces battered to pieces, as if they had been struck by hammers.

And already the robbers were at work. For the pillage in the first dreadful days was unceasing. The fingers of the living were cut off with knives for the sake of the rings they wore. Not even the revolvers of the Russians could keep at bay the human devils, one of whom set a half-buried man on fire while he robbed the house in order that no cries for assistance should reach the ears of the sailors.

Messina was an inferno. Those who were there during the first four days after the catastrophe uniformly declare that no adequate description of its overwhelming terrors could ever be given by tongue or pen.

"Do not try to imagine it!" they say. "But you cannot! You cannot!"

And Messina when I went to it twelve days after the earthquake?

The city was under martial law, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers which no one was allowed to pierce without special permission. The searchers were still busy among the ruins, and kept to their sad work for many days afterward. General Mazza was in supreme command. I had read again and again, in articles signed and unsigned, that Messina was now only a "plain of ruins," that the few houses which the earthquake had left standing had, by the general's order, been "razed to the ground." This statement, "Nothing remains except the mounds beneath which lie the bodies of the dead," had appeared in almost every paper which had come under my eyes. In others I had seen it announced that the smell from the decaying corpses could be detected half a mile from the city, that the ruins were infested by packs of mad dogs, that above them hovered flocks of predatory birds scenting their prey. A Sicilian, with a dramatic gesture like a violent washing of his hands, had exclaimed to me, *"Non c'è più Messina! Non esiste più!"* Everybody almost had said to me, "Messina is no more." I naturally expected to see a

great mass of fallen ruins stretching between mountains and sea, in which all salient features would be irreparably lost, in which, as I wandered, I should be unable to recognize any details of the once familiar town. And I thought in that fact, the impossibility of recognition, would lie the chief horror, that by it the spirit would be overwhelmed. Nothing surely could be worse than that—to come back to a friend turned into a ghastly stranger by misfortune.

At some distance from the station the train stopped, and we were made to get out and face the soldiers. The captain examined our papers and passed us in. We went on foot toward the station, walking on the line in a slight drizzle of rain. For that day the Sicilian sky was weeping over the abandoned city that had been one of Sicily's jewels, was weeping over the multitudes who had kept *Natale* so gaily, and who now, hidden from the eyes of men in graves of nature's making, were plunged in the last sleep.

I had been told that the station of Messina was unrecognizable. I found much of it standing. We went through it, straight along the line, then turned to the left, and came out into the great open space which used to be full of little victorias, noisy with the chatter of coachmen and the incessant cracking of their whips. Now there was not a sound, and no one was visible but a few forlorn-looking soldiers passing vaguely to and fro. Beyond them stood some tall houses. As I saw them, I realized that my imagination of what Messina was now had been wrong, that the descriptions I had heard and read had been inaccurate. Messina was not a plain of smoking ruins. That would have been a horror, a frank and a naked horror. The real horror was more subtle and, I think, much more terrible.

Can you conceive of a corpse pretending? That was Messina when I went there. Branwell Brontë stood up to die. Much of Messina stood up dead, as if with a hideous intent to deceive to trick one into a belief in her life.

At first I was amazed. I saw some destruction, but I saw what I thought were houses standing in which people might live. I, and those with me, passed along a whole row of tall dwellings. On the last was hanging a bold placard with, in white lettering, the announcement, "Sailor's Rest." We turned the corner—and then we understood. We had passed along a façade. Behind the façade all the houses had been literally disemboweled by the earthquake. That really is the expression which describes what had been done. The walls had been torn away and cast Heaven knows where, ceilings had been rent in two, floors shattered, furniture tossed out to the winds. Rooms, in some cases, seemed to be streaming down one into another almost as water into water. High up in the "Sailor's Rest" was a morsel of inside wall on which still hung safely on a nail an oleograph of Queen Victoria wearing a widow's cap and across her breast a blue ribbon. Below it was an abyss. And at the bottom of the abyss, beneath a mound of rubbish, were thirty buried bodies. A little to the left, also at the edge of an abyss, was a table covered with a white cloth, and evidently laid for breakfast, with plates and coffee-cups standing round. Was this a preparation for English-speaking men in a strange land? Probably; for Sicilians generally eat no breakfast. They drink a cup of coffee in the morning, anyhow and anywhere, and then are ready for the work of the day. Afterward, when I had gone farther into "the late Messina," as some one called the city, and had found a carved Madonna serenely dreaming above the terrors of the Piazza del Duomo, a Sicilian said to me: "There are two ladies saved, Signorino, the blessed Madonna and the Queen of England. The Madonna is saved because she cares for all poor people, and the Queen of England because the English sailors saved so many from destruction."

As I made my way to the Marina, passing the shattered barracks of the *carabinieri*, some of whose hats lay half-buried in rubbish, and the beheaded military college, a curious fact of the earthquake struck me. In multitudes of cases where the walls of a building resisted the shock, the whole of the interior was destroyed, whereas, when the walls went down, the interior, or a large part of it, stood firm.

Thus one was confronted by that subtle horror—the dead standing up, the corpse pretending. In the midst of this frightful disaster one was face to face with what seemed a sort of grinning attempt at deception. Messina on that day was more

terrible than Messina as it had been described. Those exposed interiors full of suggestions of intimate and family life,—toys of children scattered over a cracking floor, luggage with names painted on it piled under an attic roof, big beds with little beds near them, disordered supper-tables on which liqueur-glasses held the rain-water let in by the gaping wounds in the masonry,—they rent the beholders' hearts; those tall and massive palace halls inclosing emptiness appalled the imagination. For one could still see that all this was once Messina, the friendly town—one could still recognize the mutilated corpse. And in the recognition was tragedy that pierced to the core. No mounds of smoking rubbish and fallen masonry could be so terrible as the great pretense of palaces that still seemed looking across the sea to welcome coming ships; so pitiful as the seeming shops, with their signs, the painted names of their owners, their carefully closed shutters, behind which, buried with all their merchandise, lay those who were wont to take such pride in the daily business.

That was the truth. Messina had been utterly destroyed, but until one had gone through Messina very carefully, examined the ruins very thoroughly, it did not seem to be utterly destroyed. One was perpetually being deceived, and perpetually being enlightened; and always the seeming of soundness was a lie, and always the truth was frightful.

The principal street of Messina was the Corso Garibaldi. There, and in the Corso Cavour and in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, the heart of the city pulsed with a vivid life. There the women shopped and gossiped, the smiling barbers in their white jackets lounged at their doors to watch the passers-by, the gay young men strolled, cigarette in mouth, to gaze at the dark-eyed beauties for whom the city was famous, the business men gathered in knots to speak seriously of affairs. In this center of Messina were the principal hotel, the Trinacria; the opera-house in which "Aïda" was sung on the night before the end; the great palace of the Municipio opposite the piazza where the band played twice a week; besides the best-known shops and cafés.

I entered it, going softly between the spectral palaces lest even my tread should cause them to fall and overwhelm me.

There were no predatory birds hovering over the city, there were no prowling dogs. There were only the bands of searchers for the buried living, and the weary soldiers who kept the guard. And the only sound that disturbed the heavy silence as we came to the city's heart was the hiss of the rain on the pavements and on the heaped-up piles of rubbish.

In the Piazza of the Municipio, which was strewn with the leaves of books sodden with water, and scattered under the trees which were still erect, I stood still opposite the wall of a building the whole interior of which had collapsed. From the ruin looked out the large face of a clock on which the now motionless hands pointed to twenty-five minutes past five. This building was the Trinacria Hotel. The clock was always kept a little fast, so that travelers might be sure of getting to boat or train in plenty of time.

Going onward from this point, I came to the blatant destruction, the utter collapse, of which all the papers have spoken.

Everything had come down, outer walls and interiors. Articles of wearing apparel, letters, bedsteads, pianos, sofas, cabinets, wardrobes, brushes, chandeliers, pictures, embedded in plaster, wood, and stone, formed great mounds and dangerous causeways over which it was difficult to pass, over which to pass was horrible, for everywhere the dead lay underneath.

The Piazza del Duomo was like a scene in a nightmare, but above it, over the beautiful door of the cathedral, still watched the carved Madonna. The earthquake had struck the *bambino* out of her arms. She, like so many thousands, was bereaved, yet she looked strangely serene. And, noticing her still serenity, I could not help mentally comparing it with the amazing resignation of humanity under affliction, never surely more completely demonstrated than in Sicily, and probably in Italy, too, during this time of anguish. I have spoken of it already, but must speak of it once more. It seems to have struck every one who has watched or tended the refugees, everybody who has talked intimately with the utterly ruined. For agony, for loss, for physical, mental, and moral torment that cries to Heaven, there can be no compensation in this world. Humanity, one might well suppose, has almost a right to raise a fearful protest, ut-

terly useless, of course, but in the circumstances surely natural. But here in Sicily I have nearly always found a quiet endurance, an extraordinary acceptance of the decree. "*Il Dio lo vuole!*" said a dark-eyed girl who had lost her fiancé in the ruins, whose father has utterly disappeared and been no more heard of since the earthquake, and whose carefully prepared trousseau, and the pretty earrings and gold neck chain bought with pride for the wedding-day, lie crushed beneath her fallen home. And what this girl said, thousands of Sicilians, I believe, have said and are saying. Wonderfully few complain. That at least is my experience and the experience of many foreigners whom I know. This terror was to be. It has been. God willed it. *E basta!*

But with the great resignation there is mingled resolution to take up the threads of life, to start again, to form new ties, set to new tasks. In the Italian Parliament it was said, "Messina shall rise again!" and a roar of cheering followed the prophecy. And most of these poor, stricken fugitives, crushed down under the iron heel of a great calamity, hold deep in their hearts the murmur, "I will rise again." It is marvelous that it should be so, but human beings are marvelous.

On the second night after my arrival in Taormina, when it was quite dark, my Sicilian servant came to tell me that there had that moment arrived from Messina, nearly naked, a man he knew, starving, penniless, and bereft of his wife, all his children, and all his relatives. He was now outside the hotel. I went out to speak to him.

There stood, shivering and exhausted, a thin, ghastly, middle-aged man, his body barely covered enough for decency, absolutely alone in the world, deprived in one moment, only a few days before, of literally every one and everything he had cared for and possessed. This I know, for I took the trouble to find out all about the man. He was waiting there, and why? What did he want? Everything, of course. And what did he ask for?

All he asked for was the money to buy a third-class ticket to Catania. I inquired why he wished to go there at once. Had he any relatives, any friends, there? None, he answered. Then why must he go there? "*Trovare lavoro* (to find work)," was his answer. It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to stay in Taormina for a couple of days' repose. He had been living among the ruins for eight days.

Yes, Messina and Reggio will rise again, and the stricken Italians and Sicilians will rise again to go to work, to begin life once more.

Yesterday the sun shone brightly, the air was warm, and though it was mid-January, there seemed to be among the olive-trees and in the lemon-groves a scented breathing of spring. I sat on a rock above the sea, which was dyed with a multitude of shades of purple and blue, and I looked toward the Strait of Messina. I could see where the strait began, and, naturally enough, I thought of the misery and the horror that have made the whole world shudder. As I looked out upon the marvelously various beauty of the sea, at the mountains bathed in sunlight, at distant Calabria, a country of dream kissed by the dreaming waters, I remembered the legend of the lovely woman who was by night a vampire, and, for a moment, the loveliness I gazed on set a coldness about my heart.

A gay little sound disturbed me—a sound that must surely come from an early world, where no sorrow could ever abide, where in eternal sunbeams, and by silver streams of Arcady, life must wander on dancing feet. I looked up, and there among his goats a brown-skinned Sicilian boy on a flute of reed was playing the tarantella.

Tirelessly he played in the sunshine, on and on till the deliciously careless tune seemed to become one with the sunbeams and the exquisite blue about me, one with the scented breath that was like the breath of an eternal spring among the olive- and lemon-trees.

Could the wounded, the ruined, the bereaved hear his piping in the village close by? I was moved to hush his music. But then I thought of the words, "Messina shall rise again!" and I was thankful as I realized fully that there is something in the soul of humanity that is stubborn, that hopes against hope, something that in the most cruel moments will, if but faintly, reluctantly, respond to joy, the murmur that even now with the reed flute might make a harmony. And I listened to the tarantella without silent protest, remembering that "Messina shall rise again!"

ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF HARVARD

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

THAT the choosing of a successor to President Eliot should be regarded as an event of national importance measures the dignity to which Mr. Eliot has raised the presidency of Harvard and the range of his influence during the forty years of his administration. At his election, the academic world understood so little the course of evolution for the higher education in America, and they had gaged so inaccurately Mr. Eliot's latent powers, that they did not recognize for a long time that in him they had the man predestined for the task.

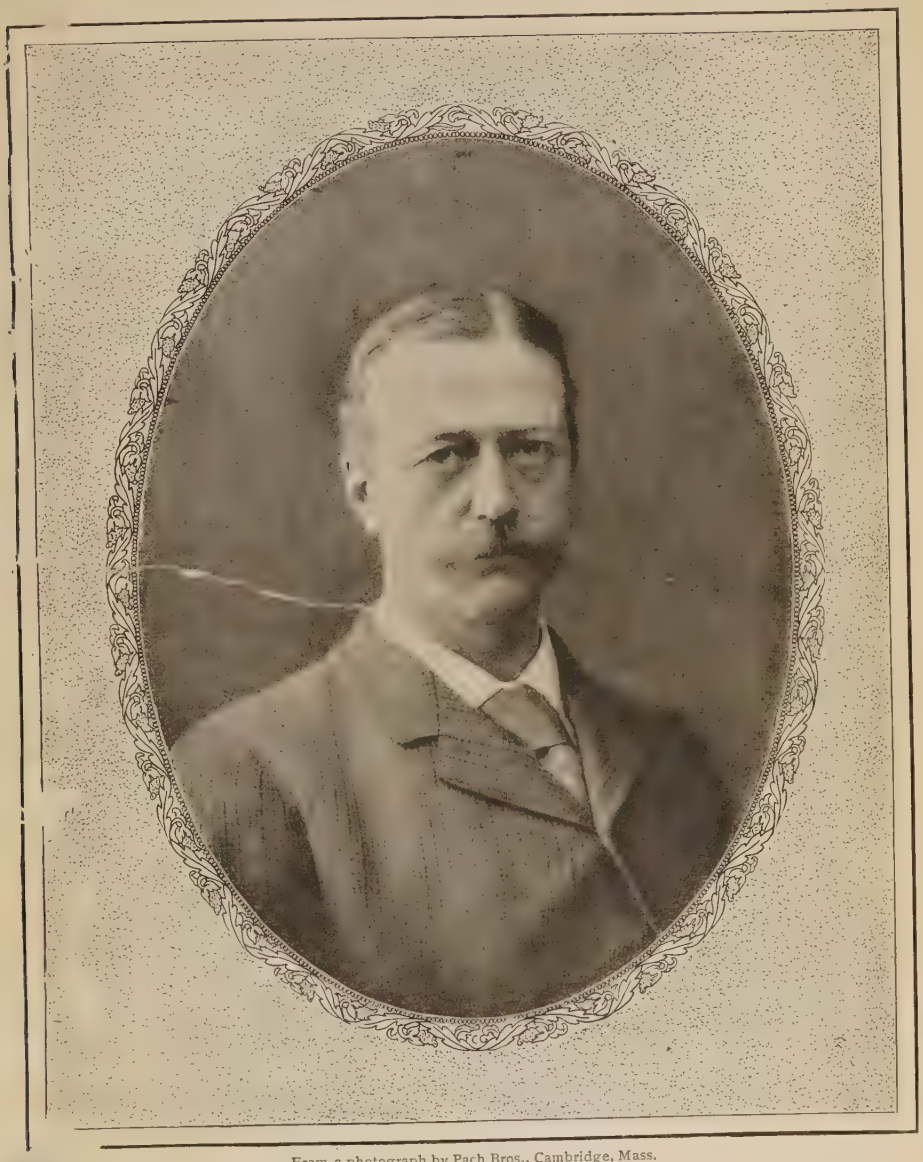
A very different reception has greeted Professor Lowell's election. The needs of Harvard, and, incidentally, of American universities are known, and, after the closest scrutiny of many candidates, his superior equipment is almost universally conceded. In old times it was thought that a college could be safely intrusted only to a minister or to a classical professor. Now the head of a great institution like Harvard must possess not only an interest in scholarship, but knowledge of affairs, executive efficiency, social aptitude, and ability to speak in public; he must enjoy the confidence of the alumni and of the outside supporters of the University; and—if the gods are lavish in their gifts—he will know how to capture and hold the loyalty of the students.

Abbott Lawrence Lowell has these diverse qualifications in unusual abundance. He comes of the oldest Massachusetts stock, in which public service, business enterprise and devotion to civic, intellectual and religious concerns are almost hereditary. Born in Boston in 1856, he was graduated at Harvard in 1877, and at the Law School in 1880. He practised law successfully for above fifteen years, wrote a law-book, watched the functioning of municipal, State and national politics, fastened on the study of government and made it his specialty, and, in 1897, began to lecture at Harvard. Professor since 1900, he has given one of the large popular courses, and has thrown himself with characteristic energy into university affairs. He has also been a member of the Boston School Board and a trustee of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and he has managed the Lowell Institute, which calls for more than a surface acquaintance with the paramount issues of the time. As writer, he published, in 1896, "Governments and Parties of Continental Europe," and, last year, "The Government of England," works of permanent value, packed with information, judicial, thorough, open-minded.

Thus from the study of administration Mr. Lowell is promoted to administer a highly organized institution. He finds Harvard University a federation of seven graduate schools, each self-governing, and Harvard College, besides half a dozen museums and laboratories. His special task will be the reconstruction of the college, the enriching of the life of the students, the stiffening of the general average of scholarship, and perhaps the demarcation of "honor" from [illegible]s" men.

Mr. Lowell's friends have smiled at the suggestion that his age might debar him. His fifty-two represents most men's thirty. With him, as with President Eliot, years seem powerless to quench the buoyancy and enthusiasm of youth; they bring experience and mature judgment, but in-

stead of checking energy, they simply add to it. His mind is quick and keen, his wit ready, his endurance of physical or intellectual strain remarkable. A specialist, he is versatile in his interests, with the had the good fortune to escape, during the period when the mind comes to its own, that treadmill of academic routine which leaves so many college teachers dull or narrow at forty-five. His con-



From a photograph by Pach Bros., Cambridge, Mass.

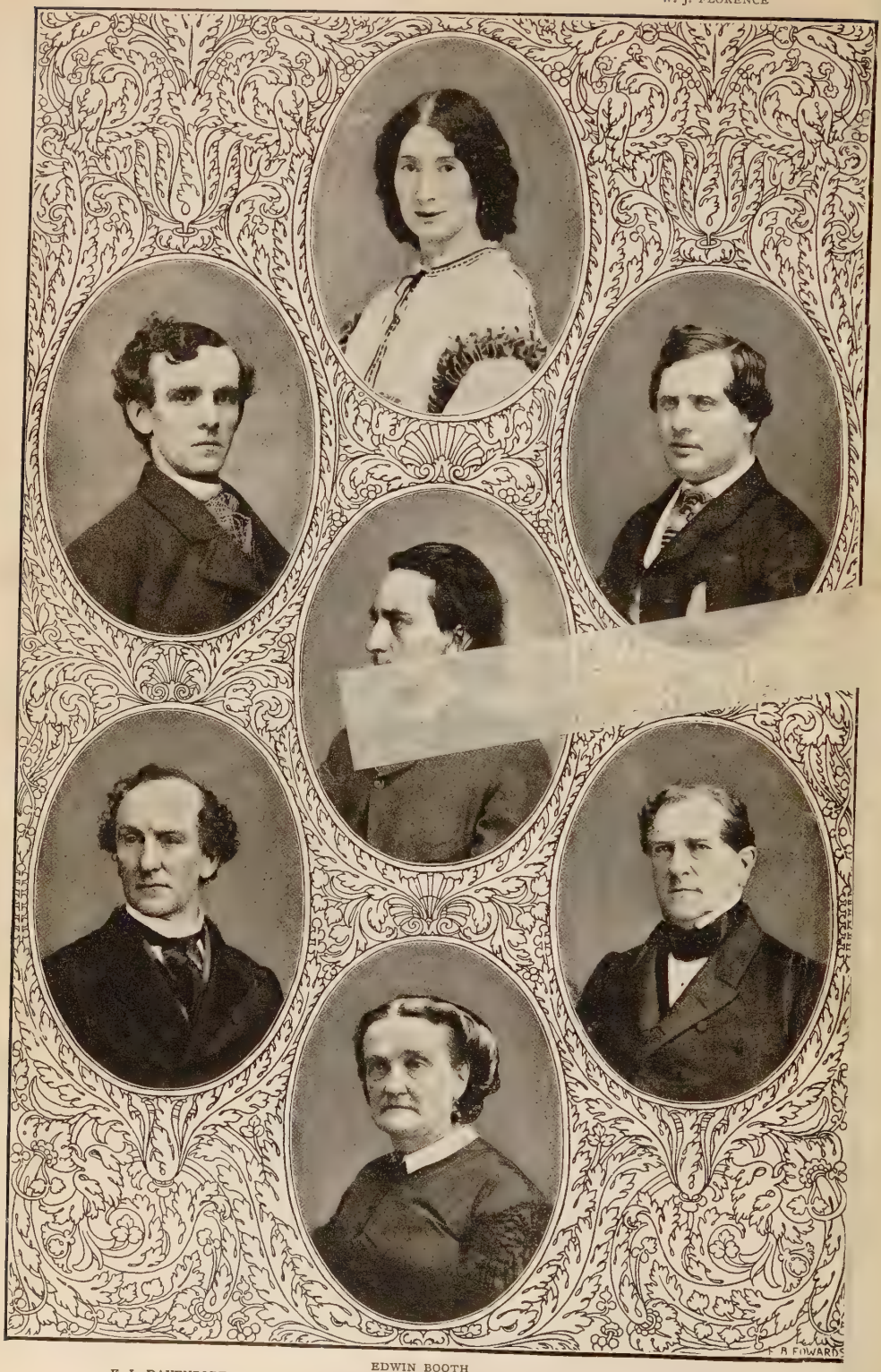
ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL

unquenched curiosity of the true man of science. In college, he was the champion long-distance runner, and you could safely back him now to win any contest of a higher sort which called for pluck, self-reliance, tenacity, and second wind. He tacts with men and interests are national, —nay, international,—since for many years he has had relations with the leaders of transatlantic thought and action. This breadth is indispensable in the president of a national university.

LAWRENCE BARRETT

LAURA KEENE

W. J. FLORENCE



E. L. DAVENPORT

EDWIN BOOTH

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

J. H. HACKETT

From an old wood-cut

EXTERIOR OF GROVER'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON

LINCOLN'S INTEREST IN THE THEATER

BY LEONARD GROVER

BORN and reared in western New York in the political atmosphere of William H. Seward, I left college at the age of nineteen, and with some of my fellow-students visited several parts of the country, giving amateur entertainments, musical and literary. The experience gained in exploiting and advertising our entertainments led to my taking charge of a professional concert tour, through which association I saw almost our entire country. Abandoning the amusement field, as I supposed permanently, I became connected with "The Southern Financial Reporter," published in Baltimore, and subsequently its editor. In its service I attended several commercial conventions in the South.

At Petersburg, Virginia, in the latter part of 1858, I attended the theater at which Maggie Mitchell was playing a star engagement. In the cast appeared the name of John Wilkes, playing the character of *Uncas,* an Indian. He seemed the most talented actor in the company, and later I learned that he was John Wilkes Booth. Some little time after John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry I was in Richmond, where for the second time I saw John Wilkes Booth. He had left his position at the theater and had joined the Richmond Grays. Clad in the uniform of that battalion, and without any of his military companions, at least none in uniform, he was visiting the bars of the hotels and earnestly and bitterly asserting what manner of punishment should be meted out to John Brown.

The printers of our paper were of Quaker descent, from Pennsylvania, and held the accepted Quaker ideas against slavery. While I had been entirely silent on the subject as became one of my position in a journal distinctly Southern, they knew well my opinions in that respect. So it was with no little surprise that I received a personal invitation from them to accompany a delegation which was to visit Mr. Lincoln at Willard's Hotel in Washington, prior to his inauguration. To please them, I consented. The most I could conceive of the purpose of the delegation was a congratulatory call on the President-elect. We were admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence in a small chamber of Willard's Hotel where he received us cordially and shook hands with each one.

In our party was a burly gentleman,

whose name I have forgotten, possessed of a great head, the size of which was materially amplified by a bristling shock of dark hair. It suddenly became apparent that he was to be the orator of the delegation. His features were saturnine, and one of his eyes was afflicted with strabismus to a degree that rendered General Butler a thing of beauty. When our gentleman smiled, it was necessary that one should love him dearly in order not to turn one's vision away in protest. He began:

"Mr. President"; to which Mr. Lincoln interjected "Not yet." Then our orator, smiling, began again: "Mr. President-*elect*."

Probably owing to the smile, Mr. Lincoln instantly dodged his gaze, and rested his eyes fixedly on me. It was a distressing oration, out of which cropped nothing but the utter selfishness of their mission. Though there had been only the fraction of a Republican party in Baltimore, the orator recounted how they had stood the brunt of obloquy, of abuse, of threats, and now it was but a matter of simple justice that they should be given the offices.

Whether it was that my face wore a counter smile of doubt, or whether he recoiled from the eye of the orator, Mr. Lincoln directed his entire response, by voice and gesture, direct to me. He thanked them for their visit and the expression of their good wishes. He sailed rapidly over existing conditions and at length found one of his famous similes. He likened the delegation to the zealous soldiers of the Crusade, discarding their homes and comfort, suffering the tortures of long marches, assailed by sickness, and at all times ready to give their lives for their belief. He pictured this distressed army attacking a walled city. Under fierce fires of arrows and huge catapults, they dragged their scaling ladders and placed them against the ramparts. With rapidly thinning ranks, they mounted round by round and ultimately some of them reached the top. The tide of the contest turned in their favor, and the besieged city was taken. "But, gentlemen," he concluded with a genial smile, "those heroic soldiers who were first on top of the walls did n't get the offices."

The delegation was answered and they seemed pleased. They had been likened to the Crusaders.

During the summer that followed, I was engaged in raising the First and Second Maryland regiments. Shortly after I removed to Washington and assumed the management of Grover's Theatre.

No President and few men ever went through so trying a personal ordeal as did Mr. Lincoln during the Civil War. Scarce a soldier gained a furlough who did not try to see him, nor a man with a petty wish or grievance who did not seek his personal aid. With a nature the most gracious, genial, and kind, it was almost impossible for him to stay them from his presence. To gain relief from the many importunates, he often sought the theater for rest and relaxation.

During the four years of his administration, he visited my theater probably more than a hundred times. He often came alone, many times brought his little son Tad, and on special occasions, Mrs. Lincoln. So far as I know he was never accompanied by any other member of his household. Mr. Nicolay and Mr. Hay, his secretaries, made frequent visits, together, but did not personally accompany the President. The tutor of Mr. Lincoln's younger boys,—Robert was away at Harvard,—occasionally came with Tad, but never with the President. It was evident that Mr. Lincoln came to be alone. At times he invited me to sit in the box with him, when such conversation as took place was always about the theater. As auditor, or spectator, Mr. Lincoln was not exacting. As is well known, he was exceedingly conversant with Shakspere. He enjoyed a classical representation, of which I gave many, with such stars as Charlotte Cushman, E. L. Davenport, James W. Wallack, Edwin Booth (his sole engagement in Washington), but he was satisfied with being entertained and amused, and to have his mind taken from the sea of troubles which awaited him elsewhere. On one occasion he said to me, "Do you know, Mr. Grover, I really enjoy a minstrel show."

Mrs. Lincoln was fond of the opera, and during the weeks in which I gave opera, they were almost nightly in attendance.

"TAD" LINCOLN AS A SUPERNUMERARY

I RECALL with warm affection Tad Lincoln and his merry pranks. The theater

caught his fancy and after many visits with his father, and occasional ones with his tutor, he felt at home and frequently came alone to the rehearsals, which he watched with rapt interest. He made the acquaintance of the stage attachés, who liked him and gave him complete liberty of action. As he could not sit contentedly in listless observation, he soon betrayed a desire to render assistance in whatever manner he might. He would frequently aid the property men in placing the stage settings. On the nights when he came alone, he was more of the time on the stage than in the auditorium.

At one time John McDonough was playing an engagement in a spectacular extravaganza entitled, "The Seven Sisters." The story was of a fabulous nature, the sisters being represented as banished from Heaven and as having returned to Earth to find suitable companions to accompany them in their doomed trip to the Inferno. As the play admitted of the introduction of modern episodes and local topics, McDonough, who was very patriotic, had interpolated an army tableau in which he sang a song that had great vogue, entitled, "Rally 'Round the Flag." The stage soldiers would join him in the chorus. Tad attended several performances of this play and was greatly taken with it; the fairy tinsel, fanciful costumes, bright and pretty scenery, appealed to him with more than usual interest. It might have been the first Christmas play he had ever witnessed. One night he induced his father to come. While Mr. Lincoln was engaged in watching the performance, Tad quietly stole out of the box and upon the stage. He went to the wardrobe and obtained an army blouse and cap, much too large for him, and when McDonough's song was ready for the chorus, there was Tad at the end of the soldier line, clad in his misfit uniform and singing at the top of his voice. The President had a bad quarter of a minute of shock at the sight, but the humor of the situation quickly restored him, and he laughed immoderately.

Nobody in the audience had the remotest idea that the President's son was taking part; he was accepted as an important factor in the scene, a sort of genus of Patriotic Young America. McDonough caught the spirit of the opportunity, walked over to the end and placed the American flag he had been waving in Tad's hands. Tad promptly rose to the occasion, took the initiative, stepped a little in front of the line, and waving the flag to the music, began to sing with all the might of his childish treble the refrain:

"We are coming, father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,—
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom."

My little son, who was something more than five years Tad's junior, became acquainted with Tad and on the common ground of the theater they became quite chummy. They fished for goldfish in the fountains at the White House, and on one occasion, when the spirit of carnival was prevailing, they donned two demon dresses from the wardrobe of the theater and boldly set out for adventure on the Avenue. My partner Mr. Hess caught them and terminated the frolic. In 1864 Tad was allowed to fit up a room in the White House as a miniature theater, for which I lent him costumes and stage properties.

STANTON AS A BUTTONHOLER

THERE was one night when Mr. Lincoln came alone, and invited me to sit for a while. After half an hour, Mr. Stanton, who had followed in pursuit, entered the box unannounced and seated himself, giving me a glance that might have been construed as a suggestion that I was in the way. Mr. Lincoln introduced me to the Secretary, and after an interchange of courtesies, I was about to withdraw, when Mr. Lincoln asked me impressively to remain. Inferring that my presence might be useful to him, I sat slightly behind them and in the center, leaving the President in front nearest the stage and the Secretary beside him and slightly to his left. Now this of itself would scarcely deserve chronicling, but the incident illustrates the masterful, somewhat aggressive methods of the Secretary and the gracious, forbearing nature of the President, who, with ever polite tenacity, insisted on having his own way.

Mr. Stanton immediately began a conversation in a low tone of voice, the nature of which I made it my business not to hear. Mr. Lincoln responded in a short sentence and let his eyes drift away to the

stage. Mr. Stanton resumed in a longer statement. Mr. Lincoln turned quietly, nodded two or three times gently, and again his eyes sought the stage. This was repeated, Mr. Stanton's speeches always low, as both were in sight of the audience, growing in length, and Mr. Lincoln listening, nodding in an affable manner that said neither yes nor no, and then turning to the stage. This continued for some minutes until Mr. Lincoln's nods grew more infrequent, till finally he would do the nodding while his face was turned away and he was apparently occupied with the performance. Then Mr. Stanton twice deliberately reached out, grasped Mr. Lincoln by the lapel of his coat, slowly pulled him round face to face, and continued the conversation. Mr. Lincoln responded to this brusque act with all the smiling geniality that one might bestow on a similar act from a favorite child, but soon again turned his eyes to the stage.

I had pushed myself a little to the rear to indicate that I was not listening, and, in fact, I don't think I heard a word from first to last. I imagined that Mr. Stanton might be pursuing a subject that Mr. Lincoln had come away from the White House to avoid, and that Mr. Lincoln was not so much interested in the play as desirous that Mr. Stanton should think he was. Finally, impressed with the futility of his efforts, Mr. Stanton arose, said good night, and withdrew. Mr. Lincoln vouchsafed no explanation to me, but appeared to get much satisfaction out of the rest of the play.

As far as I know, that was the only visit Mr. Stanton ever paid to our theater, unlike other members of the Cabinet, notably Governor Chase, Montgomery Blair, and above all, Secretary Seward. There were family reasons that led Secretary Seward to take more than a passing interest in my welfare. He had begun his law-practice in Auburn in the office of my great-uncle John; he occupied the old homestead at the corner of Grover and Seneca streets; and he had visited my uncle's and my father's families in my childhood. Seward was a great admirer of the classical drama, especially those plays that dealt in state-craft, and I remember a dinner at his house in Edwin Booth's honor to which I was invited. Mr. Lincoln attended Edwin Booth's performances several times. He particularly admired his *Ruy Blas,* a part expressing sentiment, while Seward's admiration was for the crafty *Richelieu.*

ACTING-COACHMAN TO THE PRESIDENT

In January, 1863, a short time after the fiat of Emancipation, much feeling was shown in Washington against that measure even by many officers of the army. The immediate neighborhood of my theater, surrounded as it was by all kinds of saloons, was perhaps the center of such antipathy. Scenes of violence with pistol and knife were of frequent occurrence. The provost guard had kept the turbulent spirits under fair control, but now, with the prevailing sentiment against emancipation, threats of violence against its author were not uncommon. I have always believed that Mr. Lincoln was in ignorance of the prevailing temper.

At such a time Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, with Schuyler Colfax, the Speaker of the House, and without guard or special attendance, appeared one evening at the theater. As I had been forewarned I met them at the curb and conducted the party through a private passage to their box. Then I retired to my private office, in front, on the second floor, where I had many duties to perform. Through the thin door I was made aware of the arrival and departure of the provost guard and, satisfied with the quiet conditions, I continued with my work until I was warned by the sound of the dispersing audience that the performance was over.

I hurriedly descended the stairs and met the President's party as they were leaving the box. We sauntered to the front of the auditorium, impeded by the gradual exit of the large audience, and I again conducted them through the private passageway to the street. By this time the audience had almost entirely departed. The President's carriage was drawn up against the curb, and a crowd of more than a hundred persons was gathered about it. Just as we reached the sidewalk, an outburst of jeering laughter greeted us. It was evidently not provoked by the appearance of the President, and there was nothing distinctly threatening in its character. Something had happened, something coarsely funny.

It transpired that during the time the President's party was within the theater, the coachman, an Irishman under thirty years, instead of returning to the White House stables had accepted an invitation to take a drink in one of the numerous saloons, leaving the carriage in the charge of a drummer-boy who, after losing an arm in the service, had found employment with the President. One drink led to many, and after nearly three hours the coachman was as full as he could hold of bad liquor.

In ignorance of the coachman's condition I opened the carriage door, handed in Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Colfax following. As I closed the door of the carriage there was a second jeering outburst. I turned to learn the cause. The one-armed drummer-boy was on the box holding the lines in his single hand, while the coachman, having slipped from the wheel in his effort to mount to his seat, had fallen on the pavement. The coachman slowly regained his feet, staggered slightly, and then with a supreme effort clambered over the wheel, landed on the box, seized the reins from the hand of the drummer-boy, and turning to take his seat—fell sprawling his full length on the walk.

The jeering shout which followed had a threatening tone. Any overt act, the throwing of a stone, might have resulted in catastrophe. Twisting the reins from the fallen coachman's hand, I sprang to the box and started the team in quick time. At the head of the triangle, I pulled up and asked the President where he would like me to drive. He asked me, if I would n't mind, to take Mr. Colfax home. So to Mr. Colfax's house we went, somewhere off to the north of the Capitol; then we returned by way of F Street to the White House. When we arrived there, I handed the carriage over to the attendants.

As we stood under the White House portico, Mr. Lincoln grasped one of my hands and Mrs. Lincoln the other. Mr. Lincoln said, "Mr. Grover, you have done me a very great service to-night and one that I shall never forget. I have this to say to you; if at any time you want anything and it is in my power to grant it, you have only to ask and it shall be done."

Mrs. Lincoln tugged at my other hand and said, "Remember, Mr. Grover—what Mr. Lincoln says, he means."

Beyond treasuring those pleasant words, and the gracious manner with which they were impressed upon me, I gave the matter no further thought whatever. But I was to hear further from the incident. It came to be talked of, and some people went so far as to say that I had saved Mr. Lincoln's life. I knew that I had extricated him from a very annoying situation.

MR. LINCOLN'S SECOND NOMINATION

THE Baltimore Convention of 1864 went through the customary preliminaries and on the second day, June 8, adjourned the presentation of candidates until the evening. Instead of awaiting news at the White House Mr. Lincoln came to my theater and was placed by me in a box by himself. He said to me: "There is a convention, as I suppose you know, Mr. Grover, and I thought I would get away for a little while, lest they make me promise too much." He took a program and said, "Let 's see what you are giving us to-night."

At about nine o'clock, a messenger came from the White House with a telegram, instructed to deliver it to me. It was addressed to Mr. Lincoln. I took it to him, and it was found to contain the first news for him of his nomination. It is safe to say that in ordinary conversation, of twenty remarks made by Mr. Lincoln, nineteen of them were accompanied by a genial smile. "Well," said he, with the characteristic smile, "they have nominated me again." I ventured to congratulate him and to predict his reëlection. "I think it looks that way," he said, "but I am a little bit curious to know what man they are going to harness up with me. Still, I reckon I 'll stay a little while longer and look at the play."

The solitary presence of Mr. Lincoln on that occasion, when the one thought of the entire nation was upon him, when the White House was invaded and surrounded by an army of partizans, office-holders, and office-seekers, argues that he sought the theater as a sanctum of repose, his tired soul and body seeking a little rest, a little relaxation.

LINCOLN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD STANTON

In the month of August, 1864, while on my way from New York to Boston to arrange for performances of opera, I encountered Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-general, on one of the Bay Line boats. He seemed to be quite unattended and immediately engaged me in conversation. Referring to the impending Presidential election, he considered Mr. Lincoln's prospects for reëlection were fair and discussed the conditions at great length. But he added: "There is a strong feeling throughout the country against Mr. Stanton. The election would be a much safer proposition if he were retired."

Finally he said, "Mr. Lincoln likes you, Mr. Grover; he will give a great deal of consideration to anything you tell him." I protested politely. "Oh, yes he does," continued Mr. Blair. "I have heard him mention a service you rendered him. You ought to see him and impress upon him the possible danger of defeat if he continues to retain Mr. Stanton."

I replied that I could not think of taking a liberty of that kind. But Mr. Blair continued to argue the matter as though the decision really lay with me. I am afraid my head began to grow, for at last I assured him that if opportunity offered, I would place that opinion before the President.

Upon the completion of my various contracts, I returned to Washington to prepare for the opening of the theatrical season. After two or three days had passed, I sauntered up to the White House to pay my customary compliments to the President.

"Well, Mr. Grover," said the President, "what have you got in store for us this season?" I recounted a list of the forthcoming stars and plays, of the musicians I had employed, and added that, mindful of his liking for a minstrel band, I had engaged Hooley's Minstrels to follow after the regular season had closed.

He laughed heartily and said, "So you remembered that? Well, that was thoughtful of you." And then changing the subject, said, "Well, tell me, what do the people up through that part of the country say about the election?"

Here was the cue for the first speech in Mr. Blair's drama, for the latter had said: "He is sure to ask you,—'What do they say about the election?'" In some manner, I managed to convey to the President that there was an opinion among many that Mr. Stanton's presence in the Cabinet was a *handicap*. I shall never forget his answer. He was no longer the man talking about current amusements, but the President grasping the great problem of saving the Union:

"Mr. Grover," he said impressively, "many people tell me that. I feel that Mr. Stanton is not generally popular. And if they 'll find me a man who will do his *work* I 'll dismiss him."

He put a ringing accent on the word "work," for which Stanton was known to be a glutton; eighteen hours a day being too few for him.

On election day, I was giving opera in Philadelphia. Later in November when I returned to Washington I called to congratulate Mr. Lincoln on his reëlection.

"Well," said he, recalling my own phrase, "they stood for the handicap. When they were advising me against Stanton, I knew that my term of office did not expire till next March. I felt that with Grant and Stanton's help we would have the rebellion subdued by that time. And I still believe we shall. So I took whatever chance there might have been with Stanton, rather than take any part of a chance for defeat in a purpose much greater than my election. I thought in the emergency it was bad policy to swap horses."

THE ASSASSINATION

Lincoln's various biographers with singular unanimity have refrained from alluding to that which was his chief diversion. One of them says "Rulers of men must occasionally appear among the people; and it was more for this reason than for personal entertainment that Mr. Lincoln, with his wife and a few attendants, visited Ford's Theatre." The truth is that there was not the slightest atom of hypocrisy about Mr. Lincoln. He visited the theater as he listed, to be entertained, and for relaxation.

John T. Ford, manager of the rival theater, was an amiable gentleman, whose political proclivities differed little from mine. He was a stanch member of the Union party, which elected him to office as President of the Board of Aldermen, and acting Mayor, of the City of Baltimore. Doubtless his personal sympathies were

with his state and with that portion of the country in which he was born and reared, as mine were with my own native section. But he was as chary of expressing them as I was. It is therefore to completely absolve him in the memory of all from any possible connection with the crime which led to Mr. Lincoln's death, that I make this statement.

Mr. Lincoln had reserved a box at my theater for that fatal night, and it should be noted that up to that time he had never attended Mr. Ford's theater. It afterward came to light that Wilkes Booth, or his allies, made elaborate preparations to consummate their purpose at Grover's Theatre.

Within the last three years I have learned this additional fact from John Deery, the then billiard champion of America, who kept a large billiard saloon directly over the front entrance to Grover's Theatre. Deery has told me that during that fatal Friday, Wilkes Booth came to him in his office and, pleading that he did not want to put himself under obligations to Mr. Hess, who was my associate in the management, by accepting a complimentary box, which of course would be tendered him should he offer to pay at the box office, asked Deery to go down and buy a box, as though for himself, and handed him the money to pay for it. Deery said he did as he was requested, and if Mr. Lincoln had visited my theater that night, Wilkes Booth would have had the adjoining box.

But some time during the day Mrs. Lincoln learned that Laura Keene was to have a benefit and a last appearance at Ford's and she requested Mr. Lincoln to change his destination.

On that eventful day I was in New York, busily getting ready for my approaching Easter season of opera at the Academy of Music. I had passed a laborious day and retired at, for me, an early hour at the old Metropolitan Hotel. I was soundly sleeping when a sharp rap at the door awoke me, and some one called, "Mr. Grover, here 's a telegram for you." Thinking it was the usual message from one of the theaters (for I was then managing a Philadelphia theater as well) which would simply convey the amount of the receipts of the house, I called back: "Stick it under the door."

But the rapping continued with vigor, and there were calls, "Mr. Grover, Mr. Grover, please come to the door!"

I arose, hastily opened the door, when the light disclosed the long hall compactly crowded with people. Naturally, I was astonished. A message was handed to me with the request: "Please open that telegram and tell us if it 's true."

I opened it and read:

"President Lincoln shot to-night at Ford's Theatre. Thank God it was n't ours. C. D. Hess."

I was horrified. The phrasing of the telegram was unmistakably that of Mr. Hess. I said, "Gentlemen, it is undoubtedly true." A heavy sigh and subdued moan like that of the quieter stages of a funeral arose from the crowd.

Mr. Hess had hastened to inform me of the tragic event and his telegram had had precedence over the news despatches. After nine o'clock there was then no uptown telegraphic service; the messenger spreading the dreadful news had hastened from the corner of Liberty Street and Broadway, and the chance wayfarers, at that rather late hour for lower Broadway, had accompanied him one and all bent upon learning if the telegram was true.

After Lee's surrender, as has been frequently attested, Mr. Lincoln's every thought was of conciliation. From no actions or expressions of Mr. Ford (for he was seldom in attendance at his Washington theater), there had gradually come about a separation and widening of the theatrical clans, until Ford's Theatre had been regarded as the accepted House of the Bourbons. I have sometimes thought that perhaps the motive which prompted Mr. Lincoln to visit Ford's, that night, was in furtherance of his general purpose, to extend the hand of conciliation.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE

In the early part of 1866, about one year after the assassination, having taken a theater in New York, I moved to that city. While I had a special desk at my home for current work, there had accumulated a vast quantity of miscellaneous papers which I bestowed in a large and deep bureau drawer. One hot day in July, I set

out to overhaul these. The task was a long one, and countless papers were sorted and destroyed, or classified and filed. When I was nearing the bottom, I picked up a letter which had a strip of paper fluttering from it. There had been humidity and the slip of paper had become attached to the gum of the envelop. I pulled off the strip of paper. It had evidently been torn from the margin of a newspaper and sent in that form. On it I read, written with a pencil:

"Dear Mr. Grover, Tad and I will occupy the box to-night. A. LINCOLN."

Because of its unique character, I had preserved it.

Then I opened the letter to which the strip had attached itself, and found that it was a letter from John Wilkes Booth applying for a starring engagement, written and sent by him from Cleveland.

Almost immediately afterward, I related the circumstance to Mr. Stoddard, who had had a clerical position in the White House, and was then connected with the New York "Evening Post," and he published the coincidence in that paper at the time.

LINCOLN AND WILKES BOOTH AS SEEN ON THE DAY OF THE ASSASSINATION

BY M. HELEN PALMES MOSS

MY first introduction into Washington life was in the autumn of 1864. While it was not an uncommon sight to see President Lincoln on the street or in a box at the theater, I had never met him face to face until, at the Inauguration Ball, March 4, 1865, passing in line with the multitude, I received a kindly grasp of the hand that I again held on the day of his tragic death.

The fall of Richmond, Virginia, on April 3, 1865, and the surrender of General Lee on April 9, virtually closed the War of the Rebellion. There was great rejoicing all over the land. Plans for the celebration of the event were being made in every city of the Union. As my home was then in Washington, I was naturally interested in the great celebration that was to be there on April 14. Business houses and government buildings, as well as most private residences, were gorgeously decorated with flags and bunting. The theaters were brilliantly draped, extra attractions were put on the boards, with flaming advertisements to attract the multitude that would be abroad that night. The two principal theaters, the "National" (sometimes called "Grover's") and "Ford's," were vying with each other to secure the largest patronage, for they had always been great rivals. A private box had been specially decorated in each theater, with the hope of having the President and his family occupy it.

J. Wilkes Booth, an actor of little prominence except as the brother of the great tragedian, Edwin Booth, but who, having once been a member of the National Stock Company, was well acquainted with the managers, Leonard Grover and C. Dwight Hess, having the night before called to see if an invitation was to be sent to the President to occupy their box, came the next morning to learn the answer.

If the President went to the National Theatre, he was to be shot while alighting from his carriage, as Booth had found no one connected with the theater to assist him; consequently, he was very anxious that morning to know which invitation

was accepted, Grover's or Ford's, and had early made his appearance at the office of the National to wait the return of the messenger who had been sent with the invitation.

Mr. C. D. Hess was my brother-in-law, and consequently I enjoyed great privileges at the theater and often attended.

Wallack and Davenport had been playing a series of Shaksperian plays that were a joy to the President, who dearly loved tragedy. Mr. Hess had counted on having him at the performance of "Aladdin," and naturally was as anxious as Booth to learn the result of his note. It was a glorious morning. Bands were playing all about; everything was in gala attire. Mrs. Hess and I decided to take a walk, the objective point being the theater office, for we, too, were curious to know whether "the boys," as we called them, would have the honors.

On entering, the first one we saw was J. Wilkes Booth. I can see him now, handsome, with piercing black eyes, rather long, wavy hair, as black as night, a fascinating theatrical air of self-consciousness, as if he were only to be seen to be admired, and wearing a long, light-colored overcoat which capped the climax of style. We were much flattered to take his hand in greeting. The messenger boy returned with a note written by Mrs. Lincoln, who usually responded to the President's personal notes. In effect it said: He sends his regrets that the invitation was not sent earlier, as he much preferred the Shaksperian play Wallack and Davenport were giving to the comedy of "Our American Cousin," which was being played by Laura Keene at Ford's; unfortunately he had accepted the invitation from Ford's. Another time he would be glad to avail himself of an opportunity to hear them; but his son Tad and his tutor would be glad to accept.

Of course this was a great disappointment to the management, but it was received with joy by Booth, who soon after left to complete his plans for the attack at Ford's Theatre. My sister-in-law and myself left soon after Booth, and finding ourselves in the neighborhood of the White House, it occurred to us that we had a standing invitation to visit its conservatory, and so decided to make our call then.

Stepping into the White House, we were not surprised to meet the President in the corridor, as we had noticed his carriage at the door. He courteously turned to us, shook hands, and asked our names. Recognizing that of Mrs. Hess, he again expressed regret at his inability to accept her husband's invitation. While talking, he had turned with us toward the conservatory, as we had explained our presence and destination. Asking us if we had seen his favorite lemon-tree, he conducted us to it. It was indeed a beauty, a perfect mass of fruit and flowers. In answer to the question whether he was not feeling very happy over the glorious news, he replied, "Yes, Madam; for the first time since this cruel war began, I can see my way clearly." Such a tender look was in his deep-set eyes as he uttered those words! Poor man! we little knew that a few minutes before we had shaken hands with his murderer. After requesting the gardener, our old Scotch friend whose invitation we had accepted, to gather us some flowers, and picking us a lemon from his favorite tree, the President left us. Those flowers we were wearing that night at the National Theatre when the dreadful news was announced. The lemons were kept for years. One was finally lost; but the other, shriveled like a nut, is still treasured.

Tad and his tutor were early on hand, and were seated well in front, as all the boxes had been sold.

Our seats were somewhat in the rear. After the play had fairly opened, during some scene-shifting, and while the stage was deserted, a messenger came to us from the management: "Leave your seats quietly, and stand back by the door. President Lincoln has been shot at Ford's Theatre. Mr. Hess is going before the curtain to announce it, and close the house at once. Stand back lest there be a rush for the door."

Shocked as we were, we managed to withdraw to the rear unobserved, while Tad and his tutor retired, they having been asked before the announcement was made to return home at once, as the President was ill.

Mr. Hess, after Tad's departure, stepped to the front of the stage and said he had a very grave announcement to make. "President Lincoln has been shot in his private box at Ford's Theatre. The

The night President Lincoln was shot at Fords Theatre, "Tad" Lincoln with his Tutor was with me at

GROVER'S THEATRE.

LEONARD GROVER, ... DIRECTOR
C. D. HESS, ... ACTING MANAGER

This Friday Evening, April 14th, 1865,

The Great Oriental Spectacle of

ALADDIN!

OR,

The Wonderful Lamp:

CAST IN THE FOLLOWING EXCELLENT MANNER:

Aladdin.....Miss Effie Germon | Ching Hi.....Miss Laura Verney
Princess.....Miss Blanch Grey | Zobyad.....Mlle Desiree
Abenazar.....Mr. J. W. Jennings | Zemora.....Mrs. Nichols
Kaztac.....Mr. S. H. Verney | Genl of the Lamp.....Mr. A. Green
Prince Azar.....Mr. W. Barron | Genl of the Ring...Miss Mary Place
Tahi Tonglue.....Mr. H. McDonal | Aurou.....Miss E. Homan
Grand Vizier.....Mr. Geo. Wren | Widow Mustapha.....Mrs. E. Place
Loo Choo.....Mr. C. H. Clarke

THE MAGNIFICENT SCENERY

Of the Piece, by Mr. D. A. STRONG; the WONDERFUL MECHANICAL EFFECTS by Messrs. KELLY & GROSS; PROPERTIES, by Mr. G. P. CLARK; all the ORIGINAL MUSIC under the direction of Mr. C. KOPPITZ; the GRAND BALLETS, BEAUTIFUL DANCES and TABLEAUX, arranged and directed by Mons. C. MATHIEU.

Between the 2d and 3d Acts of the Play, a PATRIOTIC POEM composed for this occasion by MAJ. B. B. FRENCH, entitled

THE FLAG OF SUMTER

WILL BE DELIVERED.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON NEXT,

Second Grand Family Matinee of "Aladdin!"

At 50 Cts. Admission to All Parts of the House.

Ledger Job Printing Establishment, Philadelphia.

BILL OF THE PLAY AT GROVER'S THEATRE, APRIL 14, 1865

From the playbill owned by Leonard Grover, the director of the theater. The print is in blue and red ink which, with the white paper and mottoes, were in harmony with the patriotic poem recited between the acts.

audience will be dismissed at once, and the house closed, but every one must move out quietly and orderly without excitement."

The house was as still as death. One could have heard a pin drop. The dazed look upon the faces! All were simply stunned for a moment. Then they rose as one body, and passed out toward the door, as if in the presence of death.

The doors were thrown open. Sentries were stationed there with crossed bayonets to prevent a rush, but there was no rush. We stood in awe and watched the people file out one by one into the full moonlight. Groups gathered at the corners of the streets, speaking in hushed breath of the terrible thing that had happened. Such a tenseness! There were no loud outcries or rough words, but only the tenderest expressions for our beloved martyr—the same stillness everywhere. Soon came the pounding of the hoofs of cavalry horses on the cobblestones, and the rattle of swords, for it had just dawned upon the awakening people that a foul deed had been done and the assassin was abroad.

Shall I ever forget that night! It was so light that one could see for blocks, the little groups becoming one line of march toward the house to which the President had been taken. Our escorts, wishing to join the throng, quickly took us home, leaving us frightened women to console each other.

The night was warm. In our eagerness to catch every sound, we huddled about the windows, not daring to have a light, lest we be made targets of by "the Rebels."

A horseman would go dashing past, and down our heads would duck until we thought the danger past. Then we leaned far out to catch the first sound of news from the passers-by. Some man of the household would come dashing in to add to our terror with "The Rebels are upon us." "They have surrounded the city." "They have begun their raid." "We are in danger of being shot or made prisoners." "The President shot, and all of his cabinet," until we were simply wild with fright. There was no sleep or rest until the men came home saying, "All is over." Not until then did we seek our rooms after our all-night's vigil, for it was 7:22 A.M. when the beloved President breathed his last.

But sleep was of short duration, for soon the sound of the hammer was heard in all directions. Flags and bunting gave place to mournful black on all streets through which the procession would pass to the White House with that dear body, "going home." As they were to pass our door, we were up. Such a solemn sight! The funeral dirge of our President's own band, bells tolling mournfully, Lincoln's body-guard surrounding that form—a body-guard that could not shield him from the arm of the assassin, after all. Then the colored followers in line back of him, on the walks beside him, gathering in from all sides, until it was one black mass, weeping, wailing. Even the sun refused to shine. Clouds had gathered, and the rain came down, not in a rush or downpour, but with a steady dropping, as if, as was said, "the very heavens were weeping."

After the body was laid "in state," at the White House, the next day, I with my friends stood in line from 10 A.M. until 2 P.M. that we might see his face once more.

The crowd was so great that one moved with the throng without an effort of his own, our escorts standing "akimbo" to keep off the crush. At the entrance to the grounds, we were met by soldiers who stood with fixed bayonets under which only a few were allowed to pass at a time. At the door other soldiers, with their muskets crossed, allowed half the number in the house, once in, around the catafalque, and out at another door before others were let in; but in that brief moment I gazed into the face that had only the morning before shone with such happiness as he said he could see his way clearly. "Surely everything is clear to him now," I thought.

It is only of late that it has occurred to me that I stand in a unique position—the only living person, probably, who clasped hands on the day of the assassination with the assassin and his victim. My companion in that walk has long since passed away.

SICILY, DECEMBER, 1908

BY HENRY AND TERTIUS VAN DYKE

O GARDEN isle, beloved by Sun and Sea,
Whose bluest billows kiss thy curving bays,
Whose light enfolds thy hills with golden rays,
Filling with fruit each dark-leaved orange-tree,
What hidden hatred hath the Earth for thee,
That once again, in these dark, dreadful days,
Breaks forth in trembling rage, and swiftly lays
Thy beauty waste in wreck and agony!
Is Nature, then, a strife of jealous powers?
Is man the plaything of unconscious fate?
Not so, my troubled heart! God reigns above,
And man is greatest in his darkest hours.
Walking amid the cities desolate,
Behold the Son of God in human love.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

SOME HIGH-LIGHTS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S TWO ADMINISTRATIONS

THE historian, at greater distance from the events, will be able to criticize and balance, extenuate or praise, as it would now be difficult to do, in relation to the administrations of President Roosevelt. All we purpose at the moment is to touch rapidly upon some of the larger measures and influences, some of the high-lights, of an extraordinary executive period.

In the realm of world policies the beginnings of the Panama Canal will loom immense;—but alongside of this will stand the new relations of the Southern republics with the great Republic of the North, accentuated by Secretary Root's picturesque journeyings. History, also, will have much to say of the firm, wise, and unselfish treatment of the new Republic of Cuba, in its early trials and emergencies. Then, too, the Peace Convention at Portsmouth, affording a means of pacification between two strong and determined nations engaged in wasting conflict, will play a large part in world history —and so will the brilliant management of our relations with Japan and China: the "understandings" with the former, and the just, but unusual, return of an indemnity balance to the latter. The vigor of the Administration's actions in relief activities abroad at the time of great natural disasters have been conspicuous object-lessons of efficiency and right feel-

ing, and have promoted the peace of the world.

In the matter of home policies not the most dramatic, but one of the most profoundly valuable and far-reaching, will ever remain Theodore Roosevelt's remarkable services to Civil Service Reform. It would, of course, have been a serious disappointment if one so intimately identified with the advocacy and administration of the merit system had, in highest office, lost interest in the progress of the cause. But the President deserves the credit of fulfilling large expectations and in well deserving the formal thanks accorded to him by the Civil Service Reform League at its annual session at Pittsburg, as well as the grateful acknowledgments of all who appreciate the value of his service, in this regard, to the country.

The most striking evidence of what the League called his "friendliest disposition toward the merit system," was the recent classification, under the regulations of the Civil Service Commission, of all the fourth-class postmasters in "the vast region north of the Ohio and between the Mississippi and the sea," with the inevitable implication of a similar extension, in due time, over the remaining territory. For years such a consummation has been the hope of reformers; this long step forward is as salutary as it is gratifying. And the measure is in keeping with the President's general relation to the reform—the Commission in Washington having since announced that "the number of positions subject to competitive examination has nearly doubled since September, 1901, having increased from about 110,000 at that time to a total number of 206,000 in the present year." The President's veto of the unworthy scheme of Congress to secure spoils from the expenditure for the next Census, is only another evidence of his sense of executive responsibility in the matter of the public service.

We have already recorded in these columns our conviction that the President's conservative action in the matter of the forests and other natural resources is perhaps the crowning achievement of his Administrations. He has not only made reservation of National Forests exceeding in extent all the territory that had been so safeguarded by his predecessors; but he has instituted a system of control, patrol, and use which is sure to commend itself increasingly to the contiguous public. We remember the objection made at the time of the increase of the number of Forest Reserves during Mr. Cleveland's administration, that Congress had not legislated for the care of those already made, to which the obvious reply was that the greater the territory the more quickly and carefully would Congress coöperate with the executive in providing for the necessary supervision. And this has proved to be the case. This complicated problem is being solved wisely and tactfully. But President Roosevelt did not stop there. He saw the necessity of a larger prudence, and when it was suggested to him in August and September, 1906, that a Congress of Governors of the Eastern States should be called to set on foot at once and for all a comprehensive movement of coöperation between those States and the National Government with a view to saving the forests of the Appalachian States—a suggestion twice renewed editorially in this department of THE CENTURY—he showed great statesmanship in elaborating this idea into a conference at the White House of the governors of *all* the States and of adding to the forests as a subject of consideration the kindred topics of soil, water-courses, and minerals. His lieutenant, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, has shown ability of the first order as well as imagination, in working out the details of the vast problem, and in arousing the whole country to its importance through the two White House conferences, which were in his charge. It is to be hoped that the conservation of natural beauty will be prominently included in the vigorous activities of the Conservation Commission.

As President Roosevelt in every way sustained Mr. Pinchot in his conservation work, so he appointed and sustained Mr. Francis E. Leupp, an expert in Indian affairs, to the position of Commissioner. It is, therefore, not surprising that the national Civil Service Reform League was recently able to say that "the beneficent policy by which Indian agencies have been placed in charge of classified appointees has been continued and extended so that only two exceptions to such policy will now remain, due to a legal question as to the status of the excepted places."

An even nobler policy of conservation than that of our physical resources is the movement, originating in New York, for the conservation of what Miss Wald calls our "natural resources" in the children of the country, by means of a special Governmental Bureau, a movement conspicuously seconded by the President in his recently called "Conference on Dependent Children" at the White House, and in his advocacy of a "Children's Bureau" in the Interior Department.

Among the most dramatic of Mr. Roosevelt's activities as Chief Executive were his unusual dealings with such emergencies as the meat scandals of Chicago, and the great coal strike in Pennsylvania.

In regard to meat, lamentable conditions were quickly cured, and the government stamp on meat has become a guarantee of quality. In regard to the coal strike, a calamity was reduced and a more fearful calamity prevented.

In this magazine for March, 1908, Mr. Carnegie discussed the subject of rates and rebates, from the point of view of personal experience. In that paper he declared that the President had performed a great service in focusing the attention of the country upon certain crying evils, "The creation of the Interstate Commission," he said, "is the most important addition that has been made in our day to the machinery of government."

As to the attacks on what the President described as "bad" corporations, and destructive measures of business men,—while many seriously questioned the occasional manner,—in taking a perspective view, this, at least, may be said, and in saying it a truly memorable advance is marked: corporation methods are, by general acknowledgment, surely better than before. It cannot be claimed that the President alone has produced this change; but it cannot be denied that he has greatly contributed to it. A conservative railroad president summed up the whole matter, the other day, in private conversation, in declaring: "President Roosevelt has made it easier to be honest!"

The President, with all his loyalty to the Union traditions of the Civil War, has, it will long be remembered, been eager to express generous and fraternal sentiments in appreciation of the Southern point of view, and of Southern character, ability, and devotion, as shown in that war. And in his public and personal relations with the people of the Southern States he has rendered important service in the interests of permanent national harmony.

The President, while not himself an art connoisseur, has shown the respect that Washington did for expert knowledge and taste. The consequences have been most gratifying and will be lasting. The Commission for the molding of the future of the capital city not only recalled, emphasized and enlarged the original plan, but brought about promptly the admirable remodeling of the White House. It was through the President's personal exertions and authority that our only artistic coins were designed by the great Saint-Gaudens, and one of his last and most far-reaching presidential acts was the appointment of a Council of experts for the purpose of advising the Government in all matters pertaining to art. It is to be hoped that Congress will see the economy, as well as the artistic gain, of thus putting value into expenditure, by favorable action on the bill introduced by Senator Newlands to complete the President's action.

We have not spoken of the Waterways Commission, and of many important accomplishments in diplomacy, and in arbitration treaties. Numerous other striking activities of the outgoing President crowd upon the memory, emphasizing important services to the country, but beyond our space even to refer to at the moment.

Time is likely to accentuate the highlights of President Roosevelt's Administrations rather than diminish their luster; and though the Muse of History may now and then "shake her head" in a mood of dubiety, or even of censure, she will fail of truth if she does not give credit not only for all-pervading patriotism of intention, but for a series of patriotic accomplishments which, in the retrospect, truly approach the marvelous.

OPEN LETTERS

Edith Wynne Matthison

MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON (Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy) was born of Welsh and English parents in Birmingham, Warwickshire, England. Before coming to this country for the first time, in the autumn of 1902, she had played in many diverse roles, among them *Mercy Merrick* in "The New Magdalen," *Lady Sybil* in "The Sorrows of Satan," *Angela* in "A Royal Family," *Violet Oglander* in "The Lackey's Carnival," *Lady Teazle*, *Rosalind*, *Juliet*, and *Ophelia*, and, finally, in the spring and summer of 1902, *Everyman*. It was in this last part that she became known to the American public, and there has been no wavering in their appreciation of her gifts.

Perhaps the most severe test of an actor's powers is the modulation of a character built about a single idea. Miss Matthison has had many opportunities to prove her power to interpret the opposite type of character in which either complicated strains of tendency and impulse or opposing moods and tempers demand a quick sympathy and a wide understanding of human nature. In *Rosalind*, for example, we have seen her pass from the melancholy, wounded pride, and indignation of the first act to the gaiety and courage of the forest scenes, thence to the passionate joy of loving and the happy radiance of mood in the final scene, without for an instant losing the integral quality of the part.

Also, in *Everyman* the change from the boyish bluster of a careless youth to the meek penitence of a sinner awaiting judgment was achieved with not only the spiritual intensity demanded by the situation, but with a singularly skilful management of the "time illusion," as it is called. In other words, the change taking place as it does within the space of a couple of hours is made to appear gradual, natural, gentle, without violence or unevenness of action.

The *Auntie* of "The Servant in the House" by Miss Matthison's husband, Charles Rann Kennedy, provided a still more difficult problem. This worldly woman of intense and selfish affections, and of a partizanship well nigh invincible, becomes aware of her better self under the influence of the Christ-like *Servant*. The change here is also sudden, the concession to the *Servant's* ideal following a mood of full revolt, and the transition is one exceedingly difficult to accomplish without sacrifice of probability. That Miss Matthison not only carries the conviction of her audience with her, but in the utterance of her final renunciatory words conveys the impression of a character as fervent and courageous in the pursuit of righteousness as it had been in support of compromise, argues a comprehensive grasp not only of the part, which is an interesting one, but of the resources of human nature.

Thus to concentrate experience and reveal it through special moments of opportunity, without sacrificing any of its richness, thus to express a long process of mental and moral development in an instant of time without loss of naturalness, is a serious achievement even in the case of normally balanced and intricate personalities, but the *Herdisa* of "The Winterfeast" (see the frontispiece of this number of THE CENTURY) provided her with her most exacting opportunity.

In *Herdisa* she meets the profounder problem of representing all the possible lights and shades, all the modelings of form and surface, in a character dominated by one idea. "The Winterfeast" is a play based on the fierce and primitive character of the Icelandic people in the early years of the eleventh century. *Herdisa*, the heroine, whose life has been wrecked through the telling of a lie on the part of her lover's father, is absorbed by her own vengeful emotions, about which her world revolves. Single in aim and interest, she has the tremendous impulsive force of a superb egoism, yet in the turmoil of her thoughts and swift deeds may be read many possibilities thwarted by circumstance—possibilities of gentleness, kindness, and even womanly shrinking from suffering. In making these clear to her audience, and showing within the sharply defined limits of the delineation the variety in unity that belongs to the fabric of each human being's individuality, Miss Matthison reveals the full intellectual quality of her art.

Perhaps the truest one word to say of her is that she is authoritative in all her conceptions. Whatever she reads in a character is henceforth imposed upon that character as essential to it, however different her reading may be from that of others. She has arrived at what is the highest point of an artist's expression: one does not dispute her decisions.

Elisabeth Luther Cary.

The "Lost" Kipling Poem

MR. BLAKE D. MILLS of Seattle, having seen Mr. Meany's Open Letter in the January CENTURY, is able to supply additional lines of Mr. Kipling's poem, "The Foreloper," from a clipping which he made from a newspaper several years ago. At the time of going to press we have not received any more extensive version of this "lost poem," and until we do so, we shall regard this as a complete version.—THE EDITOR.

THE FORELOPER

The gull shall whistle in his wake, the blind wave break in fire,
He shall fulfill God's utmost will, unknowing his desire;
And he shall see old planets pass and alien stars arise,
And give the gale his reckless sail in shadow of new skies,
Strong lust of gear shall drive him out and hunger arm his hand
To wring his food from a desert nude, his foothold from the sand.
His neighbors' smoke shall vex his eyes, their voices break his rest;
He shall go forth till South is North, sullen and dispossessed;
He shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people and a king.
He shall come back on his own track and by his scarce cool camp,
There shall he meet the roaring street, the derrick, and the stamp;
For he must blaze a nation's ways, with hatchet and with brand,
Till on his last-won wilderness an empire's bulwarks stand.

Kipling.

Maurice Fromkes

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

MR. FROMKES, painter of the portrait shown on page 842, was born in 1872, at Wilna, Russia, and at the age of six came to New York, where he now lives. He studied at the Cooper Union school in 1888, and there won the first prize in the antique class. He attended the school of the Academy of Design in 1890, and won its first prize for drawing. He studied with Edgar M. Ward, Will H. Low, and William M. Chase. In 1899 he went abroad to study the Dutch masters, and in 1904 he traveled in Italy, studying the Italian masters. Mr. Fromkes is chiefly known for his portraits, including one of Cardinal Merry del Val, papal secretary of state, which is now hanging in the Vatican. Others are of Sir Edward Elgar, Dr. Stephen Smith, Maurice Renaud, and Jordan L. Mott. He has exhibited at the National Academy, the Pennsylvania Academy, the Carnegie Institute, and various art clubs, and in 1908 won the portrait prize of the Salmagundi Club.

Myre Evergood Blashki

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

IT is only through adoption and artistic sympathy that Myre Evergood Blashki can be called an American artist, for he was born in Australia, of Polish ancestry, and has come to us by way of Hawaii and San Francisco. The son of a Melbourne city magistrate, Mr. Blashki early joined the Victoria Mounted Rifles, and seemed at first destined for a colonial military career. A strongly impressionable temperament and a pronounced love of graphic expression soon, however, caused the young officer to resign his commission and enter the Melbourne National Gallery Schools, where he studied under Bernard Hall and Frederick McCubbin. It was from Mr. McCubbin, a native Australian painter of considerable note, that Mr. Blashki acquired his love of outdoor scene and his early appreciation of the varied possibilities of landscape art. Among Mr. Blashki's other antipodean friends was the well-known draftsman, Phil May, who also encouraged the young student to devote his energies to brush and palette. It is something over a decade since this Australian came to New York, and within that period he has won a distinct, though restricted, place among local painters. Not long after his arrival he made the acquaintance of Henry W. Ranger, and though never his pupil, he received from Mr. Ranger no little sympathy and valuable counsel. Influenced by the emotional subjectivity of the Pole and the fresh charm of the latter-day technic, Mr. Blashki paints strip of wood or rolling hill, rocky coast or verdant meadow, with an individual interpretation, as in his "Spring Woods," reproduced on page 890, which adds a welcome note to current art. His favorite sketching-grounds are Nova Scotia, the Connecticut shore, and the vicinity of Highland Falls on the Hudson, and with every season his work reveals a truer sense of nature's secrets and an increased subtlety, as well as facility in their transcription.

Christian Brinton.

Portraits of Lincoln in the February "Century"

IN the description of some of the twenty-two portraits of Lincoln contained in the February CENTURY, given on page 637 of that number, no reference was made to the portrait on page

494. Beneath it was printed in facsimile the autograph, "A. Lincoln January 26, 1861 Springfield, Ills.," which shows that it was written on the original photograph shortly before the President-elect started from his home on the memorable journey to Washington. This photograph was given by Mr. Lincoln to the late Frank W. Ballard, to whose family THE CENTURY is indebted for the privilege of reproducing it. A steel-engraving of this picture was used on the original ten-dollar greenback and, later, on one of the issues of 5-20 bonds.

From Mr. Frederick Hill Meserve we learn that the original negative of the Brady photograph, reproduced on page 500 of the February CENTURY, is in his collection of Americana. He also states that the Tobin drawing from a Gardner photograph, reproduced on page 496, with the title, "Abraham Lincoln in War Time," may be given the date 1863.

It should be noted that the portrait from an ambrotype taken May 19, 1860, reproduced on page 488, in the form of an engraving on wood by Timothy Cole, is reversed, the right side of Lincoln's face appearing as the left.

THE HEALY PORTRAIT

ON page 501 of the February CENTURY was reproduced the oil portrait by Healy owned by Robert T. Lincoln. This portrait was painted in Chicago in 1866 or 1867. The artist had no sketches whatever, made from life, to work from, but he relied wholly upon photographs, and such suggestions as were made by Robert T. Lincoln and Leonard Swett, the intimate friend of Lincoln; in fact, Mr. Swett was the model for the body. Mr. Healy took the portrait study, thus made, to Rome, where it helped him in the painting of a group which he called "The Peacemakers," representing President Lincoln with General Grant, General Sherman, and Admiral Porter in the cabin of a despatch-boat at City Point. That meeting occurred when General Sherman came up from the South after his march to Savannah. The group portrait was bought by E. B. McCagg of Chicago, was lent by him to the Calumet Club of that city, and was destroyed in the burning of the club-house in the spring of 1893. During President Grant's incumbency, three thousand dollars was appropriated for a portrait of Lincoln to hang in the White House. Mr. Healy sent over the portrait study, made as described in 1866 or 1867, but it was not chosen for the White House, and soon afterward it was purchased by Robert T. Lincoln.

In the February CENTURY reference was made to still another Healy portrait of Lincoln owned by the Hon. W. D. Washburn of Minnesota. The portrait study, now owned by Robert T. Lincoln, was probably the prototype of the Washburn portrait, for it was not founded, as has been stated, on "sketches made of Lincoln at City Point just before the close of the War," since Mr. Healy was never at City Point.

THE HESLER PHOTOGRAPH

INTERESTING information in regard to the portrait printed on page 486 of the February CENTURY comes from Mrs. Francis Blake Atkinson of Chicago, as follows:

In 1889, I was on the staff of the Chicago "Tribune," when I got the interview with Dennis Hanks, that has recently been published in a little book, under the title of "The Boyhood of Lincoln." The day the story appeared in the "Tribune," Mr. Hesler the photographer, who was still in business, sent to Mr. Joseph Medill, the editor of the "Tribune," and to me, artist proofs of a steel-engraving of this photograph by H. C. Shotwell of Rockford, Illinois, and published in Chicago in 1888. While the pose is the same as the wood-engraving by Thomas Johnson that THE CENTURY reproduces, and both are, undoubtedly, from the same negative, they are different in many subtle, indefinable ways. Shotwell's seems to me much more satisfying. Letters preceded the pictures to the office, and my copy came by an earlier mail than the one for Mr. Medill. With Mr. Hesler's letter in his hand, Mr. Medill came out of his private office in some excitement, to find his copy. Since he was leaving the office for home, I offered him mine. Then he told me this story of the photograph:

"The first time Lincoln came to Chicago for a consultation with party leaders, after the nomination of 1860, he took my arm, as the meeting broke up, and said: 'Joe, some of the boys think I ought to have a picture took. Do you know a good photographer?' 'Yes,' I said, 'Hesler 's a good man; I 'll go with you.' As we were walking to the gallery he remarked: 'I reckon I 'd better stop at the barber-shop and get my hair slicked up.' His hair was put in order and we proceeded. As he sat in front of the camera he seemed to forget where he was, fell into a deep study, and, just before the plate was exposed, pushed his fingers up through his hair. 'There,' he said a moment afterward, 'I 've made a bird's-nest out of it, as usual, Joe, but I reckon it 'll be a better likeness.'"

The "bird's-nest" is much more evident in the Shotwell engraving, than in Johnson's. Mr. Medill gazed at the picture with strong emotion, saying: "This is the best picture of Lincoln in existence; I would n't take a thousand dollars for it if I could n't get another one; and the memory of the incident is priceless."

The Portraits of Mrs. Whitman

MRS. GRACE ELLERY CHANNING-STETSON writes us concerning the portraits of Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman: "The 'oil sketch' of Mrs. Whitman which Mr. Arnold speaks of as unsatisfactory and being 'by some mistake of the executors' substituted for his own, in the Providence Athenæum, is a beautiful and spirited portrait by the painter

Thompson which long adorned our library, and was given to the Athenæum by my father." Readers of THE CENTURY who desire to compare the portraits will find a large reproduction of the Thompson portrait in THE CENTURY for February, 1903; the Arnold portrait appeared in the number for January, 1909.—THE EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Sansoit Bichet's Dream

WAN day was sit by de rivière an' watch
de log go by,
An' wishen' dat de tam', by Gar, she
leetle fastaire fly;
W'en w'at you tink, mon vieux, Ah go
dormir jus' dere
W'ere de log pile up mauvais, la bas at
longue Chaudière.

Ah drream so magnifique,—tink Ah 'm
goin' to Kebeck
On h'express train dat barrk so loud an'
mak so stiff de neck.
Ah was een de fuss-class car, black feller
he wait h'on me,
An' geef me fines' dinnaire dat evaire you
deed see.

De soupe she was veree bon, weet fonny
tings h'inside,
Ah drrink eet h'all at wan grand coup den
h'ask for more beside.
De feesh Ah eat so fas' Ah can know
not'ing w'at de kin',
For feesh lak dat een Canadaw, par Dieu,
Ah nevaire fin'.

Den meat an' wine (no w'isky blanc) dose
tings come on so fas',
Ah feel Ah goin' eat h'enuff de wintaire
for to las'.
Jus' den dat machine barrk, we 'r comen'
to Kebeck,
Ah joomp out queeck, by Gar, you know,
Ah 'm,—how you say?—"on deck!"

Ah look h'all roun', see Tri-Couleur
a-flyen' here an' dere,
Ah h'ask wan mans w'at dat ting mean, he
say lak' dees "la guerre."
Ah ronne an' shout so loud Ah know
"Hurrah pour Laurier!
De fines' man een h'all de worl' ees dat
sam' Premier!"

Som'bodee puush me on de head, maudit
my brrain so rring,
Som'bodee say "Villain cochon, dat
grreat Laurier ees King!
No more we have de Engleesh flag, no
more dat Engleesh talk,
We 'r Français now, wake h'up, mes Gars,
we have de easee walk."

"Pardon," Ah say, "Ah deed not know, Ah
come f'om h'up countree,
But Ah 'm no goin' back jus' sam'! Ah 'm
liven' for be frree."
Den Ah go h'up an' see de King, by dam'
he looken' fine,
Weet pistolets an' sabre too an' leetle
tings dat shine.

Ah say, "Homage mon Roi, w'at can Ah
do for you?"
He say, "Ha! Ha! Bichet, Ah have worrk
for you to do!
Go breeng me plentee soldaires weet
blanket an' weet gun,
An den bien sure, you goin' see, we 'r
goin' have som' fun.

"We 'r goin' chasser dose Engleesh mans so
veree, veree far,
Dey no get back to Engeland for two—
t'ree mont's, by Gar;
We 'r goin' tak dat Citadel, so facile
ting to do,
For onlee Gouverneur h'up dere weet
officiers a few.

"An' den we seenk dose bataille-sheeps,
dose leet' bateau de guerre,
We blow dem down, we blow dem h'up—
BOOM—strraight h'up een de air.
An' aftaire h'all dose tings are done, we
come back here an' res',
To feex our gun, to feex our mans for
solide beeziness."

Ah say "Merci" an' go queeck far, an' also plentee wide,
For got de lumbermans, Ah know, coureurs du bois beside.
Ah fin' som' Breed, som' Chippewa, encore a few more Cree,
It mak mon cœur beat, diable, so fas' dose Indians for to see.

Ah mak dem marche an' presente armes, Ah show dem how salute,
An' den Ah say, "tirez vos armes, an' let me see you shoot."
Dey h'up weet guns an' shoot so fin' an' fas' an' well,
Dey brroken evairee weendow een dat petite Citadel.

De Gouverneur come hoppen' out, by Gar he was so scare,
Hees face was w'ite, hees hands was w'ite, aussi lak dat hees hair.
"Ah goin' surrendaire," he say, an' come walken' down de grass,
"Presente you armes, my mans," Ah cry, "an' no let dat mans pass!"

An' so we capture de Citadel, my t'irty mans an' me,
We hoist den high de Blue Blanc Rouge, dat flag h'of Libertee.
De win' she blow f'om east an' wes', de nort', yes, he blow too,
On dat Kebeck du Canadaw, h'all Français now an' trrue.

De King he soon arriv'—Ah kneel down on de knee,
He tak' medallion f'om hees chest, an' walken' clos' to me—
"Ah mak you colonel." . . . "Par Dieu, wake h'up, Bichet!
De rivière pilin' bad de log, lak' strrong win' pile de hay."

Ah catch my peavie steeck an' ronne out on de jam,
But nevaire min', Ah 'm tinken', drreamen' h'all de tam'
Of Laurier, of Canadaw, of Kebeck by de sea,
Som'taim, you know Ah tink, par diable, dat feller Keeng,—you see!

Lawrence Mott.

Drawn by Frederick Richardson

THE SANDS OF TIME

"How slow they run!" . . . "How fast they run!"

Pierrot to Pierrette

I WHISPERED soft my love in April's ear,
And asked her help. She showed me blood-
root gay,
Which straight I brought
To thee and sought
To win thy love, but wept ere break of day.

I robbed the treasure-houses of the year,
And sent my love to thee in flowers of May;
But thou didst sing,
And lightly fling
My fragrant dew-stained offering far away.

And when June dawned, I plucked a crimson
rose
And bade it sing to thee a spirit tune
Of love and light;
But thou that night
Didst shut thy casement to the song of June.

July hath heard my woe. Each bud that blows
Doth ask thy sympathy for Cupid's dart.
In nightly hours
I bring no flowers,
But at thy feet beg leave to lay my heart.

Amstell Knox.

Noises from the Nursery

DRAWN BY C. V. DWIGGINS

SOUP is nourishing and should be eaten with a spoon.

ONE may determine if a baby has teeth by placing a finger in its mouth.

IT is usually unnecessary to have an alarm-clock when there is a child in the house.

IF you wish your child to have a dog for a companion, keep it muzzled.

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